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***Menexenus*, by Plato**

PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE: Socrates and Menexenus.

SOCRATES: Whence come you, Menexenus? Are you from the Agora?

MENEXENUS: Yes, Socrates; I have been at the Council.

SOCRATES: And what might you be doing at the Council? And yet I need hardly ask, for I see that you, believing yourself to have arrived at the end of education and of philosophy, and to have had enough of them, are mounting upwards to things higher still, and, though rather young for the post, are intending to govern us elder men, like the rest of your family, which has always provided some one who kindly took care of us.

MENEXENUS: Yes, Socrates, I shall be ready to hold office, if you allow and advise that I should, but not if you think otherwise. I went to the council chamber because I heard that the Council was about to choose some one who was to speak over the dead. For you know that there is to be a public funeral?

SOCRATES: Yes, I know. And whom did they choose?

MENEXENUS: No one; they delayed the election until tomorrow, but I believe that either Archinus or Dion will be chosen.

SOCRATES: O Menexenus! Death in battle is certainly in many respects a

noble thing. The dead man gets a fine and costly funeral, although he may have been poor, and an elaborate speech is made over him by a wise man who has long ago prepared what he has to say, although he who is praised may not have been good for much. The speakers praise him for what he has done and for what he has not done--that is the beauty of them--and they steal away our souls with their embellished words; in every conceivable form they praise the city; and they praise those who died in war, and all our ancestors who went before us; and they praise ourselves also who are still alive, until I feel quite elevated by their laudations, and I stand listening to their words, Menexenus, and become enchanted by them, and all in a moment I imagine myself to have become a greater and nobler and finer man than I was before. And if, as often happens, there are any foreigners who accompany me to the speech, I become suddenly conscious of having a sort of triumph over them, and they seem to experience a corresponding feeling of admiration at me, and at the greatness of the city, which appears to them, when they are under the influence of the speaker, more wonderful than ever. This consciousness of dignity lasts me more than three days, and not until the fourth or fifth day do I come to my senses and know where I am; in the meantime I have been living in the Islands of the Blest. Such is the art of our rhetoricians, and in such manner does the sound of their words keep ringing in my ears.

MENEXENUS: You are always making fun of the rhetoricians, Socrates; this time, however, I am inclined to think that the speaker who is chosen will not have much to say, for he has been called upon to speak at a moment's notice, and he will be compelled almost to improvise.

SOCRATES: But why, my friend, should he not have plenty to say? Every rhetorician has speeches ready made; nor is there any difficulty in improvising that sort of stuff. Had the orator to praise Athenians among Peloponnesians, or Peloponnesians among Athenians, he must be a good rhetorician who could succeed and gain credit. But there is no difficulty in a man's winning applause when he is contending for fame among the persons whom he is praising.

MENEXENUS: Do you think not, Socrates?

SOCRATES: Certainly 'not.'

MENEXENUS: Do you think that you could speak yourself if there should be a necessity, and if the Council were to choose you?

SOCRATES: That I should be able to speak is no great wonder, Menexenus, considering that I have an excellent mistress in the art of rhetoric,--she who has made so many good speakers, and one who was the best among all the Hellenes--Pericles, the son of Xanthippus.

MENEXENUS: And who is she? I suppose that you mean Aspasia.

SOCRATES: Yes, I do; and besides her I had Connus, the son of Metrobius, as a master, and he was my master in music, as she was in rhetoric. No wonder that a man who has received such an education should be a finished speaker; even the pupil of very inferior masters, say, for example, one who had learned music of Lamprus, and rhetoric of Antiphon the Rhamnusian, might make a figure if he were to praise the Athenians among the Athenians.

MENEXENUS: And what would you be able to say if you had to speak?

SOCRATES: Of my own wit, most likely nothing; but yesterday I heard Aspasia composing a funeral oration about these very dead. For she had been told, as you were saying, that the Athenians were going to choose a speaker, and she repeated to me the sort of speech which he should deliver, partly improvising and partly from previous thought, putting together fragments of the funeral oration which Pericles spoke, but which, as I believe, she composed.

MENEXENUS: And can you remember what Aspasia said?

SOCRATES: I ought to be able, for she taught me, and she was ready to strike me because I was always forgetting.

MENEXENUS: Then why will you not rehearse what she said?

SOCRATES: Because I am afraid that my mistress may be angry with me if I publish her speech.

MENEXENUS: Nay, Socrates, let us have the speech, whether Aspasia's or any one else's, no matter. I hope that you will oblige me.

SOCRATES: But I am afraid that you will laugh at me if I continue the games of youth in old age.

MENEXENUS: Far otherwise, Socrates; let us by all means have the speech.

SOCRATES: Truly I have such a disposition to oblige you, that if you bid me dance naked I should not like to refuse, since we are alone. Listen then: If I remember rightly, she began as follows, with the mention of the dead:--(Thucyd.)

There is a tribute of deeds and of words. The departed have already had the first, when going forth on their destined journey they were attended on their way by the state and by their friends; the tribute of words remains to be given to them, as is meet and by law ordained. For noble words are a memorial and a crown of noble actions, which are given to the doers of them by the hearers. A word is needed which will duly praise the dead and gently admonish the living, exhorting the brethren

and descendants of the departed to imitate their virtue, and consoling their fathers and mothers and the survivors, if any, who may chance to be alive of the previous generation. What sort of a word will this be, and how shall we rightly begin the praises of these brave men? In their life they rejoiced their own friends with their valour, and their death they gave in exchange for the salvation of the living. And I think that we should praise them in the order in which nature made them good, for they were good because they were sprung from good fathers. Wherefore let us first of all praise the goodness of their birth; secondly, their nurture and education; and then let us set forth how noble their actions were, and how worthy of the education which they had received.

And first as to their birth. Their ancestors were not strangers, nor are these their descendants sojourners only, whose fathers have come from another country; but they are the children of the soil, dwelling and living in their own land. And the country which brought them up is not like other countries, a stepmother to her children, but their own true mother; she bore them and nourished them and received them, and in her bosom they now repose. It is meet and right, therefore, that we should begin by praising the land which is their mother, and that will be a way of praising their noble birth.

The country is worthy to be praised, not only by us, but by all mankind; first, and above all, as being dear to the Gods. This is proved by the strife and contention of the Gods respecting her. And ought not the country which the Gods praise to be praised by all mankind? The second praise which may be fairly claimed by her, is that at the time when the whole earth was sending forth and creating diverse animals, tame and wild, she our mother was free and pure from savage monsters, and out of all animals selected and brought forth man, who is superior to the rest in understanding, and alone has justice and religion. And a great proof that she brought forth the common ancestors of us and of the departed, is that she provided the means of support for her offspring. For as a woman proves her motherhood by giving milk to her young ones (and she who has no fountain of milk is not a mother), so did this our land prove that she was the mother of men, for in those days she alone and first of all brought forth wheat and barley for human food, which is the best and noblest sustenance for man, whom she regarded as her true offspring. And these are truer proofs of motherhood in a country than in a woman, for the woman in her conception and generation is but the imitation of the earth, and not the earth of the woman. And of the fruit of the earth she gave a plenteous supply, not only to her own, but to others also; and afterwards she made the olive to spring up to be a boon to her children, and to help them in their toils. And when she had herself nursed them and brought them up to manhood, she gave them Gods to be their rulers and teachers, whose names are well known, and need not now be repeated. They are the Gods who first ordered our lives, and instructed us in the arts for the supply of our daily needs, and taught us the acquisition and use of arms for the defence of the country.

Thus born into the world and thus educated, the ancestors of the departed lived and made themselves a government, which I ought briefly to commemorate. For government is the nurture of man, and the government of good men is good, and of bad men bad. And I must show that our ancestors were trained under a good government, and for this reason they were good, and our contemporaries are also good, among whom our departed friends are to be reckoned. Then as now, and indeed always, from that time to this, speaking generally, our government was an aristocracy--a form of government which receives various names, according to the fancies of men, and is sometimes called democracy, but is really an aristocracy or government of the best which has the approval of the many. For kings we have always had, first hereditary and then elected, and authority is mostly in the hands of the people, who dispense offices and power to those who appear to be most deserving of them. Neither is a man rejected from weakness or poverty or obscurity of origin, nor honoured by reason of the opposite, as in other states, but there is one principle--he who appears to be wise and good is a governor and ruler. The basis of this our government is equality of birth; for other states are made up of all sorts and unequal conditions of men, and therefore their governments are unequal; there are tyrannies and there are oligarchies, in which the one party are slaves and the others masters. But we and our citizens are brethren, the children all of one mother, and we do not think it right to be one another's masters or servants; but the natural equality of birth compels us to seek for legal equality, and to recognize no superiority except in the reputation of virtue and wisdom.

And so their and our fathers, and these, too, our brethren, being nobly born and having been brought up in all freedom, did both in their public and private capacity many noble deeds famous over the whole world. They were the deeds of men who thought that they ought to fight both against Hellenes for the sake of Hellenes on behalf of freedom, and against barbarians in the common interest of Hellas. Time would fail me to tell of their defence of their country against the invasion of Eumolpus and the Amazons, or of their defence of the Argives against the Cadmeians, or of the Heracleids against the Argives; besides, the poets have already declared in song to all mankind their glory, and therefore any commemoration of their deeds in prose which we might attempt would hold a second place. They already have their reward, and I say no more of them; but there are other worthy deeds of which no poet has worthily sung, and which are still wooing the poet's muse. Of these I am bound to make honourable mention, and shall invoke others to sing of them also in lyric and other strains, in a manner becoming the actors. And first I will tell how the Persians, lords of Asia, were enslaving Europe, and how the children of this land, who were our fathers, held them back. Of these I will speak first, and praise their valour, as is meet and fitting. He who would rightly estimate them should place himself in thought at that time, when the whole of Asia was subject to the third

king of Persia. The first king, Cyrus, by his valour freed the Persians, who were his countrymen, and subjected the Medes, who were their lords, and he ruled over the rest of Asia, as far as Egypt; and after him came his son, who ruled all the accessible part of Egypt and Libya; the third king was Darius, who extended the land boundaries of the empire to Scythia, and with his fleet held the sea and the islands. None presumed to be his equal; the minds of all men were enthralled by him--so many and mighty and warlike nations had the power of Persia subdued. Now Darius had a quarrel against us and the Eretrians, because, as he said, we had conspired against Sardis, and he sent 500,000 men in transports and vessels of war, and 300 ships, and Datis as commander, telling him to bring the Eretrians and Athenians to the king, if he wished to keep his head on his shoulders. He sailed against the Eretrians, who were reputed to be amongst the noblest and most warlike of the Hellenes of that day, and they were numerous, but he conquered them all in three days; and when he had conquered them, in order that no one might escape, he searched the whole country after this manner: his soldiers, coming to the borders of Eretria and spreading from sea to sea, joined hands and passed through the whole country, in order that they might be able to tell the king that no one had escaped them. And from Eretria they went to Marathon with a like intention, expecting to bind the Athenians in the same yoke of necessity in which they had bound the Eretrians. Having effected one-half of their purpose, they were in the act of attempting the other, and none of the Hellenes dared to assist either the Eretrians or the Athenians, except the Lacedaemonians, and they arrived a day too late for the battle; but the rest were panic-stricken and kept quiet, too happy in having escaped for a time. He who has present to his mind that conflict will know what manner of men they were who received the onset of the barbarians at Marathon, and chastened the pride of the whole of Asia, and by the victory which they gained over the barbarians first taught other men that the power of the Persians was not invincible, but that hosts of men and the multitude of riches alike yield to valour. And I assert that those men are the fathers not only of ourselves, but of our liberties and of the liberties of all who are on the continent, for that was the action to which the Hellenes looked back when they ventured to fight for their own safety in the battles which ensued: they became disciples of the men of Marathon. To them, therefore, I assign in my speech the first place, and the second to those who fought and conquered in the sea fights at Salamis and Artemisium; for of them, too, one might have many things to say--of the assaults which they endured by sea and land, and how they repelled them. I will mention only that act of theirs which appears to me to be the noblest, and which followed that of Marathon and came nearest to it; for the men of Marathon only showed the Hellenes that it was possible to ward off the barbarians by land, the many by the few; but there was no proof that they could be defeated by ships, and at sea the Persians retained the reputation of being invincible in numbers and wealth and skill and strength. This is the glory of the men who fought at sea, that they dispelled the second terror which had hitherto possessed the

Hellenes, and so made the fear of numbers, whether of ships or men, to cease among them. And so the soldiers of Marathon and the sailors of Salamis became the schoolmasters of Hellas; the one teaching and habituating the Hellenes not to fear the barbarians at sea, and the others not to fear them by land. Third in order, for the number and valour of the combatants, and third in the salvation of Hellas, I place the battle of Plataea. And now the Lacedaemonians as well as the Athenians took part in the struggle; they were all united in this greatest and most terrible conflict of all; wherefore their virtues will be celebrated in times to come, as they are now celebrated by us. But at a later period many Hellenic tribes were still on the side of the barbarians, and there was a report that the great king was going to make a new attempt upon the Hellenes, and therefore justice requires that we should also make mention of those who crowned the previous work of our salvation, and drove and purged away all barbarians from the sea. These were the men who fought by sea at the river Eurymedon, and who went on the expedition to Cyprus, and who sailed to Egypt and divers other places; and they should be gratefully remembered by us, because they compelled the king in fear for himself to look to his own safety instead of plotting the destruction of Hellas.

And so the war against the barbarians was fought out to the end by the whole city on their own behalf, and on behalf of their countrymen. There was peace, and our city was held in honour; and then, as prosperity makes men jealous, there succeeded a jealousy of her, and jealousy begat envy, and so she became engaged against her will in a war with the Hellenes. On the breaking out of war, our citizens met the Lacedaemonians at Tanagra, and fought for the freedom of the Boeotians; the issue was doubtful, and was decided by the engagement which followed. For when the Lacedaemonians had gone on their way, leaving the Boeotians, whom they were aiding, on the third day after the battle of Tanagra, our countrymen conquered at Oenophyta, and righteously restored those who had been unrighteously exiled. And they were the first after the Persian war who fought on behalf of liberty in aid of Hellenes against Hellenes; they were brave men, and freed those whom they aided, and were the first too who were honourably interred in this sepulchre by the state. Afterwards there was a mighty war, in which all the Hellenes joined, and devastated our country, which was very ungrateful of them; and our countrymen, after defeating them in a naval engagement and taking their leaders, the Spartans, at Sphagia, when they might have destroyed them, spared their lives, and gave them back, and made peace, considering that they should war with the fellow-countrymen only until they gained a victory over them, and not because of the private anger of the state destroy the common interest of Hellas; but that with barbarians they should war to the death. Worthy of praise are they also who waged this war, and are here interred; for they proved, if any one doubted the superior prowess of the Athenians in the former war with the barbarians, that their doubts had no foundation--showing by their victory in the civil war with Hellas, in which they subdued the other

chief state of the Hellenes, that they could conquer single-handed those with whom they had been allied in the war against the barbarians. After the peace there followed a third war, which was of a terrible and desperate nature, and in this many brave men who are here interred lost their lives--many of them had won victories in Sicily, whither they had gone over the seas to fight for the liberties of the Leontines, to whom they were bound by oaths; but, owing to the distance, the city was unable to help them, and they lost heart and came to misfortune, their very enemies and opponents winning more renown for valour and temperance than the friends of others. Many also fell in naval engagements at the Hellespont, after having in one day taken all the ships of the enemy, and defeated them in other naval engagements. And what I call the terrible and desperate nature of the war, is that the other Hellenes, in their extreme animosity towards the city, should have entered into negotiations with their bitterest enemy, the king of Persia, whom they, together with us, had expelled;--him, without us, they again brought back, barbarian against Hellenes, and all the hosts, both of Hellenes and barbarians, were united against Athens. And then shone forth the power and valour of our city. Her enemies had supposed that she was exhausted by the war, and our ships were blockaded at Mitylene. But the citizens themselves embarked, and came to the rescue with sixty other ships, and their valour was confessed of all men, for they conquered their enemies and delivered their friends. And yet by some evil fortune they were left to perish at sea, and therefore are not interred here. Ever to be remembered and honoured are they, for by their valour not only that sea-fight was won for us, but the entire war was decided by them, and through them the city gained the reputation of being invincible, even though attacked by all mankind. And that reputation was a true one, for the defeat which came upon us was our own doing. We were never conquered by others, and to this day we are still unconquered by them; but we were our own conquerors, and received defeat at our own hands. Afterwards there was quiet and peace abroad, but there sprang up war at home; and, if men are destined to have civil war, no one could have desired that his city should take the disorder in a milder form. How joyful and natural was the reconciliation of those who came from the Piraeus and those who came from the city; with what moderation did they order the war against the tyrants in Eleusis, and in a manner how unlike what the other Hellenes expected! And the reason of this gentleness was the veritable tie of blood, which created among them a friendship as of kinsmen, faithful not in word only, but in deed. And we ought also to remember those who then fell by one another's hands, and on such occasions as these to reconcile them with sacrifices and prayers, praying to those who have power over them, that they may be reconciled even as we are reconciled. For they did not attack one another out of malice or enmity, but they were unfortunate. And that such was the fact we ourselves are witnesses, who are of the same race with them, and have mutually received and granted forgiveness of what we have done and suffered. After this there was perfect peace, and the city had rest; and her feeling was that she forgave the barbarians, who had severely

suffered at her hands and severely retaliated, but that she was indignant at the ingratitude of the Hellenes, when she remembered how they had received good from her and returned evil, having made common cause with the barbarians, depriving her of the ships which had once been their salvation, and dismantling our walls, which had preserved their own from falling. She thought that she would no longer defend the Hellenes, when enslaved either by one another or by the barbarians, and did accordingly. This was our feeling, while the Lacedaemonians were thinking that we who were the champions of liberty had fallen, and that their business was to subject the remaining Hellenes. And why should I say more? for the events of which I am speaking happened not long ago and we can all of us remember how the chief peoples of Hellas, Argives and Boeotians and Corinthians, came to feel the need of us, and, what is the greatest miracle of all, the Persian king himself was driven to such extremity as to come round to the opinion, that from this city, of which he was the destroyer, and from no other, his salvation would proceed.

And if a person desired to bring a deserved accusation against our city, he would find only one charge which he could justly urge--that she was too compassionate and too favourable to the weaker side. And in this instance she was not able to hold out or keep her resolution of refusing aid to her injurers when they were being enslaved, but she was softened, and did in fact send out aid, and delivered the Hellenes from slavery, and they were free until they afterwards enslaved themselves. Whereas, to the great king she refused to give the assistance of the state, for she could not forget the trophies of Marathon and Salamis and Plataea; but she allowed exiles and volunteers to assist him, and they were his salvation. And she herself, when she was compelled, entered into the war, and built walls and ships, and fought with the Lacedaemonians on behalf of the Parians. Now the king fearing this city and wanting to stand aloof, when he saw the Lacedaemonians growing weary of the war at sea, asked of us, as the price of his alliance with us and the other allies, to give up the Hellenes in Asia, whom the Lacedaemonians had previously handed over to him, he thinking that we should refuse, and that then he might have a pretence for withdrawing from us. About the other allies he was mistaken, for the Corinthians and Argives and Boeotians, and the other states, were quite willing to let them go, and swore and covenanted, that, if he would pay them money, they would make over to him the Hellenes of the continent, and we alone refused to give them up and swear. Such was the natural nobility of this city, so sound and healthy was the spirit of freedom among us, and the instinctive dislike of the barbarian, because we are pure Hellenes, having no admixture of barbarism in us. For we are not like many others, descendants of Pelops or Cadmus or Egyptus or Danaus, who are by nature barbarians, and yet pass for Hellenes, and dwell in the midst of us; but we are pure Hellenes, uncontaminated by any foreign element, and therefore the hatred of the foreigner has passed unadulterated into the life-blood of the city. And so, notwithstanding our noble sentiments, we were again isolated, because we were unwilling to be guilty of the base

and unholy act of giving up Hellenes to barbarians. And we were in the same case as when we were subdued before; but, by the favour of Heaven, we managed better, for we ended the war without the loss of our ships or walls or colonies; the enemy was only too glad to be quit of us. Yet in this war we lost many brave men, such as were those who fell owing to the ruggedness of the ground at the battle of Corinth, or by treason at Lechaemum. Brave men, too, were those who delivered the Persian king, and drove the Lacedaemonians from the sea. I remind you of them, and you must celebrate them together with me, and do honour to their memories.

Such were the actions of the men who are here interred, and of others who have died on behalf of their country; many and glorious things I have spoken of them, and there are yet many more and more glorious things remaining to be told--many days and nights would not suffice to tell of them. Let them not be forgotten, and let every man remind their descendants that they also are soldiers who must not desert the ranks of their ancestors, or from cowardice fall behind. Even as I exhort you this day, and in all future time, whenever I meet with any of you, shall continue to remind and exhort you, O ye sons of heroes, that you strive to be the bravest of men. And I think that I ought now to repeat what your fathers desired to have said to you who are their survivors, when they went out to battle, in case anything happened to them. I will tell you what I heard them say, and what, if they had only speech, they would fain be saying, judging from what they then said. And you must imagine that you hear them saying what I now repeat to you:--

'Sons, the event proves that your fathers were brave men; for we might have lived dishonourably, but have preferred to die honourably rather than bring you and your children into disgrace, and rather than dishonour our own fathers and forefathers; considering that life is not life to one who is a dishonour to his race, and that to such a one neither men nor Gods are friendly, either while he is on the earth or after death in the world below. Remember our words, then, and whatever is your aim let virtue be the condition of the attainment of your aim, and know that without this all possessions and pursuits are dishonourable and evil. For neither does wealth bring honour to the owner, if he be a coward; of such a one the wealth belongs to another, and not to himself. Nor does beauty and strength of body, when dwelling in a base and cowardly man, appear comely, but the reverse of comely, making the possessor more conspicuous, and manifesting forth his cowardice. And all knowledge, when separated from justice and virtue, is seen to be cunning and not wisdom; wherefore make this your first and last and constant and all-absorbing aim, to exceed, if possible, not only us but all your ancestors in virtue; and know that to excel you in virtue only brings us shame, but that to be excelled by you is a source of happiness to us. And we shall most likely be defeated, and you will most likely be victors in the contest, if you learn so to order your lives as not to abuse or waste the reputation of your ancestors, knowing that to a man who has any self-respect, nothing is more dishonourable

than to be honoured, not for his own sake, but on account of the reputation of his ancestors. The honour of parents is a fair and noble treasure to their posterity, but to have the use of a treasure of wealth and honour, and to leave none to your successors, because you have neither money nor reputation of your own, is alike base and dishonourable. And if you follow our precepts you will be received by us as friends, when the hour of destiny brings you hither; but if you neglect our words and are disgraced in your lives, no one will welcome or receive you. This is the message which is to be delivered to our children.

'Some of us have fathers and mothers still living, and we would urge them, if, as is likely, we shall die, to bear the calamity as lightly as possible, and not to condole with one another; for they have sorrows enough, and will not need any one to stir them up. While we gently heal their wounds, let us remind them that the Gods have heard the chief part of their prayers; for they prayed, not that their children might live for ever, but that they might be brave and renowned. And this, which is the greatest good, they have attained. A mortal man cannot expect to have everything in his own life turning out according to his will; and they, if they bear their misfortunes bravely, will be truly deemed brave fathers of the brave. But if they give way to their sorrows, either they will be suspected of not being our parents, or we of not being such as our panegyrists declare. Let not either of the two alternatives happen, but rather let them be our chief and true panegyrists, who show in their lives that they are true men, and had men for their sons. Of old the saying, "Nothing too much," appeared to be, and really was, well said. For he whose happiness rests with himself, if possible, wholly, and if not, as far as is possible,--who is not hanging in suspense on other men, or changing with the vicissitude of their fortune,--has his life ordered for the best. He is the temperate and valiant and wise; and when his riches come and go, when his children are given and taken away, he will remember the proverb--"Neither rejoicing overmuch nor grieving overmuch," for he relies upon himself. And such we would have our parents to be--that is our word and wish, and as such we now offer ourselves, neither lamenting overmuch, nor fearing overmuch, if we are to die at this time. And we entreat our fathers and mothers to retain these feelings throughout their future life, and to be assured that they will not please us by sorrowing and lamenting over us. But, if the dead have any knowledge of the living, they will displease us most by making themselves miserable and by taking their misfortunes too much to heart, and they will please us best if they bear their loss lightly and temperately. For our life will have the noblest end which is vouchsafed to man, and should be glorified rather than lamented. And if they will direct their minds to the care and nurture of our wives and children, they will soonest forget their misfortunes, and live in a better and nobler way, and be dearer to us.

'This is all that we have to say to our families: and to the state we

would say--Take care of our parents and of our sons: let her worthily cherish the old age of our parents, and bring up our sons in the right way. But we know that she will of her own accord take care of them, and does not need any exhortation of ours.'

This, O ye children and parents of the dead, is the message which they bid us deliver to you, and which I do deliver with the utmost seriousness. And in their name I beseech you, the children, to imitate your fathers, and you, parents, to be of good cheer about yourselves; for we will nourish your age, and take care of you both publicly and privately in any place in which one of us may meet one of you who are the parents of the dead. And the care of you which the city shows, you know yourselves; for she has made provision by law concerning the parents and children of those who die in war; the highest authority is specially entrusted with the duty of watching over them above all other citizens, and they will see that your fathers and mothers have no wrong done to them. The city herself shares in the education of the children, desiring as far as it is possible that their orphanhood may not be felt by them; while they are children she is a parent to them, and when they have arrived at man's estate she sends them to their several duties, in full armour clad; and bringing freshly to their minds the ways of their fathers, she places in their hands the instruments of their fathers' virtues; for the sake of the omen, she would have them from the first begin to rule over their own houses arrayed in the strength and arms of their fathers. And as for the dead, she never ceases honouring them, celebrating in common for all rites which become the property of each; and in addition to this, holding gymnastic and equestrian contests, and musical festivals of every sort. She is to the dead in the place of a son and heir, and to their sons in the place of a father, and to their parents and elder kindred in the place of a guardian--ever and always caring for them. Considering this, you ought to bear your calamity the more gently; for thus you will be most endeared to the dead and to the living, and your sorrows will heal and be healed. And now do you and all, having lamented the dead in common according to the law, go your ways.

You have heard, Menexenus, the oration of Aspasia the Milesian.

MENEXENUS: Truly, Socrates, I marvel that Aspasia, who is only a woman, should be able to compose such a speech; she must be a rare one.

SOCRATES: Well, if you are incredulous, you may come with me and hear her.

MENEXENUS: I have often met Aspasia, Socrates, and know what she is like.

SOCRATES: Well, and do you not admire her, and are you not grateful for her speech?

MENEXENUS: Yes, Socrates, I am very grateful to her or to him who told you, and still more to you who have told me.

SOCRATES: Very good. But you must take care not to tell of me, and then at some future time I will repeat to you many other excellent political speeches of hers.

MENEXENUS: Fear not, only let me hear them, and I will keep the secret.

SOCRATES: Then I will keep my promise.

Contention Between Liberality And Prodigality.

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *A Select Collection of Old English Plays*, Vol. VIII (4th edition), by Various, Edited by Robert Dodsley

EDITION

A Pleasant Comedie, shewing the contention betweene Liberalitie and Prodigalitie. As it was playd before her Maiestie. London Printed by Simon Stafford for George Vincent, and are to be sold at the signs of the Hand in hand in Wood-street over against S. Michaels Church. 1602. 4to.

The copy of this play in the Garrick collection appears to be the only one known, and from that source it is now for the first time reprinted. Mr Collier (Hist Engl. Dram. Poetr., ii, 318) points out that there is internal evidence, from the allusion to the 43d year of Queen Elizabeth, that the production was performed before her Majesty in 1600; and it seems likely that it was a revival of a more ancient piece. The writer just quoted remarks that a play, called "Prodigality," was exhibited at Court in 1568 (ibid. note). Philips, author of the "Theatrum Poetarum," in assigning it to Greene, followed either some tradition of the time or his own whim; but he is not a trustworthy authority; and his article on Greene is assuredly as puerile and absurd a performance as could be imagined.

In the prologue, the writer refers to _childish years_, presumably his own, and perhaps the "Contention" was a youthful effort. Moreover, from the (not very appropriate) introduction of Latin terms here and there, it is allowable to suspect that the author was preparing to graduate in arts, if he had not done so.

THE PROLOGUE.

The proverb is, _How many men, so many minds_,
Which maketh proof how hard a thing it is,
Of sundry minds to please the sundry kinds.
In which respect I have inferred this,
That where men's minds appear so different,
No play, no part, can all alike content.

The grave Divine calls for Divinity:
The civil student for Philosophy:
The courtier craves some rare sound history:
The baser sort, for knacks of pleasantry.
So every sort desireth specially,
What thing may best content his fantasy.

But none of these our barren toy affords.
To pulpits we refer Divinity:
And matters of estate to Council boards.
As for the quirks of sage Philosophy,
Or points of squirriliting scurrility,
The one we shun, for childish years too rare,
Th'other unfit for such as present are.

But this we bring is but to serve the time,
A poor device to pass the day withal:
To loftier points of skill we dare not climb,
Lest (perking over-high) with shame we fall.
Such as doth best beseem such as we be,
Such we present, and crave your courtesy.

That courtesy, that gentleness of yours,
Which wonted is to pardon faults of ours:
Which granted, we have all that we require:
Your only favour, only our desire.

THE END OF THE PROLOGUE.

THE SPEAKERS.

THE PROLOGUE.

VANITY, _Fortune's chief servant_.
PRODIGALITY, _suitor for Money_.

POSTILION, _his servant_.
HOST.
TENACITY, _suitor for Money_.
DANDALINE, _the hostess_.
TOM TOSS.
DICK DICER.
FORTUNE.
MASTER MONEY, _her son_.
VIRTUE.
EQUITY.
LIBERALITY, _chief steward to Virtue_.
CAPTAIN WELL-DONE.
COURTIER.
LAME SOLDIER.
CONSTABLES, _with Hue and Cry_.
TIPSTAVES.
SHERIFF.
CLERK.
CRIER.
JUDGE.
EPILOGUE.

THE CONTENTION BETWEEN LIBERALITY AND PRODIGALITY.

SCENE I.

Enter VANITY _solus, all in feathers_.

In words to make description of my name,
My nature or conditions, were but vain;
Sith this attire so plainly shows the same,
As showed cannot be in words more plain.
For lo, thus roundabout in feathers dight,
Doth plainly figure mine inconstancy:
As feathers, light of mind; of wit as light,
Subjected still to mutability,
And for to paint me forth more properly,
Behold each feather decked gorgeously
With colours strange in such variety,
As plainly pictures perfect vanity.
And so I am, to put you out of doubt,
Even vanity wholly; within, without:
In head, in heart: in all parts roundabout:

But whence I come, and why I hither come,
And upon whom I daily do attend,
In brief, to show you in a little sum,
My special meaning is, and so an end.
I came from Fortune, my most sovereign dame,
Amongst whose chiefest servants I am one:
Fortune, that earthly goddess great of name,
To whom all suits I do prefer alone.
She, minding in this place forthwith t'appear,
In her most gorgeous pomp and princely port,
Sends me to see all things in presence here,
Prepar'd and furnish'd in the bravest sort.
Here will she mount this stately sumptuous throne,
As she is wont to hear each man's desire:
And whoso wins her favour by his moan,
May have of her the thing he doth require.
And yet another dame there is, her enemy,
'Twixt whom remains continual emulation:
Virtue who, in respect of Fortune's sovereignty,
Is held, God wot, of simple reputation;
Yet hither comes (poor soul) in her degree,
This other seat half-forced to supply:
But 'twixt their state what difference will be,
Yourselves shall judge and witness, when you see.
Therefore I must go deck up handsomely,
What best beseems Dame Fortune's dignity.
[_Exit_.

SCENE II.

[_Enter_ PRODIGALITY, POSTILION, _and_ HOST.

PROD. Postilion, stay, thou drugg'st on like an ass.
Lo, here's an inn, which I cannot well pass:
Here will we bait, and rest ourselves awhile.

POST. Why, sir, you have to go but six small mile;
The way is fair, the moon shines very bright.
Best now go on, and then rest for all night.

PROD. Tush, Postil, fair or foul, or far or near,
My weary bones must needs be rested here.

POST. 'Tis but a paltry inn, there's no good cheer;
Yet shall you pay for all things passing dear.

PROD. I care not for all that: I love mine ease.

POST. Well, sir, a God's name, then do what you please.

PROD. Knock, then, at the gate.

POST. Ho, who's at home? hostler, chamberlain, tapster?

Ho! take in gentlemen. Knave, slave, host, hostess, ho!

[_Rip, rap, rip, rap_.

What, is there none that answers? _Tout a la mort_?

Sir, you must make entrance at some other port:

For here's no passage.

PROD. No? let me come; I'll knock a little harder.

Here must I in; for sure I will no farder.

[_Rip, rap, rap, rap_.

Ho! who dwells here? [_Rip, rap, rap_]. I'll call on the women another while. Ho! butter-wench, dairy-maid, nurse, laundress, cook, host, hostess, anybody, ho!

HOST. Who's there?

PROD. Up, sir, with a horse night-cap! what, are ye all in a drunken dream! can ye not hear?

POST. Not a word more! he is fast asleep again,
I fear. What, ho?

HOST. How now?

PROD. How now? now the devil take thee!
Can calling, nor knocking, nor nothing, awake thee?

HOST. Now, sir, what lack ye?

PROD. Lodging.

HOST. What are you?

PROD. Gentlemen. Seest thou not?

HOST. Whence come ye?

PROD. What skills that? open the gate.

HOST. Nay, soft a while, I am not wont so late
To take in guests. I like ye not: away.

PROD. Nay, stay awhile, mine host; I pray thee, stay,
Open the gate, I pray thee heartily,
And what we take we will pay thee royally.

HOST. And would ye have lodging then?

PROD. Yea, rather than my life.

HOST. Then stay a while; I'll first go ask my wife.

PROD. Nay, nay, send her rather to me:
If she be a pretty wench, we shall soon agree.

POST. Now a bots[381] on him and his wife both for me! [_Aside_.

HOST. Then you would have lodgings belike, sir?

PROD. Yea, I pray thee come quickly.

HOST. What's your name, and please you?

PROD. Prodigality.

HOST. And will you indeed spend lustily?

PROD. Yea, that I will.

HOST. And take that ye find patiently?

PROD. What else?

HOST. And pay what I ask willingly?

PROD. Yea, all reckonings unreasonably.

HOST. Well, go too; for this once I am content to receive ye: come on,
sir, I daresay you are almost weary.

PROP. Thou may'st swear it.

[_Exeunt_.

SCENE III.

Enter VIRTUE _and_ EQUITY.

VIR. O most unhappy state of reckless humane kind!
O dangerous race of man, unwitty, fond and blind!
O wretched worldlings, subject to all misery,

When fortune is the prop of your prosperity!
Can you so soon forget, that you have learn'd of yore
The grave divine precepts, the sacred wholesome lore,
That wise philosophers with painful industry
Have[382] written and pronounc'd for man's felicity?
Whilome [it] hath been taught, that Fortune's hold is tickle;
She bears a double face, disguised, false and fickle,
Full fraughted with all sleights, she playeth on the pack;
On whom she smileth most, she turneth most to wrack.
The time hath been, when Virtue had[383] the sovereignty
Of greatest price, and plac'd in chiefest dignity;
But topsy-turvy now the world is turn'd about:
Proud Fortune is preferr'd, poor Virtue clean thrust out.
Man's sense so dulled is, so all things come to pass,
Above the massy gold t'esteem the brittle glass.

EQ. Madam, have patience, Dame Virtue must sustain,
Until the heavenly powers do otherwise ordain.

VIR. Equity, for my part, I envy not her state,
Nor yet mislike the meanness of my simple rate.
But what the heavens assign, that do I still think best:
My fame was never yet by Fortune's frown opprest:
Here, therefore, will I rest in this my homely bower,
With patience to abide the storms of every shower.

[_Exeunt_.

SCENE IV.

[_Enter_ TENACITY _and_ VANITY [_severally, and not
seeing each other at first_.[384]]

TEN. By Gog's bores, these old stumps are stark tired.
Chave here roundabout for life conquered,
Where any posting nags were to be hired,
And can get none, would they were all vired![385]
Cham come too late for Money, I hold a penny,
Suitors to Fortune there are so many;
And all for Money, chill gage a round sum:
Money is gone, before Tenacity come.
Then am I dress'd even to my utter shame:
A fool return'd, like as a fool I came.
Cham sure have come vorty miles and twenty,
With all these bags you see and wallets empty:
But when have sued to Vortune vine and dainty,

Ich hope to vill them up with money plenty:
But here is one, of whom ich will conquire,
Whilk way che might attain to my desire.
God speed, my zon.

VAN. What, father Crust, whither post you so fast?

TEN. Nay, bur lady, zon, ich can make no haste,
Vor che may say to thee, cham tired clean.

VAN. More shame for you, to keep your ass so lean!
But whither go you now?

TEN. To a goodly lady, whom they call her Vortune.

VAN. And wherefore?

TEN. For money, zon, but ich vear che come too late.

VAN. Indeed, it seemeth by thy beggar's state,
Thou hast need of money; but let me hear,
How or by whom think'st thou to get this gear?

TEN. Chill speak her vair, chill make low cursy.

VAN. That's somewhat; but how wilt thou come at her?

TEN. Bur lady, zon, zest true; there lies the matter:
Chill make some friend.

VAN. Whom?

TEN. Some man of hers, that near her doth attend.

VAN. Who is that?

TEN. Ich know not; chud that[386] inqueer of thee:
And therefore, if thou knowest, tell it me.

VAN. What, in such haste, forsooth, so suddenly:
And so good cheap, without reward or fee?

TEN. Poor men, dear zon, must crave of courtesy:
Get I once money, thou shalt rewarded be.

VAN. Go to, then, I'll tell thee: his name is Vanity.

TEN. And where is a?

VAN. No more ado: ask but for Vanity.
Reward him well, he'll help thee to money.

TEN. But where?

VAN. Why, here in this place: this is Lady Fortune's palace.

TEN. Is this? Ah, goodly Lord, how gay it is!
Now hope I sure of money not to miss.
So law, my zon, ich will go rest myself a while,
And come again. [_Exit_.

VAN. Do so. Now sure this coistrel makes me smile,
To see his greedy gaping thus for gain,
First hardly got, then kept with harder pain,
As you ere long by proof shall see full plain.

TEN. This is mine old inn; here chill knock. Holla, ho!

HOST. What roister have we there, that rappeth so?

POST. How now, sirrah, what lack you?

TEN. Lodging.

POST. Lodging? there is none: all is full.

TEN. How so?

POST. Ta'en up by gentlemen long ago.

TEN. Let me yet have some room for mine ass.

POST. _Asinus super asinum, volitate ad furtas_!

HOST. Who is that thou pratest therewithal?

POST. Look forth and see: a lubber, fat, great and tall,
Upon a tired ass, bare, short and small.

HOST. Ho, ho! 'tis Tenacity, my old acquaintance.
And to my wife of near alliance.
Father Tenacity!

TEN. Mine host, God speed!
How do you? Take in, ostler.

OSTLER. Anon, sir.

HOST. Chamberlain, wait upon my kindred here.

CHAM. I will, sir.

SCENE V.

Enter MONEY _and_ VANITY.

The Song.

MON. _As light as a fly,
In pleasant jollity:
With mirth and melody,
Sing Money, Money, Money!
Money the minion, the spring of all joy;
Money, the medicine that heals each annoy;
Money, the jewel that man keeps in store;
Money, the idol that women adore!
That Money am I, the fountain of bliss,
Whereof whoso tasteth, doth never amiss.
Money, money, money!
Sing Money, Money, Money_!

VAN. What, Money, sing you so lustily?

MON. I have none other cause: who would not sing merrily,
Being, as I am, in such felicity:
The God of this world, so mighty of power,
As makes men, and mars men, and all in an hour?
Yea, where I am, is all prosperity,
And where I want, is nought but misery.

VAN. Money saith reason; for so doth it fare,
Money makes masteries, old proverbs declare.
But, Money, of Fortune, our sovereign dame,
What news?

MONEY. Marry, sir, of purpose I hither came,
To let thee know she will forthwith be here:
And lo! already, see, she doth appear.

VAN. 'Tis true; now must I show my diligence.
Down, ladies, stoop: do your reverence.

SCENE VI.

Enter FORTUNE, _in her chariot drawn with Kings.

The Song.

Reverence, do reverence; fair dames, do reverence
Unto this goddess great, do humble reverence:
Do humble reverence.

Fortune, of-worldly state the governess:
Fortune, of man's delight the mistress:
Fortune, of earthly bliss the patroness:
Fortune, the spring of joy and happiness.
Lo, this is she, with twinkling of her eye,
That misers[387] can advance to dignity,
And princes turn to misers' misery.
Reverence, due reverence_.

FOR. Report hath spread, that Virtue here in place
Arrived is, her silly court to hold;
And therefore I am come with faster pace,
T'encounter her, whose countenance is so bold.
I doubt not but by this my pompous shew,
By vestures wrought with gold so gorgeously:
By reverence done to me of high and low:
By all these ornaments of bravery,
By this my train, that now attends me so:
By kings, that hale my chariot to and fro,
Fortune is known the queen of all renown:
That makes, that mars; sets up and throws adown.
Well is it known, what contrary effects
'Twixt Fortune and dame Virtue hath been wrought:
How still I her contemn, she me rejects;
I her despise, she setteth me at nought:
So, as great wars are grown for sovereignty,
And strife as great 'twixt us for victory.
Now is the time of trial to be had,
The place appointed eke in presence here.
So as the truth to all sorts, good and bad,
More clear than light shall presently appear.
It shall be seen, what Fortune's power can do,
When Virtue shall be forc'd to yield thereto.
It shall be seen, when Virtue cannot bide,
But shrink for shame, her silly face to hide.
Then Fortune shall advance herself before,
All harms to help, all losses to restore.
But why do I myself thus long restrain

From executing this I do intend?
Time posts away, and words they be but vain;
For deeds (indeed) our quarrel now must end.
Therefore in place I will no longer stay
But to my stately throne myself convey.

Reverence, due reverence, &c.

ACT II, SCENE I.

Enter LIBERALITY.

How seldom is it seen, that Virtue is regarded,
Or men of virtuous sort for virtuous deeds rewarded!
So woult the world to pamper those that nought deserve,
Whiles such as merit best, without relief do starve.
Great imperfections are in some of greatest skill,
That colours can discern [not], white from black, good from ill.
O blind affects of men, how are you led awry,
To leave assured good, to like frail Vanity!
If some of Virtue's train, for prince and country's good,
To show their faithful hearts, shall hazard life and blood,
And guerdonless depart, without their due reward,
Small is th'encouragement, the example very hard.
Where any well deserve, and are rewarded well,
Where prince and people both in safety sure do dwell,
Where he that truly serves, hath nothing for his pain,
More hearts are lost, than pecks of gold can ransom home again.
Let states therefore, that wish to maintain stately dignity,
Seek to acquaint themselves with Liberality;
For that is it which wins the subjects' faithful love,
Which faithful love all harms from them and theirs remove.
Liberality am I, Virtue's steward here,
Who for the virtuous sort do nothing hold too dear.
But few to Virtue seek: all sorts to Fortune fly,
There seeking to maintain their chief prosperity.
But whoso marks the end, shall be enforc'd to say:
O Fortune, thou art blind! let Virtue lead the way.
But who comes here? It seemeth, old Tenacity.
I must away; for contraries cannot agree.

[_Exit_.

SCENE II.

Enter TENACITY.

TEN. Well, since che see there is none other boot,
Chill now take pains to go the rest afoot;
For Brock mine ass is saddle-pinch'd vull sore,
And so am I even here--chill say no more.
But yet I must my business well apply,
For which ich came, that is, to get money.
Chwas told that this is Lady Vortune's place:
Chill go boldly to her, that's a vlat case;
Vor, if che speed not now at this first glance,
Cham zure to be dash'd quite out of countenance
By certain lusty gallon lads hereby,
Seeking Vortune's favour as well as I.
O, knew I where to find Mast. Fanity,
Vortune's servant! Of mine honesty,
Look where he comes in time as fine and trim,
As if che held him all this while by the chin.

SCENE III.

VANITY _and_ TENACITY.

VAN. 'Tis he indeed: what say you to him?

TEN. Marry, sir, cham now come for money.

VAN. For money, man? what, still so hastily?

TEN. Yea[388], by gis, sir, 'tis high time, che vore ye;
Cham aveard another will ha' 't afore me.

VAN. Why so? who is it thou fearest? tell me.

TEN. Marry, sir, they call him Mast. Prodigality.

VAN. Prodigality, is it true? young, wasteful, roisting Prodigality,
To encounter old, sparing, covetous, niggard Tenacity?
Sure, such a match as needs must yield us sport:
Therefore, until the time that Prodigality resort,
I'll entertain this crust with some device-- [_aside_].
Well, father, to be sped of money with a trice,
What will you give me?

TEN. Cha vore thee, son, do rid me quickly hence,
Chill give thee a vair piece of three-halfpence.

VAN. Indeed?

TEN. Here's my hand.

VAN. Now, sir, in sooth you offer so bountifully,
As needs you must be us'd accordingly.
But tell me, know you him that cometh here?

TEN. Cock's bores, 'tis Prodigality; 'tis he I did fear.
Cham afraid che may go whistle now for money.

VAN. Tush, man, be of good cheer, I warrant thee;
He speedeth best, that best rewardeth me.

SCENE IV.

Enter PRODIGALITY, VANITY, TENACITY, HOST, FORTUNE, _and_ MONEY.

HOST. Sir, now your reckoning is made even:
I'll trust no more.

PROD. No?

HOST. No, sure.

PROD. Set cock-on-hoop then; by some means, good or bad,
There is no remedy, but money must be had.
By the body of an ox, behold here this ass,
Will be my familiar, wheresoever I pass.
Why, goodman Crust, tell me, is there no nay,
But where I go, you must forestal my way?

TEN. By Gog's flesh and his flounders, sir, che hope the Queen's highway
is free for euery man! for thee as me, for me as thee, for poor Tenacity
as for proud Prodigality! chill go, in the Queen's peace, about my
business.

PROD. This way?

TEN. Yea.

PROD. To whom?

TEN. To Vortune my mistress.

PROD. Wherefore?

TEN. That's no matter to you.

PROD. No matter, sir? but, by your crustship, ere you go,
'Tis a plain case, Prodigality will know:
And therefore be round; come off, and tell me quickly.

TEN. And thou'dst so vain know, che go for money.

PROD. Out upon thee, villain, traitor, thief, pickpurse!
Thou penurious knave, caterpillar, and what's worse?
Hast thou heard me say, that for money I went,
And couldst thou creep so closely my purpose to prevent?
By the life I live, thou shalt die the death.
Where shall I first begin? above or beneath?
Say thy prayers, slave--

VAN. How now, my friends, what needs this variance?
Money comes not by force, money comes by chance;
And sith at one instant you both seek for money,
Appeal both to Fortune, and then shall you try,
Whether either or neither may hit to have money.

PROD. Gentleman, you say well: I know not your name;
But indeed for that purpose to Fortune I came:
For furtherance whereof if I might obtain
Your friendly help, I would quit your pain.

TEN. I am your old acquaintance, sir, remember me.

VAN. Thee, quoth a? for thy large offers I may not forget thee.
You be both my friends, and therefore indifferently
I will commend you both to Fortune's courtesy.
[_To_ FOR.] Lady most bright, renowned goddess fair,
Unto thy stately throne here do repair
Two suitors of two several qualities,
And qualities, indeed, that be mere contraries.
That one is called wasteful Prodigality:
This[389] one cleped covetous Tenacity.
Both at once unto your royal majesty
Most humbly make their suits for money.

FOR. Let's hear what they can say.

PROD. Divine goddess, behold, with all humility
For money I appeal unto thy deity;

Which, in high honour of thy majesty,
I mean to spend abroad most plentifully.

TEN. Sweet mistress, grant to poor Tenacity
The keeping of this golden darling money:
Chill vow to thee, so long as life shall dure,
Under strong lock and key chill keep him vast and sure.

VAN. Nay, pleaseth then your pleasant fantasy
To hear them plead in musical harmony?

FOR. It liketh me.

PROD. None better.

TEN. Well, though my singing be but homely,
Chill sing and spring[390] too, ere chud loose money.

VAN. Well, to it, a God's name; let saying go than;[391]
And each sing for himself the best he can.

The Song.

PROD. _The princely heart, that freely spends,
Relieves full many a thousand more,
He getteth praise, he gaineth friends,
And people's love procures therefore.
But pinching fist, that spareth all,
Of due relief the needy robs:
Nought can be caught, where nought doth fall,
There comes no good of greedy cobs.
This issue therefore do I make:
The best deserver draw the stake_.

TEN. Whilst thou dost spend with friend and foe,
At home che hold the plough by th' tail:
Che dig, che delve, che zet, che zow,
Che mow, che reap, che ply my flail.
A pair of dice is thy delight,
Thou liv'st for most part by the spoil:
I truly labour day and night
To get my living by my toil.
Chill therefore sure this issue make:
The best deserver draw the stake_.

VAN. Hallo! _satis disputatum_.

TEN. Nay, by my father's soul, friend, now chave once begun,
Let him to't, che pass not when che done.

PROD. Lo, Lady, you have heard our reasons both express'd,
And thereby are resolv'd, I hope, who merits best.

FOR. Dame Fortune dealeth not by merit, but by chance:
He hath it but by hap, whom Fortune doth advance;
And of his hap as he hath small assurance:
So in his hap likewise is small continuance.
Therefore at a venture, my dear son Money,
I do commit you unto Prodigality.

TEN. To Prodigality? Ah, poor Money, I pity thee;
Continual unrest must be thy destiny:
Each day, each hour, yea, every minute tost,
Like to a tennis-ball, from pillar to post.

MONEY. I am, where I like.

TEN. [To VAN.] And is there, then, no other remedy?
Must poor Tenacity put up the injury?

VAN. Your time is not yet come.

TEN. When will it come, trow ye?

VAN. At the next turning water, happily.

TEN. And che wist that, chud the more quietly depart,
And keep therewhile a hungry hoping heart.
How sayest thou, vriend Fanity?

VAN. No doubt, but 'tis best.

TEN. Then varewell to all at once. [_Exit_.

PROD. Good night and good rest.
And now will I likewise with my sweet Money
Go hunt abroad for some good company.
Vanity, for thy pains I will not grease thy fist
Peltingly[392] with two or three crowns; but, when thou list,
Come boldly unto Prodigality's chest,
And take what thou wilt; it's ever open.

VAN. I thank you, sir; 'tis honourably spoken.

PROD. Yet, ere I go, with song of joyfulness
Let me to Fortune show my thankfulness.

_The Song.

Verse to _ FORTUNE.

_ Thou that dost guide the world by thy direction,
_ Thou that dost conquer states to thy subjection,
_ Thou that dost keep each king in thy correction,
_ Thou that preservest all in thy protection,
For all thy gifts unto thy majesty
I yield both thanks and praise immortally:
 To mighty Fortune, &c.

Verse to _ MONEY.

_ Sweet Money, the minion that sails with all winds,
Sweet Money, the minstrel that makes merry all minds,
Sweet Money, that gables of bondage unbinds,
Sweet Money, that maintains all sports of all kinds,
This is that sweet Money, that rules like a king,
And makes me all praises of Money to sing

[Exeunt _.

ACT III., SCENE I.

_ Enter _ DANDALINE, _ the hostess _.

DAN. Now, i'faith, ye little peevish harlotry,[393]
I'll one day make you spit your meat more handsomely.
By my truth, truly had I not come in the rather,
She had laid me to the fire the loin of veal and capon both together,
Not weighing (like an unwitty girlish mother),
That the one would ask more roasting than the other;
So that either the veal had been left stark raw,
Or else the capon burnt, and so not worth a straw.
And that had been pity: for I assure you at a word,
A better bird, a fairer bird, a finer bird:
A sweeter bird, a younger bird, a tenderer bird:
A daintier bird, a crisper bird, a more delicate bird:
Was there never set upon any gentleman's board.
But I lack my guests, that should pay for this gear:
And sure my mind gives me, I should find them here,
Two of mine acquaintance, familiar grown,
The third to me yet a gentleman unknown,
More than by hearsay, that he is fresh and lusty,
Full of money, and by name Prodigality.

Now, sir, to link him sure to his hostess Dandaline,
Dandaline must provide to have all things very fine.
And therefore already it is definitum ,
The gentleman shall want nothing may please his appetitum .
And because most meats unsauced are motives to drouth,
He shall have a lemon to moisten his mouth,
A lemon I mean; no lemon I trow;
Take heed, my fair maids, you take me not so.
For though I go not as grave as my grandmother,
Yet I have honesty as well as another.
But hush, now shall I hear some news.

[Manet .

SCENE II.

Enter TOM TOSS, DICK DICER.[394]

DICER. Fellow Tomkin, I think this world is made of flint;
There's neither money, nor wares worth money, in't.

TOSS. Hold thy peace, Dick, it cannot still keep at this stint:
We are now lighted upon such a mint,
As (follow it well) I dare warrant thee,
Thy turn shall be served in every degree.

DAND. Dick boy, mine own boy, how dost thou? what cheer?

DICER. What, Dandeline, mine hostess, what make you here?

DAND. I came of purpose to inquire for thee.

DICER. And I came of purpose to seek Prodigality.

DAND. What, he you told me of? indeed, is it he?

DICER. Ay, of my fidelity.

DAND. A good boy, of mine honesty.
But when come ye?

DICER. As soon as I can find him.

DAND. Seek him, good Dick, and find him speedily:
For this, I assure ye, your supper is ready.

DICER. Go home before, make all things very fine.

DAND. I will. Farewell.

DICER. Farewell.

DAND. Farewell to Tomkin, too?

TOSS. Farewell, sweet Dandaline.

DAND. But, hear ye? bring him.

DICER. Who?

DAND. Tush, a God's name, you know who!
I mean the gentleman.

DICER. Go to, go to. [DANDALINE _exit_.
Tom, now to the purpose where first we began.

TOSS. Cast care away, Dick; I'll make thee a man.

DICER. A gospel in thy mouth, Tom, for it never went worse.
Master Money hath left me never a penny in my purse.

TOSS. 'Twill be better, Dick, shalt see, very shortly.

DICER. I pray thee, tell me is this brave Prodigality,
So full of money as he is said to be?

TOSS. Full, quotha? he is too full, I promise thee.

DICER. And will he lash it out so lustily?

TOSS. Exceedingly, unreasonably, unmeasureably.

DICER. Then may such mates as we, that be so bare,
Hope some way or other to catch a share.

TOM. Assure thyself that; but whist, he cometh here:
Let's entertain him with familiar cheer.

DICER. In order, then, bravely.

[_Retire_.

SCENE III.

Enter PRODIGALITY, _with_ MONEY.

PROD. How is't, my sweet Money, shall we be lusty now?

MON. Be as lusty as you will. I'll be as lusty as you.

PROD. Who lacks money, ho! who lacks money?
But ask and have: money, money, money!

DICER. Sir, here be they that care not for your money,
So much as for your merry company.

PROD. And company is it I seek assuredly.

TOSS. Then here be companions to fit your fantasy,
And at all assays to answer your desire:
To go, to run, to stay, to do, as you require.

PROD. What can I wish more? well then, I pray,
What sports, what pastimes, shall we first assay?

TOSS. Marry, first, sir, we both pray you heartily,
To take a poor supper with us here hard by,
Where we will determine by common consent,
What pastimes are fittest for us to frequent.

PROD. I grant.

DICER. Then, if you please, with some sweet roisting harmony
Let us begin the utas[395] of our jollity.

PROD. Thou hitt'st my hand pat. Money, what say'st thou?

MON. I say that I like it: go to it, I pray you.

PROD. Shall I begin?

MON. Yea.

PROD. Then surely shall it be,
To thee, for thee, and in honour of thee.

_The Song.

Sweet Money, the minion that sails with all winds,
Sweet Money, the minstrel, that makes merry minds.
Flitozolagnops_[396]

[_Exeunt_.

SCENE IV.

Enter LIBERALITY.

LIB. The more a man with virtuous dealing doth himself inure,
The less with worldly business he is molested sure;
Which maketh proof that, as turmoils still toss the worldly mind:
So minds exempt from worldly toil desired quiet find.
And chiefly, where the life is led in virtuous exercise,
There is no toil, but ease and contentation to the wise.
But what account, how slight regard, is had of virtue here,
By actions on this worldly stage most plainly doth appear.
Men see without most just desert of virtue nought is got,
To Fortune therefore fly they still, that giveth all by lot;
And finding Fortune's gifts so pleasant, sweet, and savoury,
They build thereon, as if they should endure perpetually.
But this is sure, and that most sure, that Fortune is unsure,
Herself most frail, her gifts as frail, subject to every shower:
And in the end, who buildeth most upon her surety,
Shall find himself cast headlong down to depth of misery.
Then having felt the crafty sleights of Fortune's fickle train,
Is forc'd to seek by virtue's aid to be relieved again.
This is the end; run how he list, this man of force must do,
Unless his life be clean cut off, this man must come unto:
In time, therefore, man might do well to care for his estate,
Lest, letted by extremity, repentance come too late.

SCENE V.

Enter to LIBERALITY CAPTAIN WELL-DONE.

CAP. W. Sir, I beseech you, speak a good word for me to the prince,
That by her letters I may be commended to some province,
Where service is to be had, either there to die with fame,
Or else to get me somewhat, whereon to live without shame;
For beg I cannot, and steal I may not, the truth is so;
But need doth make, the proverb say'th, th'old wife to trot for woe.
Yet whom stark need doth pinch, at length the devil drives to go:
Therefore, I beseech you, pity his extremity,
That would not make this suit without necessity.

LIB. Who be you, my friend?

CAP. W. By birth a gentleman, by profession a soldier,
Who, though I say it, in all our sovereign's war,
With hazard of my blood and life have gone as far,
As haply some others, whose fortunes have been better:
But I in service yet could never be a getter,
Ne can I impute it but to mine own destiny:
For well I know the prince is full of liberality.

LIB. What is your name, sir?

CAP. W. My name is Well-done.

LIB. Are you Captain Well-done?

CAP. W. Though unworthy, sir, I bear that name.

LIB. Give me your hand, Captain Well-done, for your fame
In feats of arms and service of your country
I have heard oft; you have deserved greatly;
Therefore think this that, as you merit much,
So the consideration thereof shall be such,
As duly doth pertain to your desert.
Trust me, the prince herself, unmoved of my part,
Your dutiful service hath specially regarded,
And expressly commands that it be well rewarded
Wherefore you shall not need to seek service abroad:
I exhort you at home still to make your abode:
That if in this realm occasions of wars be offered,
You and others your like may be employed.

CAP. W. My duty binds me to obey.

LIB. Then for this time you shall not need to stay.
As for your cause, I will remember it,
And see it holpen too, as shall be fit.

[_Exit_ WELL-DONE.

LIB. Truly, if I should not have care of this man's necessity,
I should both swerve from virtue and from honesty.

SCENE VI.

Enter to LIBERALITY _a_ COURTIER.

COUR. Sir, I humbly beseech you help to prefer my suit.

LIB. What is it?

COUR. There is an office fall'n, which I would gladly execute.

LIB. Who be you?

COUR. A servant here in court.

LIB. Do you serve the prince?

COUR. No, and please you.

LIB. Whom then?

COUR. A nobleman near about her majesty.

LIB. In what degree?

COUR. Forsooth, sir, as his secretary.

LIB. How long have you served?

COUR. A year or twain.

LIB. And would you so soon be preferred?
In sooth, my friend, I would be glad, as I may,
To do you any good: but this I say:
Who seeks by virtue preferment to attain,
In virtuous proceeding must take more pain,
Than can be well taken in a year or twain.
For time gives experience of every man's deeds,
And each man by merit accordingly speeds.
Go forward, my friend, in virtue with diligence,
And time, for your service, shall yield you recompence.
Your lord and master is very honourable,
And him in your suits you shall find favourable:
And as for my part, as erst I did say,
I never will hinder, where further I may.
Let this for this time be your answer.

COUR. Sir, with my boldness, I beseech you to bear.

LIB. God be with you. [_Exit_ COURTIER.
Some men deserve, and yet do want their due;
Some men, again, on small deserts do sue,

It therefore standeth princes' officers in hand,
The state of every man rightly to understand,
That so by balance of equality
Each man may have his hire[397] accordingly.
Well, since dame Virtue unto me doth charge of many things refer,
I must go do that best beseems a faithful officer.

[_Exit_.

ACT IV., SCENE I.

Enter MONEY.

MON. _Liberty, liberty_! now I cry _liberty_!
Catch me again, when you can, Prodigality!
Never was there poor soul so cruelly handled.
I was at the first, like a cockney[398] dandled,
Strok'd on the head, kiss'd and well cherished,
And so thought surely I should have continued:
But now, how my case is altered suddenly!
You would not believe, unless you saw it apparently.
I'faith, since ye saw me, I have been turmoiled
From post to pillar: see how I am spoiled.
The villains among them provided the roast;
But Money was forced to pay for the cost
Both of their feasting and of their chamber cheer.
Yea, in every place they have fleec'd me so near:
He a fleece, and she a fleece, that nothing could I keep,
But glad to run away like a new-shorn sheep.
And though I have been pinched very near,
I am glad to see you in good health, every one here:
And now I have escaped the traitorous treachery
Of such a thriftless, roisting company,
To my mother in haste again I will get me,
And keep at home safely: from thence let them fet me.

[_Exit_.

SCENE II.

Enter VANITY _and_ MONEY.

VAN. What, Master Money, how goeth the world with you?

MON. Look but upon me, thou may'st quickly judge how.

VAN. Why, where the vengeance, where the devil hast thou been?
Among brambles or briars? or spirits, sure, I ween.

MON. Both ween it and wot it! I have pass'd a wilderness
Of most mischievous and miserable distress;
Sharp brambles, sharp briars, and terrible scratchers,
Bears, wolves, apes, lions, most ravening snatchers,
Thorns, thistles, and nettles, most horrible stingers,
Ravens, gripes and griphons. O vengeable wringers,
Yea through my whole passage such damnable sights,
As I cannot but judge them most damnable sprites.

VAN. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

MON. Laugh ye, my friend? It is no laughing toy.

VAN. But who did guide you in this labyrinth of joy?

MON. Who, sir? your minion, sir; Prodigality,
The captain elected of all roisting knavery;
He will be hang'd, I warrant him, shortly.

VAN. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

MON. Yet go to, laugh on!

VAN. Are you not a cuck--cuck-cold?

MON. I may be indeed; my clothes be but thin,
And therefore I will even go get me in,
That Fortune, my mother, may clothe me anew. [_Exit_.

VAN. Do so, you had need so, I may say to you.
Now, sure, it is a world of worlds to see,
How all the world inclines to Vanity;
Men seek at first--that is but Vanity,
And lose at last--that was but Vanity,
And yet continue still to follow Vanity,
As though it were a thing of certainty.
And I, that bear the name of Vanity,
And see the world's exceeding Vanity,
In following so the tracks of Vanity,
Do triumph still amid my empery,
And laugh at their simplicity,
That will be so misled by Vanity.
But who is this? O, I know him, a scholar of our train,

'Tis Hob-a-Clunch, that comes for money again.

SCENE III.

Enter to VANITY, TENACITY, FORTUNE, _and_ MONEY.

TEN. God speed, Master Fanity.

VAN. Wocum,[399] Master Tenacity.

TEN. Sur, cham come once again vor money.

VAN. So me thinks.

TEN. Shall be sped now at length, trow ye?

VAN. I cannot tell ye, 'tis hard to say;
Peradventure yea, peradventure nay.

TEN. How so, man?

VAN. I fear me you will spend him too fast away.

TEN. Ho, ho, ho, ho! dost thou veer that, friend Fanity?
Shalt not need, man, chill keep him safe, che warrant thee.
O, that chad him in my clutches, shouldst see, I trow,
Whether chud keep him vast and safe, or no.
I pray thee, good sweet Master Fanity,
Speak one good word for poor Tenacity.

VAN. And dost thou indeed so well love money?

TEN. Do my wife's bees at home, think'st thou, love honey?

VAN. What wouldst thou do with it?

TEN. [_Hesitating_.] Chud, chud, chud, chud--

VAN. _Chud, chud_! what _chud_?

TEN. Chud--do no harm at all.

VAN. No, nor much good, I think, to great nor small.
But well, put case, I procure thee to speed,
You will remember your promise that I shall be fee'd.

TEN. God's vast, man, yea, chill do it, chill do it.

VAN. Stand there a while, and wait.

[_To_ FORTUNE.] Bright goddess, behold here again Tenacity,
That humbly makes his suit to have money.

MON. For Money? ho, there! Money finds himself well:
Money now hath no liking from Fortune to dwell.

VAN. _In vanum laboraverunt_, come.

TEN. Now, good soot', honey, vair golden mustress,
Let poor Tenacity taste of thy goodness:
Thee che honour, thee che serve, thee che reverence,
And in thy help che put my whole confidence.

FOR. Money, you must go to him, there is no remedy.

MON. Yea, and be us'd as before with Prodigality!

TEN. Let Prodigality go to the gallows-tree!
Why, man, he and I are clean contrary.
I chill coll thee, chill cuss thee.

MON, So did he.

TEN. Chill save thee, chill spare thee, chill keep thee from wasting.

MON. So did not he.
Go to then, seeing that my mother's will is such,
To put it in adventure I may not grutch.

TEN. O my sweeting, my darling, my chewel, my joy,
My pleasure, my treasure, mine own pretty boy.

MON. How now? what mean you by this, Tenacity.

TEN. O, forbid me not to kiss my sweet Money.
Varewell, Vortune; and, Vortune, che thank thee alway.
Come on, surrah, chill make you vast, bum vay.

MON. What, with ropes? what needs that?

TEN. Vor vear of robbing by the highway.
La, mi, fa, sol, fa; sol, mi, fa, re, mi.

[_Exit_ TENACITY, _and goeth to the inn for his ass_.

SCENE IV.

Enter PRODIGALITY, DICK DICER, VANITY, _and_
[_to them afterwards_] TOM TOSS.

PROD. O monstrous, vile, filthy luck! see, in the twinkling of an eye,
Scarce knowing which way, I have quite lost my Money.

DICK. Out of all doubt, Prodigality, he is not gone yonder way.

PROD. Then seek some other course, make here no stay.
He must be found out, there is no remedy.
Thou know'st in what pickle we stand without Money.

DICK. Why, sure, Prodigality, it can be no other,
But he is returned to Fortune his mother.

PROD. Thinkest thou so?
Thou, Fortune, hearest thou? by fair means, I advise thee,
Restore my Money to me again: deal plainly and wisely;
Or by this sharp-edged sword, shalt see me play a proud part,
For I will have him again, in spite of thy heart.

VAN. Whom have we there, that keepeth such a coil.

PROD. Even he that will not put up such a foil.

VAN. What's the matter?

PROD. Vanity, to that dame thy mistress commend me,
Tell her--tell her, it doth not a little offend me,
To have my money in such great despite,
Taken so from me without any right.
What though it were once her own proper gift?
Yet given, 'tis mine own, there is no other shift.
Therefore charge her, in the name of Prodigality,
That he be restor'd to me incontinently,
Lest she repent it--

VAN. These be sore and cruel threat'nings, marry.
Is your haste so great, that by no means you may tarry?

PROD. I will not tarry, and therefore make haste.

VAN. Soft, sir, a little, there is no time pass'd.
You may tarry, you must tarry, for aught as I know:
Nay, then you shall tarry, whether you will or no.

[_Exit_.

DICER. 'Zwounds, sir, he mocks you.

PROD. Gibe not with me, you whoreson rascal slave!
For money I come, and money will I have.
Sirrah Vanity, Vanity! What, Vanity!
Speak and be hang'd, Vanity! What, will't not be?

DICER. What a prodigious knave, what a slave is this? [_Aside_.

PROD. Fortune, fine Fortune, you minion, if ye be wise,
Bethink ye betimes, take better advice:
Restore unto me my money quietly,
Else look for wars: Vanity, Fortune, Vanity!

DICER. Sir, you see it booteth not.

PROD. It is but my ill-luck.
Now the devil and his dam give them both suck!
What may we do? what counsel giv'st thou, Dick?

DICER. Marry, sir, be rul'd by me; I'll show you a trick,
How you may have him quickly.

PROD. As how?

DICER. Scale the walls: in at the window; by force fet him.

PROD. None better, in faith; fetch a ladder, and I will set him.
Fortune, thou injurious dame, thou shalt not by this villany
Have cause to triumph over Prodigality.
Why speak'st thou not? why speak'st thou not, I say?
Thy silence doth but breed thine own hurt and decay.

DICER. Here is a ladder.

PROD. Set it to.

[_Here_ PRODIGALITY _scaleth_; FORTUNE _claps a halter
about his neck; he breaketh the halter, and falls_.

PROD. 'Swounds! help, Dick: help quickly, or I am chok'd!

DICER. God-a-mercy, good halter, or else you had been yok'd!

PROD. O thou vile, ill-favoured, crow-trodden, pye-pecked ront!
Thou abominable, blind foul-filth,[400] is this thy wont:
First, maliciously to spoil men of their good,

And then by subtle sleights thus to seek their blood?
I abhor thee--I defy thee, wheresoever I go;
I do proclaim myself thy mortal foe.

[_Enter_ TOM TOSS.][401]

TOM TOSS. News, Prodigality, news!

DICER. Good, and God will?

PROD. What news, Tom?

TOSS. I have met with Money.

PROD. Where?

TOSS. Marry, sir, he is going into a strange country
With an old chuff, called Tenacity.

PROD. Tenacity? is that tinker's budget so full of audacity?

TOSS. 'Tis true.

PROD. May we not overtake him?

TOSS. Yes, easily with good horses.

PROD. Let's go then, for God's sake; we'll catch him in a trap.

DICER _and_ TOSS. Go; we will go with you, whatever shall hap.

[_Exeunt_.

SCENE V.

Enter VANITY.[402]

VAN. O rotten rope, that thou must be so brittle!
Hadst thou but happened to have held a little,
I had taught my princocks against another time
So to presume Dame Fortune's bower to climb.
To make such a 'scape, his hap was very good:
Well, he 'scaped fair, I swear by the rood:
But will you have me say my fantasy,
Quod differtur, non aufertur ; for assuredly
The gentleman will never hold himself quiet,

Till once more he come to taste of this diet.
Mark the end.

FOR. Vanity! [_From a window_.

VAN. Madam.

FOR. Is this roister gone?

VAN. Yea, madam, he is gone.

FOR. Then get thee anon,
And cause my attendants to come away,
For here as now I will no longer stay,
But prosecute this foe of mine so fast
By mischiefs all I may, that at the last
He shall arrive unto a wretched end,
And with repentance learn how to offend
A goddess of my state and dignity.

VAN. Lady, to do your will I hasten willingly.
[VANITY _exit_.

FORTUNE _comes down_.

FOR. Dame Fortune's power, her most exceeding might,
Is known by this as an undoubted thing:
Since here most plainly hath appear'd in sight,
How all the world doth hang upon her wing,
How high and low, of all states and degrees,
Do rise and fall again, as she decrees.
Then let not Virtue think it scorn to yield
To Fortune, chief of power, chief sovereignty:
Sith Fortune here by proof hath won the field,
Subdu'd her foes, and got the victory:
For as she list to favour, else to frown,
She hoisteth up, or headlong hurleth down.

[_Enter_ VANITY _again_.][403]

VAN. Madam, here are your vassals ready prest,
To do the thing that Fortune liketh best.

FOR. Well, then, come on to witness this our victory;
Depart we hence with sound of fame triumphantly.

[_Cries of Reverence, due reverence_!

ACT V., SCENE I.

Enter PRODIGALITY, MONEY, TOSS, DICER.

PROD. [_to_ MONEY.] Come on, my bulchin;[404] come on, my fat ox:[405]
Come, porkling, come on; come, pretty twattox.[406]
Why, will it not be? yet faster, a cur'sy![407]
This gentleman of late is waxen so pursy,
As at every land's-end he seeketh to rest him.
How think ye? hath not Tenacity trimly dress'd him?

MON. Prodigality, if thou lovest me, let us here stay:
For sure I can do no more than I may.
I am out of breath, as weary as a dog.
[_He falls down upon his elbow_.

TOSS. A luskish lubber, as fat as a hog!

PROD. Come up, gentle Money; we may not here stay.

MON. I must needs, Prodigality, there is no nay;
For if I should stir me one inch from the ground,
I think I shall die, sure, or fall in a sound.[408]

PROD. Then must you be drawn.

MON. Drawn or hang'd, all is one:
For I cannot stir me; my breath is clean gone.

PROD. How like ye this _grossum corpus_, so mightily grown?

TOSS. I like him the better, that he is your own.

DICER. A more monstrous beast, a beast more unwieldy,
Since first I was born, yet[409] never beheld I.

PROD. Indeed, the whoreson is waxen somewhat too fat;
But we will find medicines to remedy that.

TOSS. Sir, let me but have him a little in cure,
To put my poor practice of physic in ure,
And I dare warrant ye, with a purgation or twain,
I'll quickly rid him out of all this pain.

PROD. I think a glister were better.

DICER. Nay, rather a suppository.

TOSS. Nay, then, what say you to letting of blood?

DICER. I think that some of these should do him good.
Ask the physician.

MON. Prodigality?

PROD. Ho!

MON. I am sick.

PROD. Where, man?

MON. Faith, here, in my belly.
It swells, I assure ye, out of all measure.

PROD. Take heed it grow not to a timpany.

MON. And if it do, what is the danger then?

PROD. A consumption.

MON. A consumption? marry, God forbid, man.

TOSS. What think you now of Tenacity?
Was he your friend or your foe?

MON. Ah, that wretch Tenacity hath brought me to all this woe.
'Twas he, indeed, that sought to destroy me,
In that he would never use or employ^[410] me:
But, Prodigality, sweet Prodigality,
Help to provide some present remedy:
Let me not be thus miserably spilt;
Ease me of this, and use me as thou wilt.
Yet had I rather live in state bare and thin,
Than in this monstrous plight that now I am in:
So fatty, so foggy, so out of all measure,
That in myself I take no kind of pleasure.

PROD. Why, rise up then quickly, and let us be gone.

MON. Friends, you must help me, I cannot rise alone.

DICER. Come on, my sweet Money, we must have a mean
To turn this foggy fat to a finer lean.

MON. The sooner the better.

TOSS. Nay, Money, doubt not, but by sweat or by vomit
I warrant thee, boy, shortly thou shalt be rid from it.

PROD. Rid, quotha? if shaving, or boxing, or scouring,
Or 'nointing, or scraping, or purging, or blood-letting,
Or rubbing, or paring, or chafing, or fretting,
Or ought else will rid it, he shall want no ridding. [_Aside_.
Come on, Money, let's be jogging!

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

PRODIGALITY, DICER, &c., _to whom enter_ CONSTABLE,
making hue and cry, and HOST.[411]

CON. Thieves, neighbours, thieves! come forth, beset the country.

PROD. Hark! list a while, what might this clamour be?

DICER. 'Zwounds, we are undone, Prodigality;
The constables come after with hue and cry.

TOSS. O Cerberus, what shall we do?

PROD. Stand back, lie close, and let them pass by.

[_They retire_.

CON. Thieves, thieves! O vile, O detestable deed!
Thieves, neighbours! come forth, away, abroad with speed.
Where dwell these constables?

HOST. Why? what's the matter, friend, I pray?

CON. Why, thieves, man, I tell thee, come away.

HOST. Thieves, i'faith? Wife! my scull, my jack, my brown bill.

CON. Come away quickly.

HOST. Dick, Tom, Will, ye whoresons, make ye all ready, and haste;
But let me hear, how stands the case?

[_Follows_ CONSTABLE.[412]

CON. Marry, sir, here-by. Not far from this place,
A plain simple man, riding on his ass,
Meaning home to his country in God's peace to pass,
By certain roisters, most furious and mad,
Is spoiled and robbed of all that he had.
And yet not contented, when they had his money,
But the villains have also murdered him most cruelly.

HOST. Good God, for his mercy!

CON. It was my hap to come then present[ly] by him,
And found him dead, with twenty wounds upon him.

HOST. But what became of them?

CON. They fled this way.

HOST. Then, neighbour, let us here no longer stay,
But hence and lay the country roundabout:
They shall be quickly found, I have no doubt.

[_Exeunt_.

SCENE III.

[_Enter_ VIRTUE _and_ EQUITY, _with other attendants_.

VIR. My lords, you see how far this worldly state perverted is;
From good declin'd, inclined still to follow things amiss:
You see but very few that make of Virtue any price:
You see all sorts with hungry wills run headlong into vice.

EQ. We see it oft, we sorrow much, and heartily lament,
That of himself man should not have a better government.

VER. The very beasts that be devoid of reason, dull and dumb,
By nature learn to shun those things whereof their hurt may come.
If man were then but as a beast, only by nature taught,
He would also by nature learn to shun what things are nought.
But man with reason is endued: he reason hath for stay;
Which reason should restrain his will from going much astray.

EQ. Madam, 'tis true:
Where reason rules, there is the golden mean.

VER. But most men stoop to stubborn will,

Which conquereth reason clean.

EQ. And will again to fancy yields,
Which twain be special guides,
That train a man to tread ill paths,
Where ease and pleasure bides.

VER. No ease, no pleasure, can be good, that is not got with pains.

EQ. That is the cause from Virtue's love
Man's fancy still refrains.

VER. And pains, I think, they feel likewise,
That unto vice do bend.

EQ. They feel, no doubt: but yet such pains
Come not before the end.

VIR. I grieve for man, that man should be of ill attempts so[413] fain.

EQ. Grieve not for that: evil tasted once, turns him to good again.

VIR. Then will I take a cheerful mind,
Unpleasant thoughts expel,
And cares for man commit to them,
That in the heavens do dwell.

EQ. Do so, dear madam, I beseech you most heartily,
And recreate yourself, before you go hence, with some sweet melody.

_The Song.

If pleasure be the only thing,
That man doth seek so much:
Chief pleasures rest, where virtue rules:
No pleasure[s] can be such.

Though Virtue's ways be very strait,
Her rocks be hard to climb:
Yet such as do aspire thereto,
Enjoy all joys in time.

Plain is the passage unto vice,
The gaps lie wide to ill:
To them that wade through lewdness' lake
The ice is broken still.

This therefore is the difference,
The passage first seems hard

To Virtue's train; but then most sweet
At length is their reward.

To those again, that follow vice,
The way is fair and plain;
But fading pleasures in the end
Are bought with lasting[414] pain.

If pleasure be the only thing, &c_.

SCENE IV.

Enter VIRTUE, EQUITY, LIBERALITY, MONEY, _and the_ SHERIFF.

VIR. Now, my lords, I see no cause but that depart we may.

EQ. Madam, to that shall like you best we willingly obey.

LIB. Yet,[415] lady, stay awhile, and hear of strange adventures.

VIR. Of what adventures tell you? let us know.

LIB. Master Sheriff, of that is happened do you make show.

SHER. Then, may it please you, the effect is this:
There is a certain roister, named Prodigality,
That long about this town hath ruffled in great jollity!
A man long suspected of very lewd behaviour,
Yet standing ever so high in Fortune's favour,
As never till now he could be bewrayed
Of any offence, that to him might be laid:
Now wanting (belike) his wonted bravery,
He thought to supply it by murther and robbery.

EQ. By murther and robbery?

SHER. Yea, sure.

VIR. How?

SHER. This gallant, I tell you, with other lewd franions,
Such as himself, unthrifty companions,
In most cruel sort, by the highway-side,
Assaulted a countryman as he homewards did ride:
Robbed him, and spoiled him of all that they might,
And lastly bereav'd him of his life outright.

VIR. O horrible fact!

SHER. The country hereupon rais'd hue and cry straightway:
He is apprehended, his fellows fled away.
I supplying, though unworthy, for this year
The place of an officer, and sheriff of the shire,
To my prince's use, have seized on his money,
And bring you the same, according to my duty:
Praying the party may have the law with speed,
That others may be terrified from so foul a deed.

VIR. So horrible a fact can hardly plead for favour:
Therefore go you, Equity, examine more diligently
The manner of this outrageous robbery:
And as the same by examination shall appear,
Due justice may be done in presence here.

EQ. It shall be done, madam.

SHER. Then, madam, I pray you, appoint some officer to take the money,
That I may return again with Equity.

VIR. Let it be delivered to my steward Liberality.

[_Exeunt _.

LIB. What, Money? how come you to be so fat and foggy?

MON. Surely, sir, by the old chuff, that miser Tenacity.

LIB. How so?

MON. He would never let me abroad to go,
But lock'd me up in coffers, or in bags bound me fast,
That, like a boar in a sty, he fed me at last,
Thus Tenacity did spoil me for want of exercise:
But Prodigality, clean contrariwise,
Did toss me and fleece me, so bare and so thin,
That he left nothing on me but very bone and skin.

LIB. Well, Money, will you bide with him that can devise
To rid you and keep you from these extremities?

MON. Who is that?

LIB. Even myself, Liberality.

MON. Sir, I like you well, and therefore willingly

I am contented with you to remain,
So as you protect me from the other twain.

LIB. I warrant thee.
First, from thy bands I'll set thee free,
And after thy sickness cured shall be.

MON. Thanks and obedience I yield and vow to Liberality.

[_Exit_ MONEY.

Enter CAPTAIN WELL-DONE [_and other_ SUITORS.]

CAP. W. My lord, according to your appointment and will,
I come to attend your pleasure.

LIB. Have you brought your bill?[416]

CAP. W. Yea, my lord.

LIB. Give it me.
I'll be your mean unto the prince, that it may despatched be:
The while take here these hundred crowns, to relieve ye.

CAP. W. God save the queen, and God save Liberality!

2D SUITOR. Sir, I have long served the prince at great expense,
And long have I been promised a recompense:
I beseech you consider of me.

LIB. What, do you serve without fee?

2D SUITOR. Yea, truly, sir.

LIB. Hold, pray for the queen. [_Gives him money_.]

2D SUITOR. It shall be my prayer day and night truly:
God save the queen, and God save Liberality!

3D SUITOR. Now, good my lord, vouchsafe of your charity
To cast here aside your faithful eye
Upon a poor soldier, naked and needy,
That in the queen's wars was maimed, as you see.

LIB. Where have you served?

3D SUITOR. In France, in Flanders; but in Ireland most.

LIB. Under whom?

3D SUITOR. Under Captain Well-done.

CAP. W. He was my soldier indeed, sir, until he lost his leg.

LIB. Hold, pray for the queen. [_ Gives him money_.]

3D SUITOR. God save the queen, and God save Liberality!

SCENE V.

[_ Enter_ TIPSTAVES, LIBERALITY, SHERIFF, CLERKS,
CRIER, PRODIGALITY, [_ to whom_] _the_ JUDGE.

TIP. Room, my masters, give place, stand by:
Sir Equity hath sent me to let you understand,
That hither he will resort out of hand,
To sit upon the arraignment of Prodigality.

LIB. In good time.

TIP. Behold, he comes.

LIB. Now, Equity, how falls the matter out?

EQ. That Prodigality is guilty of the fact, no doubt.
And therefore for furtherance of justice effectually,
My lord the judge comes to sit upon him presently:
Wherein we crave your assistance.

LIB. I'll wait upon you.

TIP. Room, my masters, room for my lord: stand by.

[_ The_ JUDGE _placed, and the_ CLERKS _under him_.

JUDGE. Call for the prisoner.

CLERK. Make an oyes, Crier.

CRIER. Oyes, oyes, oyes!

CLERK. Sheriff of Middlesex.

CRIER. Sheriff of Middlesex.

CLERK. Bring forth the prisoner.

CRIER. Bring forth the prisoner.

CLERK. Prodigality.

CRIER. Prodigality.

CLERK. Pain of the peril shall fall thereon.

CRIER. Pain of the peril shall fall thereon.

SHER. Here, sir.

CLERK. Prodigality, hold up thy hand. [He holds it up_.
Thou art indicted here by the name of Prodigality,
For that thou, the fourth day of February,
In the three and forty year of the prosperous reign
Of Elizabeth, our dread sovereign,
By the grace of God, of England, France, and Ireland queen,
Defender of the faith, &c.,
Together with the other malefactors yet unknown,
At Highgate,[417] in the county of Middlesex, aforesaid,
Didst feloniously take from one Tenacity,
Of the parish of Pancridge,[418] yeoman, in the said county,
One thousand pounds of gold and silver sterling.
And also, how thyself, the said Prodigality,
With a sword, price twenty shillings, then and there cruelly
Didst give the said Tenacity upon the head
One mortal wound, whereof he is now dead,
Contrary to the queen's peace, her crown, and dignity.

JUDGE. How say'st thou, Prodigality, to this robbery,
Felony, and murther? art thou guilty
Or not guilty?

PROD. My lord, I beseech you
Grant me counsel to plead my cause.

JUDGE. That may not be; it standeth not with our laws.

PROD. Then, good my lord, let me some respite take.

JUDGE. Neither may that be; thus doth the indictment lie,
Thou art accus'd of murther and of robbery,
To which thou must now answer presently,
Whether thou be thereof guilty or not guilty.

PROD. Well, since there is no other remedy,

And that my fact falls out so apparently,
I will confess that indeed I am guilty,
Most humbly appealing to the prince's mercy.

JUDGE. Then what canst thou say for thyself, Prodigality,
That according to the law thou shouldst not die?

PROD. Nothing, my lord; but still appeal to the prince's mercy.

JUDGE. Then hearken to thy judgment: thou,
Prodigality, by that name hast been
Indicted and arraigned here of a robbery,
Murther, and felony, against the laws committed
By thee: the indictment whereof being read unto thee
Here, thou confessest thyself to be guilty therein:
Whereupon I judge thee to be had from hence
To the place thou cam'st fro, and from thence to
The place of execution, there to be hanged,
Till thou be dead. God have mercy on thee!

PROD. My lord, I most humbly beseech you to hear me.

JUDGE. Say on.

PROD. I confess I have run a wanton wicked race,
Which now hath brought me to this woful wretched case:
I am heartily sorry, and with tears do lament
My former lewd and vile misgovernment.
I find the brittle stay of trustless Fortune's state.
My heart now thirsteth after Virtue all too late:
Yet, good my lord, of pity condescend
To be a mean for him that meaneth to amend.
The prince is merciful, of whose great mercy
Full many have largely tasted already;
Which makes me appeal thereto more boldly.

JUDGE. Prodigality, I not mislike your wailful disposition;
And therefore for you to the prince there shall be made petition,
That though your punishment be not fully remitted,
Yet in some part it may be qualified.

PROD. God save your life!

VIRTUE, EQUITY, LIBERALITY, JUDGE, _and all come
down before the_ QUEEN, _and, after reverence made_,
VIRTUE _speaketh_

THE EPILOGUE.

_Most mighty queen, yonder I sat in place,
Presenting show of chiefest dignity;
Here prostrate, lo, before your princely grace
I show myself, such as I ought to be,
Your humble vassal, subject to your will,
With fear and love your grace to reverence still_.

FINIS.

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The Pretentious Young Ladies, by Moliere

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

LA GRANGE, \
) _repulsed Lovers_.
DU CROISY, /

GORGIBUS, _a good citizen_.

[Footnote: Gorgibus was the name of certain characters in old comedies.
The actor, L'Epy, who played this part, had a very loud voice; hence
Molière gave him probably this name.]

THE MARQUIS DE MASCARILLE, _valet to La Grange_.

[Footnote: _Mascarille_ was played by Molière, and has a personality quite distinct from the servant of the same name in the _Blunderer_ and the _Love-Tiff_. The dress in which he acted this part, has not been mentioned in the inventory taken after his death, but in a pamphlet, published in 1660, he is described as wearing an enormous wig, a very small hat, a ruff like a morning gown, rolls in which children could play hide-and-seek, tassels like cornucopise, ribbons that covered his shoes, with heels half a foot in height.]

THE VISCOUNT JODELET, _valet to Du Croisy_.

ALMANZOR, _footman to the pretentious ladies_.

TWO CHAIRMEN.

MUSICIANS.

MADELON, _daughter to Gorgibus_, \
) _The pretentious young ladies_.
CATHOS, _niece to Gorgibus_, /

MAROTTE, _maid to the pretentious young ladies_.

LUCILE. \
) _two female neighbours_.
CÉLIMÈNE. /

SCENE--GORGIBUS' HOUSE, PARIS.

THE PRETENTIOUS YOUNG LADIES. (LES PRÈCIEUSES RIDICULES.)

ACT I.

SCENE I.--LA GRANGE, DU CROISY.

DU. CR. Mr. La Grange.

LA. GR. What?

DU. CR. Look at me for a moment without laughing.

LA. GR. Well?

DU. CR. What do you say of our visit? Are you quite pleased with it?

LA. GR. Do you think either of us has any reason to be so?

DU. CR. Not at all, to say the truth.

LA. GR. As for me, I must acknowledge I was quite shocked at it. Pray now, did ever anybody see a couple of country wenches giving themselves more ridiculous airs, or two men treated with more contempt than we were? They could hardly make up their mind to order chairs for us. I never saw such whispering as there was between them; such yawning, such rubbing of the eyes, and asking so often what o'clock it was. Did they answer anything else but "yes," or "no," to what we said to them? In

short, do you not agree with me that if we had been the meanest persons in the world, we could not have been treated worse?

DU. CR. You seem to take it greatly to heart.

LA. GR. No doubt I do; so much so, that I am resolved to be revenged on them for their impertinence. I know well enough why they despise us. Affectation has not alone infected Paris, but has also spread into the country, and our ridiculous damsels have sucked in their share of it. In a word, they are a strange medley of coquetry and affectation. I plainly see what kind of persons will be well received by them; if you will take my advice, we will play them such a trick as shall show them their folly, and teach them to distinguish a little better the people they have to deal with.

DU. CR. How can you do this?

LA. GR. I have a certain valet, named Mascarille, who, in the opinion of many people, passes for a kind of wit; for nothing now-a-days is easier than to acquire such a reputation. He is an extraordinary fellow, who has taken it into his head to ape a person of quality. He usually prides himself on his gallantry and his poetry, and despises so much the other servants that he calls them brutes.

DU. CR. Well, what do you mean to do with him?

LA. GR. What do I mean to do with him? He must ... but first, let us be gone.

SCENE II.--GORGIBUS, DU CROISY, LA GRANGE.

GORG. Well, gentlemen, you have seen my niece and my daughter. How are matters going on? What is the result of your visit?

LA. GR. They will tell you this better than we can. All we say is that we thank you for the favour you have done us, and remain your most humble servants.

DU. CR. Your most humble servants.

GORG. (Alone). Hoity-toity! Methinks they go away dissatisfied. What can be the meaning of this? I must find it out. Within there!

SCENE III.--GORGIBUS, MAROTTE.

MAR. Did you call, sir?

GORG. Where are your mistresses?

MAR. In their room.

GORG. What are they doing there?

MAR. Making lip salve.

GORG. There is no end of their salves. Bid them come down. (Alone).
These hussies with their salves have, I think, a mind to ruin me.
Everywhere in the house I see nothing but whites of eggs, lac virginal,
and a thousand other fooleries I am not acquainted with. Since we have
been here they have employed the lard of a dozen hogs at least, and four
servants might live every day on the sheep's trotters they use.

SCENE IV.---MADELON, CATHOS, GORGIBUS.

GORG. Truly there is great need to spend so much money to grease your
faces. Pray tell me, what have you done to those gentlemen, that I saw
them go away with so much coldness. Did I not order you to receive them
as persons whom I intended for your husbands?

MAD. Dear father, what consideration do you wish us to entertain for the
irregular behaviour of these people?

CAT. How can a woman of ever so little understanding, uncle, reconcile
herself to such individuals?

GORG. What fault have you to find with them?

MAD. Their's is fine gallantry, indeed. Would you believe it? they began
with proposing marriage to us.

GORG. What would you have them begin with--with a proposal to keep you
as mistresses? Is not their proposal a compliment to both of you, as
well as to me? Can anything be more polite than this? And do they not
prove the honesty of their intentions by wishing to enter these holy
bonds?

MAD. O, father! Nothing can be more vulgar than what you have just said. I am ashamed to hear you talk in such a manner; you should take some lessons in the elegant way of looking at things.

GORG. I care neither for elegant ways nor songs. I tell you marriage is a holy and sacred affair; to begin with that is to act like honest people.

[Footnote: The original has a play on words. Madelon says, in addressing her father, *_vous devriez un pen vous faire apprendre le bel air des choses_*, upon which he answers, *_je n'ai que faire ni d'air ni de chanson_*. *_Air_* means tune as well as look, appearance.]

MAD. Good Heavens! If everybody was like you a love-story would soon be over. What a fine thing it would have been if Cyrus had immediately espoused Mandane, and if Aronce had been married all at once to Clélie.

[Footnote: *_Cyrus_* and *_Mandane_* are the two principal characters of Mademoiselle de Scudéry's novel *_Artamene, on the Grand Cyrus_*; *_Aronce_* and *_Clélie_* of the novel *_Clélie_*, by the same author.]

GORG. What is she jabbering about?

MAD. Here is my cousin, father, who will tell as well as I that matrimony ought never to happen till after other adventures. A lover, to be agreeable, must understand how to utter fine sentiments, to breathe soft, tender, and passionate vows; his courtship must be according to the rules. In the first place, he should behold the fair one of whom he becomes enamoured either at a place of worship, [Footnote: See note 15, page 33.] or when out walking, or at some public ceremony; or else he should be introduced to her by a relative or a friend, as if by chance, and when he leaves her he should appear in a pensive and melancholy mood. For some time he should conceal his passion from the object of his love, but pay her several visits, in every one of which he ought to introduce some gallant subject to exercise the wits of all the company. When the day comes to make his declarations--which generally should be contrived in some shady garden-walk while the company is at a distance--it should be quickly followed by anger, which is shown by our blushing, and which, for a while, banishes the lover from our presence. He finds afterwards means to pacify us, to accustom us gradually to hear him depict his passion, and to draw from us that confession which causes us so much pain. After that come the adventures, the rivals who thwart mutual inclination, the persecutions of fathers, the jealousies arising without any foundation, complaints, despair, running away with, and its consequences. Thus things are carried on in fashionable life, and veritable gallantry cannot dispense with these forms. But to come out point-blank with a proposal of marriage,--to make no love but with a marriage-contract, and begin a novel at the wrong end! Once more, father, nothing can be more tradesmanlike, and the mere thought of it

makes me sick at heart.

GORG. What deuced nonsense is all this? That is highflown language with a vengeance!

CAT. Indeed, uncle, my cousin hits the nail on the head. How can we receive kindly those who are so awkward in gallantry. I could lay a wager they have not even seen a map of the country of _Tenderness_, and that _Love-letters_, _Trifling attentions_, _Polite epistles_, and _Sprightly verses_, are regions to them unknown.

[Footnote: The map of the country of Tenderness (_la carte de Tendre_) is found in the first part of _Clélie_ (see note 2, page 146); Love-letter (_Billetdoux_); Polite epistle (_Billet galant_); Trifling attentions (_Petit Soins_); Sprightly verses (_Jolts vers_), are the names of villages to be found in the map, which is a curiosity in its way.]

Do you not see that the whole person shews it, and that their external appearance is not such as to give at first sight a good opinion of them. To come and pay a visit to the object of their love with a leg without any ornaments, a hat without any feathers, a head with its locks not artistically arranged, and a coat that suffers from a paucity of ribbons. Heavens! what lovers are these! what stinginess in dress! what barrenness of conversation! It is not to be allowed; it is not to be borne. I also observed that their ruffs

[Footnote: The ruff (_rabat_) was at first only the shirt-collar pulled out and worn outside the coat. Later ruffs were worn, which were not fastened to the shirt, sometimes adorned with lace, and tied in front with two strings with tassels. The _rabat_ was very fashionable during the youthful years of Louis XIV.]

were not made by the fashionable milliner, and that their breeches were not big enough by more than half-a-foot.

GORG. I think they are both mad, nor can I understand anything of this gibberish. Cathos, and you Madelon...

MAD. Pray, father, do not use those strange names, and call us by some other.

GORG. What do you mean by those strange names? Are they not the names your godfathers and godmothers gave you?

MAD. Good Heavens! how vulgar you are! I confess I wonder you could possibly be the father of such an intelligent girl as I am. Did ever anybody in genteel style talk of Cathos or of Madelon? And must you not admit that either of these names would be sufficient to disgrace the

finest novel in the world?

CAT. It is true, uncle, an ear rather delicate suffers extremely at hearing these words pronounced, and the name of Polixena, which my cousin has chosen, and that of Amintha, which I took, possesses a charm, which you must needs acknowledge.

[Footnote: The _precieuses_ often changed their names into more poetical and romantic appellations. The Marquise de Rambouillet, whose real name was Catherine, was known under the anagram of Arthenice.]

GORG. Hearken; one word will suffice. I do not allow you to take any other names than those that were given you by your godfathers and godmothers; and as for those gentlemen we are speaking about, I know their families and fortunes, and am determined they shall be your husbands. I am tired of having you upon my hands. Looking after a couple of girls is rather too weighty a charge for a man of my years.

CAT. As for me, uncle, all I can say is, that I think marriage a very shocking business. How can one endure the thought of lying by the side of a man, who is really naked?

MAD. Give us leave to take breath for a short time among the fashionable world of Paris, where we are but just arrived. Allow us to prepare at our leisure the groundwork of our novel, and do not hurry on the conclusion too abruptly.

GORG. (_Aside_). I cannot doubt it any longer; they are completely mad. (_Aloud_). Once more, I tell you, I understand nothing of all this gibberish; I will be master, and to cut short all kinds of arguments, either you shall both be married shortly, or, upon my word, you shall be nuns; that I swear.

[Footnote: This scene is the mere outline of the well known quarrel between Chrysale, Philaminte, and Belinda in the "_Femmes Savantes_" (see vol. iii.) but a husband trembling before his wife, and only daring to show his temper to his sister, is a much more tempting subject for a dramatic writer than a man addressing in a firm tone his daughter and niece.]

SCENE VI.--CATHOS, MADELON.

CAT. Good Heavens, my dear, how deeply is your father still immersed in material things! how dense is his understanding, and what gloom overcasts his soul!

MAD. What can I do, my dear? I am ashamed of him. I can hardly persuade myself I am indeed his daughter; I believe that an accident, some time or other, will discover me to be of a more illustrious descent.

CAT. I believe it; really, it is very likely; as for me, when I consider myself...

SCENE VII.--CATHOS, MADELON, MAROTTE.

MAR. Here is a footman asks if you are at home, and says his master is coming to see you.

MAD. Learn, you dunce, to express yourself a little less vulgarly. Say, here is a necessary evil inquiring if it is commodious for you to become visible.

[Footnote: All these and similar sentences were really employed by the _precieuses_.]

MAR. I do not understand Latin, and have not learned philosophy out of Cyrus, as you have done.

[Footnote: _Artamene, ou le Grand Cyrus_, (1649-1653) a novel in ten volumes by Madle. de Scudery.]

MAD. Impertinent creature! How can this be borne! And who is this footman's master?

MAR. He told me it was the Marquis de Mascarille.

MAD. Ah, my dear! A marquis! a marquis! Well, go and tell him we are visible. This is certainly some wit who has heard of us.

CAT. Undoubtedly, my dear.

MAD. We had better receive him here in this parlour than in our room. Let us at least arrange our hair a little and maintain our reputation. Come in quickly, and reach us the Counsellor of the Graces.

MAR. Upon my word, I do not know what sort of a beast that is; you must speak like a Christian if you would have me know your meaning.

CAT. Bring us the looking-glass, you blockhead! and take care not to contaminate its brightness by the communication of your image.

SCENE VIII.--MASCARILLE, TWO CHAIRMEN.

MASC. Stop, chairman, stop. Easy does it! Easy, easy! I think these boobies intend to break me to pieces by bumping me against the walls and the pavement.

1 CHAIR. Ay, marry, because the gate is narrow and you would make us bring you in here.

MASC. To be sure, you rascals! Would you have me expose the fulness of my plumes to the inclemency of the rainy season, and let the mud receive the impression of my shoes? Begone; take away your chair.

2 CHAIR. Then please to pay us, sir.

MASC. What?

2 CHAIR. Sir, please to give us our money, I say.

MASC. (_ Giving him a box on the ear _). What, scoundrel, to ask money from a person of my rank!

2 CHAIR. Is this the way poor people are to be paid? Will your rank get us a dinner?

MASC. Ha, ha! I shall teach you to keep your right place. Those low fellows dare to make fun of me!

1 CHAIR. (_ Taking up one of the poles of his chair _). Come, pay us quickly.

MASC. What?

1 CHAIR. I mean to have my money at once.

MASC. That is a sensible fellow.

1 CHAIR. Make haste, then.

MASC. Ay, you speak properly, but the other is a scoundrel, who does not know what he says. There, are you satisfied?

1 CHAIR. No, I am not satisfied; you boxed my friend's ears, and ... (_ holding up his pole _).

MASC. Gently; there is something for the box on the ear. People may get anything from me when they go about it in the right way. Go now, but come and fetch me by and by to carry me to the Louvre to the _petit coucher_.

[Footnote: Louis XIV. and several other Kings of France, received their courtiers when rising or going to bed. This was called _lever_ and _coucher_. The _lever_ as well as the _coucher_ was divided into _petit_ and _grand_. All persons received at court had a right to come to the _grand lever_ and _coucher_, but only certain noblemen of high rank and the princes of the royal blood could remain at the _petit lever_ and _coucher_, which was the time between the king putting on either a day or night shirt, and the time he went to bed or was fully dressed. The highest person of rank always claimed the right of handing to the king his shirt.]

SCENE IX.--MAROTTE, MASCARILLE.

MAR. Sir, my mistresses will come immediately.

MASC. Let them not hurry themselves; I am very comfortable here, and can wait.

MAR. Here they come.

SCENE X.--MADELON, CATHOS, MASCARILLE, ALMANZOR.

MASC. (_After having bowed to them_). Ladies, no doubt you will be surprised at the boldness of my visit, but your reputation has drawn this disagreeable affair upon you; merit has for me such potent charms, that I run everywhere after it.

MAD. If you pursue merit you should not come to us.

CAT. If you find merit amongst us, you must have brought it hither yourself.

MASC. Ah! I protest against these words. When fame mentioned your deserts it spoke the truth, and you are going to make _pic_, _repic_, and _capot_. all the gallants from Paris.

[Footnote: Dryden, in his *Sir Martin Mar-all* (Act i. sc. i), makes Sir Martin say: "If I go to picquet...he will picque and repicque, and capot me twenty times together" I believe that these terms in Molière's and Dryden's times had a different meaning from what they have now.]

MAD. Your complaisance goes a little too far in the liberality of its praises, and my cousin and I must take care not to give too much credit to your sweet adulation.

CAT. My dear, we should call for chairs.

MAD. Almanzor!

ALM. Madam.

MAD. Convey to us hither, instantly, the conveniences of conversation.

MASC. But am I safe here? (*Exit Almanzor*.)

CAT. What is it you fear?

MASC. Some larceny of my heart; some massacre of liberty. I behold here a pair of eyes that seem to be very naughty boys, that insult liberty, and use a heart most barbarously. Why the deuce do they put themselves on their guard, in order to kill any one who comes near them? Upon my word! I mistrust them; I shall either scamper away, or expect very good security that they do me no mischief.

MAD. My dear, what a charming facetiousness he has!

CAT. I see, indeed, he is an Amilcar.

[Footnote: Amilcar is one of the heroes of the novel *Clélie*, who wishes to be thought sprightly.]

MAD. Fear nothing, our eyes have no wicked designs, and your heart may rest in peace, fully assured of their innocence.

CAT. But, pray, Sir, be not inexorable to the easy chair, which, for this last quarter of an hour, has held out its arms towards you; yield to its desire of embracing you.

MASC. (*After having combed himself, and, adjusted the rolls of his stockings*). Well, ladies, and what do you think of Paris?

[Footnote: It was at that time the custom for men of rank to comb their hair or periwigs in public.]

[Footnote: The rolls (_canons_) were large round pieces of linen, often adorned with lace or ribbons, and which were fastened below the breeches, just under the knee.]

MAD. Alas! what can we think of it? It would be the very antipodes of reason not to confess that Paris is the grand cabinet of marvels, the centre of good taste, wit, and gallantry.

MASC. As for me, I maintain that, out of Paris, there is no salvation for the polite world.

CAT. Most assuredly.

MASC. Paris is somewhat muddy; but then we have sedan chairs.

MAD. To be sure; a sedan chair is a wonderful protection against the insults of mud and bad weather.

MASC. I am sure you receive many visits. What great wit belongs to your company?

MAD. Alas! we are not yet known, but we are in the way of being so; for a lady of our acquaintance has promised us to bring all the gentlemen who have written for the Miscellanies of Select Poetry.

[Footnote: Molière probably alludes to a Miscellany of Select Poetry, published in 1653, by de Sercy, under the title of _Poésies choisies de M. M. Corneille Benserade, de Scudéry, Boisrobert, Sarrazin, Desmarets, Baraud, Saint-Laurent, Colletet. Lamesnardiere, Montreuil, Viguier, Chevreau, Malleville, Tristan, Testu, Maucroy, de Prade, Girard et de L'Age_. A great number of such miscellanies appeared in France, and in England also, about that time.]

CAT. And certain others, whom, we have been told, are likewise the sovereign arbiters of all that is handsome.

MASC. I can manage this for you better than any one; they all visit me; and I may say that I never rise without having half-a-dozen wits at my levee.

MAD. Good Heavens! you will place us under the greatest obligation if you will do us the kindness; for, in short, we must make the acquaintance of all those gentlemen if we wish to belong to the fashion. They are the persons who can make or unmake a reputation at Paris; you know that there are some, whose visits alone are sufficient to start the report that you are a _Connaisseuse_, though there should be no other reason for it. As for me, what I value particularly is, that by means of these ingenious visits, we learn a hundred things which we ought necessarily to know, and which are the quintessence of wit. Through them

we hear the scandal of the day, or whatever niceties are going on in prose or verse. We know, at the right time, that Mr. So-and-so has written the finest piece in the world on such a subject; that Mrs. So-and-so has adapted words to such a tune; that a certain gentleman has written a madrigal upon a favour shown to him; another stanzas upon a fair one who betrayed him; Mr. Such-a-one wrote a couplet of six lines yesterday evening to Miss Such-a-one, to which she returned him an answer this morning at eight o'clock; such an author is engaged on such a subject; this writer is busy with the third volume of his novel; that one is putting his works to press. Those things procure you consideration in every society, and if people are ignorant of them, I would not give one pinch of snuff for all the wit they may have.

CAT. Indeed, I think it the height of ridicule for any one who possesses the slightest claim to be called clever not to know even the smallest couplet that is made every day; as for me, I should be very much ashamed if any one should ask me my opinion about something new, and I had not seen it.

MASC. It is really a shame not to know from the very first all that is going on; but do not give yourself any farther trouble, I will establish an academy of wits at your house, and I give you my word that not a single line of poetry shall be written in Paris, but what you shall be able to say by heart before anybody else. As for me, such as you see me, I amuse myself in that way when I am in the humour, and you may find handed about in the fashionable assemblies

[Footnote: In the original French the word is *_ruelle_*, which means literally "a small street," "a lane," hence any narrow passage, hence the narrow opening between the wall and the bed. The *_Précieuses_* at that time received their visitors lying dressed in a bed, which was placed in an alcove and upon a raised platform. Their fashionable friends (*_alcovistes_*) took their places between the bed and the wall, and thus the name *_ruelle_* came to be given to all fashionable assemblies. In Dr. John Ash's New and Complete Dictionary of the English Language, published in London 1755, I still find *_ruelle_* defined: "a little street, a circle, an assembly at a private house."]

of Paris two hundred songs, as many sonnets, four hundred epigrams, and more than a thousand madrigals all made by me, without counting riddles and portraits.

[Footnote: This kind of literature, in which one attempted to write a portrait of one's self or of others, was then very much in fashion. La Bruyere and de Saint-Simon in France, as well as Dryden and Pope in England, have shown what a literary portrait may become in the hands of men of talent.]

MAD. I must acknowledge that I dote upon portraits; I think there is

nothing more gallant.

MASC. Portraits are difficult, and call for great wit; you shall see some of mine that will not displease you.

CAT. As for me, I am awfully fond of riddles.

MASC. They exercise the intelligence; I have already written four of them this morning, which I will give you to guess.

MAD. Madrigals are pretty enough when they are neatly turned.

MASC. That is my special talent; I am at present engaged in turning the whole Roman history into madrigals.

[Footnote: Seventeen years after this play was performed, Benserade published *_les Métamorphoses d' Ovide mises en rondeaux_*.]

MAD. Goodness gracious! that will certainly be superlatively fine; I should like to have one copy at least, if you think of publishing it.

MASC. I promise you each a copy, bound in the handsomest manner. It does not become a man of my rank to scribble, but I do it only to serve the publishers, who are always bothering me.

MAD. I fancy it must be a delightful thing to see one's self in print.

MASC. Undoubtedly; but, by the by, I must repeat to you some extempore verses I made yesterday at the house of a certain duchess, an acquaintance of mine. I am deuced clever at extempore verses.

CAT. Extempore verses are certainly the very touch-stone of genius.

MASC. Listen then.

MAD. We are all ears.

MASC.

_Oh! oh! quite without heed was I,
As harmless you I chanced to spy,
Slily your eyes
My heart surprise,
Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief I cry!_

CAT. Good Heavens! this is carried to the utmost pitch of gallantry.

MASC. Everything I do shows it is done by a gentleman; there is nothing of the pedant about my effusions.

MAD. They are more than two thousand miles removed from that.

MASC. Did you observe the beginning, _oh! oh?_ there is something original in that _oh! oh!_ like a man who all of a sudden thinks about something, _oh! oh!_ Taken by surprise as it were, _oh! oh!_

MAD. Yes, I think that _oh! oh!_ admirable.

MASC. It seems a mere nothing.

CAT. Good Heavens! How can you say so? It is one of these things that are perfectly invaluable.

MAD. No doubt on it; I would rather have written that _oh! oh!_ than an epic poem.

MASC. Egad, you have good taste.

MAD. Tolerably; none of the worst, I believe.

MASC. But do you not also admire _quite without heed was I? quite without heed was I_, that is, I did not pay attention to anything; a natural way of speaking, _quite without heed was I, of no harm thinking_, that is, as I was going along, innocently, without malice, like a poor sheep, _you I chanced to spy_, that is to say, I amused myself with looking at you, with observing you, with contemplating you. _Slily your eyes_. ... What do you think of that word _slily_ --is it not well chosen?

CAT. Extremely so.

MASC. _Slily_, stealthily; just like a cat watching a mouse--_slily_.

MAD. Nothing can be better.

MASC. My heart surprise, that is, carries it away from me, robs me of it. _Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!_ Would you not think a man were shouting and running after a thief to catch him? _Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!_

[Footnote: The scene of Mascarille reading his extempore verses is something like Trissotin in *Les Femmes savantes* (see vol. III.) reading his sonnet for the Princess Uranie. But Mascarille comments on the beauties of his verses with the insolent vanity of a man who does not pretend to have even one atom of modesty; Trissotin, a professional wit, listens in silence, but with secret pride, to the ridiculous exclamations of the admirers of his genius.]

MAD. I must admit the turn is witty and sprightly.

MASC. I will sing you the tune I made to it.

CAT. Have you learned music?

MASC. I? Not at all.

CAT. How can you make a tune then?

MASC. People of rank know everything without ever having learned anything.

MAD. His lordship is quite in the right, my dear.

MASC. Listen if you like the tune: _hem, hem, la, la._ The inclemency of the season has greatly injured the delicacy of my voice but no matter, it is in a free and easy way. (_He sings_). _Oh! Oh! quite without heed was I_, etc.

CAT. What a passion there breathes in this music. It is enough to make one die away with delight!

MAD. There is something plaintive in it.

MASC. Do you not think that the air perfectly well expresses the sentiment, _stop thief, stop thief?_ And then as if some one cried out very loud, _stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop thief!_ Then all at once like a person out of breath, _Stop thief!_

MAD. This is to understand the perfection of things, the grand perfection, the perfection of perfections. I declare it is altogether a wonderful performance. I am quite enchanted with the air and the words.

CAT. I never yet met with anything so excellent.

MASC. All that I do comes naturally to me; it is without study.

MAD. Nature has treated you like a very fond mother; you are her darling child.

MASC. How do you pass away the time, ladies?

CAT. With nothing at all.

MAD. Until now we have lived in a terrible dearth of amusements.

MASC. I am at your service to attend you to the play, one of those days, if you will permit me. Indeed, a new comedy is to be acted which I

should be very glad we might see together.

MAD. There is no refusing you anything.

MASC. But I beg of you to applaud it well, when we shall be there; for I have promised to give a helping hand to the piece. The author called upon me this very morning to beg me so to do. It is the custom for authors to come and read their new plays to people of rank, that they may induce us to approve of them and give them a reputation. I leave you to imagine if, when we say anything, the pit dares contradict us. As for me, I am very punctual in these things, and when I have made a promise to a poet, I always cry out "Bravo" before the candles are lighted.

MAD. Do not say another word; Paris is an admirable place. A hundred things happen every day which people in the country, however clever they may be, have no idea of.

CAT. Since you have told us, we shall consider it our duty to cry up lustily every word that is said.

MASC. I do not know whether I am deceived, but you look as if you had written some play yourself.

MAD. Eh! there may be something in what you say.

MASC. Ah! upon my word, we must see it. Between ourselves, I have written one which I intend to have brought out.

CAT. Ay! to what company do you mean to give it?

MASC. That is a very nice question, indeed. To the actors of the hôtel de Bourgogne; they alone can bring things into good repute; the rest are ignorant creatures who recite their parts just as people speak in every-day life; they do not understand to mouth the verses, or to pause at a beautiful passage; how can it be known where the fine lines are, if an actor does not stop at them, and thereby tell you to applaud heartily?

[Footnote: The company of actors at the hotel de Bourgogne were rivals to the troop of Molière; it appears, however, from contemporary authors, that the accusations brought by our author against them were well-founded.]

CAT. Indeed! that is one way of making an audience feel the beauties of any work; things are only prized when they are well set off.

MASC. What do you think of my top-knot, sword-knot, and rosettes? Do you find them harmonize with my coat?

[Footnote: In the original _petite oie_; this was first, the name given to the giblets of a goose, _oie_; next it came to mean all the accessories of dress, ribbons, laces, feathers, and other small ornaments. In one of the old translations of Molière _petite oie_ is rendered by "muff," and _Perdrigeon_ (see next note), I suppose, with a faint idea of _perdrix_, a partridge, by "bird of paradise feathers!!"]

CAT. Perfectly.

MASC. Do you think the ribbon well chosen?

MAD. Furiously well. It is real Perdrigeon.

[Footnote: Perdrigeon was the name of a fashionable linen-drafter in Paris at that time.]

MASC. What do you say of my rolls?

[Footnote: According to Ash's Dictionary, 1775, _canons_, are "cannions, a kind of boot hose, an ancient dress for the legs."]

MAD. They look very fashionable.

MASC, I may at least boast that they are a quarter of a yard wider than any that have been made.

MAD. I must own I never saw the elegance of dress carried farther.

MASC. Please to fasten the reflection of your smelling faculty upon these gloves.

MAD. They smell awfully fine.

CAT. I never inhaled a more delicious perfume.

MASC. And this? (He gives them his powdered wig to smell).

MAD. It has the true quality odour; it titillates the nerves of the upper region most deliciously.

MASC. You say nothing of my feathers. How do you like them?

CAT. They are frightfully beautiful.

MASC. Do you know that every single one of them cost me a Louis-d'or? But it is my hobby to have generally everything of the very best.

MAD. I assure you that you and I sympathize. I am furiously particular in everything I wear; I cannot endure even stockings, unless they are

bought at a fashionable shop.

[Footnote: Without going into details about the phraseology of the _précieuses_, of which the ridiculousness has appeared sufficiently in this scene, it will be observed that they used adverbs, as "furiously, terribly, awfully, extraordinarily, horribly, greatly," and many more, in such a way that they often appear absurd, as, "I love you horribly," or, "he was greatly small." Such a way of speaking is not unknown even at the present time in England; we sometimes hear, "I like it awfully," "it is awfully jolly."]

MASC. (_Crying out suddenly_). O! O! O! gently. Damme, ladies, you use me very ill; I have reason to complain of your behaviour; it is not fair.

[Footnote: I employ here the words "to have reason," because that verb, in the sense of "to have a right, to be right," seems to have been a courtly expression in Dryden's time. Old Moody answers to Sir Martin Marall (Act iii., Scene 3), "You have reason, sir. There he is again, too; the town phrase; a great compliment I wise! _you have reason_, sir; that is, you are no beast, sir."]

CAT. What is the matter with you?

MASC. What! two at once against my heart! to attack me thus right and left! Ha! This is contrary to the law of nations, the combat is too unequal, and I must cry out, "Murder!"

CAT. Well, he does say things in a peculiar way.

MAD. He is a consummate wit.

CAT. You are more afraid than hurt, and your heart cries out before it is even wounded.

MASC. The devil it does! it is wounded all over from head to foot.

SCENE XI.--CATHOS, MADELON, MASCARILLE, MAROTTE.

MAR. Madam, somebody asks to see you.

MAD. Who!

MAR. The Viscount de Jodelet.

MASC. The Viscount de Jodelet?

MAR. Yes, sir.

CAT. Do you know him?

MASC. He is my most intimate friend.

MAD. Shew him in immediately.

MASC. We have not seen each other for some time; I am delighted to meet him.

CAT. Here he comes.

SCENE XII.--CATHOS, MADELON, JODELET, MASCARILLE, MAROTTE, ALMANZOR.

MASC. Ah, Viscount!

JOD. Ah, Marquis! (_Embracing each other_).

MASC. How glad I am to meet you!

JOD. How happy I am to see you here.

MASC. Embrace me once more, I pray you.

[Footnote: It was then the fashion for young courtiers to embrace each other repeatedly with exaggerated gestures, uttering all the while loud exclamations. The Viscount de Jodelet is the caricature of a courtier of a former reign; he is very old, very pale, dressed in sombre colours, speaks slowly and through the nose. Geoffrin, the actor, who played this part, was at least seventy years old.]

MAD. (_To Cathos_). My dearest, we begin to be known; people of fashion find the way to our house.

MASC. Ladies, allow me to introduce this gentleman to you. Upon my word, he deserves the honour of your acquaintance.

JOD. It is but just we should come and pay you what we owe; your charms demand their lordly rights from all sorts of people.

MAD. You carry your civilities to the utmost confines of flattery.

CAT. This day ought to be marked in our diary as a red-letter day.

MAD. (_To Almanser_). Come, boy, must you always be told things over and over again? Do you not observe there must be an additional chair?

MASC. You must not be astonished to see the Viscount thus; he has but just recovered from an illness, which, as you perceive, has made him so pale.

[Footnote: Molière here alludes to the complexion of the actor Geoffrin.]

JOD. The consequence of continual attendance at court and the fatigues of war.

MASC. Do you know, ladies, that in the Viscount you behold one of the heroes of the age. He is a very valiant man.

[Footnote: In the original _un brave à trois poils_, literally, "a brave man with three hairs." This is an allusion to the moustache and pointed beard on the chin, then called _royale_. We have seen the fashion revived in our days by the late emperor of the French, Napoleon III. and his courtiers; of course, the _royale_ was then called _impériale_.]

JOB. Marquis, you are not inferior to me; we also know what you can do.

MASC. It is true we have seen one another at work when there was need for it.

JOD. And in places where it was hot.

MASC. (_Looking at Cathos and Madelon_). Ay, but not so hot as here. Ha, ha, ha!

JOD. We became acquainted in the army; the first time we saw each other he commanded a regiment of horse aboard the galleys of Malta.

MASC. True, but for all that you were in the service before me; I remember that I was but a young officer when you commanded two thousand horse.

JOD. War is a fine thing; but, upon my word, the court does not properly reward men of merit like us.

MASC. That is the reason I intend to hang up my sword.

CAT. As for me, I have a tremendous liking for gentlemen of the army.

[Footnote: Cathos, who only repeats what her cousin says, and has

observed that Mascarille admires Madelon, is resolved to worship more particularly the Viscount de Jodelet.]

MAD. I love them, too; but I like bravery seasoned with wit.

MASC. Do you remember, Viscount, our taking that half-moon from the enemy at the siege of Arras?

[Footnote: Turenne compelled the Prince de Condé and the Spanish army to raise the siege of Arras in 1654.]

JOD. What do you mean by a half-moon? It was a complete full moon.

MASC. I believe you are right.

JOD. Upon my word, I ought to remember it very well. I was wounded in the leg by a hand-grenade, of which I still carry the marks. Pray, feel it, you can perceive what sort of a wound it was.

CAT. (_ Putting her hand to the place _). The scar is really large.

MASC. Give me your hand for a moment, and feel this; there, just at the back of my head. Do you feel it?

MAD. Ay, I feel something.

MASC. A musket shot which I received the last campaign I served in.

JOD. (_ Unbuttoning his breast _). Here is a wound which went quite through me at the attack of Gravelines.

[Footnote: In 1658, the Marshal de la Ferte took this town from the Spaniards.]

MASC. (_ Putting his hand upon the button of his breeches _). I am going to show you a tremendous wound.

MAD. There is no occasion for it, we believe it without seeing it.

MASC. They are honour's marks, that show what a man is made of.

CAT. We have not the least doubt of the valour of you both.

MASC. Viscount, is your coach in waiting?

JOD. Why?

MASC. We shall give these ladies an airing, and offer them a collation.

MAD. We cannot go out to-day.

MASC. Let us send for musicians then, and have a dance.

JOD. Upon my word, that is a happy thought.

MAD. With all our hearts, but we must have some additional company.

MASC. So ho! Champagne, Picard, Bourguignon, Cascaret, Basque, La Verduce, Lorrain, Provençal, La Violette. I wish the deuce took all these footmen! I do not think there is a gentleman in France worse served than I am! These rascals are always out of the way.

[Footnote: These names, with the exception of Cascaret, La Verduce and La Violette are those of natives of different provinces, and were often given to footmen, according to the place where they were born. _Cascaret_ is of Spanish origin, and not seldom used as a name for servants; _La Verduce_ means, verdure; _La Violette_, violet.]

MAD. Almanzor, tell the servants of my lord marquis to go and fetch the musicians, and ask some of the gentlemen and ladies hereabouts to come and people the solitude of our ball. (_Exit Almanzor_).

MASC. Viscount, what do you say of those eyes?

JOD. Why, Marquess, what do you think of them yourself?

MASC. I? I say that our liberty will have much difficulty to get away from here scot free. At least mine has suffered most violent attacks; my heart hangs by a single thread.

MAD. How natural is all he says! he gives to things a most agreeable turn.

CAT. He must really spend a tremendous deal of wit.

MASC. To show you that I am in earnest, I shall make some extempore verses upon my passion. (_Seems to think_).

CAT. O! I beseech you by all that I hold sacred, let us hear something made upon us.

JOD. I should be glad to do so too, but the quantity of blood that has been taken from me lately, has greatly exhausted my poetic vein.

MASC. Deuce take it! I always make the first verse well, but I find the others more difficult. Upon my word, this is too short a time; but I will make you some extempore verses at my leisure, which you shall think the finest in the world.

JOD. He is devilish witty.

MAD. He--his wit is so gallant and well expressed.

MASC. Viscount, tell me, when did you see the Countess last?

JOD. I have not paid her a visit these three weeks.

MASC. Do you know that the duke came to see me this morning; he would fain have taken me into the country to hunt a stag with him?

MAD. Here come our friends.

SCENE XIII.--LUCILE, CÉLIMÈNE, CATHOS, MADELON, MASCARILLE, JODELET, MAROTTE, ALMANZOR, AND MUSICIANS.

MAD. Lawk! my dears, we beg your pardon. These gentlemen had a fancy to put life into our heels; we sent for you to fill up the void of our assembly.

LUC. We are certainly much obliged to you for doing so.

MASC. This is a kind of extempore ball, ladies, but one of these days we shall give you one in form. Have the musicians come?

ALM. Yes, sir, they are here.

CAT. Come then, my dears, take your places.

MASC. (_Dancing by himself and singing_). La, la, la, la, la, la, la.

MAD. What a very elegant shape he has.

CAT. He looks as if he were a first-rate dancer.

MASC. (_Taking out Madelon to dance_). My freedom will dance a Couranto as well as my feet. Play in time, musicians, in time. O what ignorant wretches! There is no dancing with them. The devil take you all, can you not play in time? La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la? Steady, you country-scrappers!

[Footnote: A Couranto was a very grave, Spanish dance, or rather march, but in which the feet did not rise from the ground.]

JOD. (_Dancing also_). Hold, do not play so fast. I have but just recovered from an illness.

SCENE XIV.--Du CROISY, LA GRANGE, CATHOS, MADELON, LUCILE, CÉLIMÈNE, JODELET; MASCARILLE, MAROTTE, AND MUSICIANS.

LA GR. (_With a stick in his hand_). Ah! ah! scoundrels, what are you doing here? We have been looking for you these three hours. (_He beats Mascarille_).

MASC. Oh! oh! oh! you did not tell me that blows should be dealt about.

JOD. (_Who is also beaten_). Oh! oh! oh!

LA GR. It becomes you well, you rascal, to pretend to be a man of rank.

DU CR. This will teach you to know yourself.

SCENE XV.--CATHOS, MADELON, LUCILE, CÉLIMÈNE, MASCARILLE, JODELET, MAROTTE, AND MUSICIANS.

MAD. What is the meaning of this?

JOD. It is a wager.

CAT. What, allow yourselves to be beaten thus?

MASC. Good Heavens! I did not wish to appear to take any notice of it; because I am naturally very violent, and should have flown into a passion.

MAD. To suffer an insult like this in our presence!

MASC. It is nothing. Let us not leave off. We have known one another for a long time, and among friends one ought not to be so quickly offended for such a trifle.

SCENE XVI.--DU CROISY, LA GRANGE, MADELON, CATHOS, LUCILE, CÉLIMÈNE, MASCARILLE, JODELET, MAROTTE, AND MUSICIANS.

LA GR. Upon my word, rascals, you shall not laugh at us, I promise you. Come in, you there. (_ Three or four men enter _).

MAD. What means this impudence to come and disturb us in our own house?

DU CR. What, ladies, shall we allow our footmen to be received better than ourselves? Shall they come to make love to you at our expense, and even give a ball in your honour?

MAD. Your footmen?

LA GR. Yes, our footmen; and you must give me leave to say that it is not acting either handsome or honest to spoil them for us, as you do.

MAD. O Heaven! what insolence!

LA GR. But they shall not have the advantage of our clothes to dazzle your eyes. Upon my word, if you are resolved to like them, it shall be for their handsome looks only. Quick, let them be stripped immediately.

JOD. Farewell, a long farewell to all our fine clothes.

[Footnote: The original has _braverle_; brave, and bravery, had formerly also the meaning of showy, gaudy, rich, in English. Fuller in _The Holy State_, bk. ii., c. 18, says: "If he (the good yeoman) chance to appear in clothes above his rank, it is to grace some great man with his service, and then he blusheth at his own bravery."]

MASC. The marquisate and viscountship are at an end.

DU. CR. Ah! ah! you knaves, you have the impudence to become our rivals. I assure you, you must go somewhere else to borrow finery to make yourselves agreeable to your mistresses.

LA GR. It is too much to supplant us, and that with our own clothes.

MASC. O fortune, how fickle you are!

DU CR. Quick, pull off everything from them.

LA GR. Make haste and take away all these clothes. Now, ladies, in their present condition you may continue your amours with them as long as you please; we leave you perfectly free; this gentleman and I declare solemnly that we shall not be in the least degree jealous.

SCENE XVII.--MADELON, CATHOS, JODELET, MASCARILLE, AND MUSICIANS.

CAT. What a confusion!

MAD. I am nearly bursting with vexation.

1 MUS. (_To Mascarille_). What is the meaning of this? Who is to pay us?

MASC. Ask my lord the viscount.

1 MUS. (_To Jodelet_). Who is to give us our money?

JOD. Ask my lord the marquis.

SCENE XVIII.--GORGIBUS, MADELON, CATHOS, JODELET, MASCARILLE, AND MUSICIANS.

GORG. Ah! you hussies, you have put us in a nice pickle, by what I can see; I have heard about your fine goings on from those two gentlemen who just left.

MAD. Ah, father! they have played us a cruel trick.

GORG. Yes, it is a cruel trick, but you may thank your own impertinence for it, you jades. They have revenged themselves for the way you treated them; and yet, unhappy man that I am, I must put up with the affront.

MAD. Ah! I swear we will be revenged, or I shall die in the attempt. And you, rascals, dare you remain here after your insolence?

MASC. Do you treat a marquis in this manner? This is the way of the world; the least misfortune causes us to be slighted by those who before caressed us. Come along, brother, let us go and seek our fortune somewhere else; I perceive they love nothing here but outward show, and have no regard for worth unadorned. (_They both leave_).

SCENE XIX.--GORGIBUS, MADELON, CATHOS, AND MUSICIANS.

1 MUS. Sir, as they have not paid us, we expect you to do so, for it was in this house we played.

GORG. (_Beating them_). Yes, yes, I shall satisfy you; this is the coin I will pay you in. As for you, you sluts, I do not know why I should not serve you in the same way; we shall become the common talk and laughing-stock of everybody; this is what you have brought upon yourselves by your fooleries. Out of my sight and hide yourselves, you jades; go and hide yourselves forever. {_Alone_}. And you, that are the cause of their folly, you stupid trash, mischievous amusements for idle minds, you novels, verses, songs, sonnets, and sonatas, the devil take you all.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of

The Busie Body:

*A
Comedy.*

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
in
DRURY-LANE,

By Her Majesty's Servants.

Written by Mrs. SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.

Quem tulit ad scenam ventoso Gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus Spectator, sedulus inflat.
Sic Leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit aut reficit--

Horat. Epist. Lib. II. Ep. 1.

LONDON,

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT, at the _Cross-Keys_
between the Two _Temple-Gates_ in _Fleet-street_.

* * * * *

To The
RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN Lord _SOMMERS_,

Lord-President of Her MAJESTY's most
Honourable Privy-Council.

May it please Your Lordship,

As it's an Establish'd Custom in these latter Ages, for all Writers, particularly the Poetical, to shelter their Productions under the Protection of the most Distinguish'd, whose Approbation produces a kind of Inspiration, much superior to that which the _Heathenish_ Poets pretended to derive from their Fictitious _Apollo_ : So it was my Ambition to Address one of my weak Performances to Your Lordship, who, by Universal Consent, are justly allow'd to be the best Judge of all kinds of Writing.

I was indeed at first deterr'd from my Design, by a Thought that it might be accounted unpardonable Rudeness to obtrude a Trifle of this Nature to a Person, whose sublime Wisdom moderates that Council, which at this Critical Juncture, over-rules the Fate of all _Europe_. But then I was encourag'd by Reflecting, that _Lelius_ and _Scipio_, the two greatest Men in their Time, among the _Romans_, both for Political and Military Virtues, in the height of their important Affairs, thought the Perusal and Improving of _Terence_'s Comedies the noblest way of Unbinding their Minds. I own I were guilty of the highest Vanity, should I presume to put my Composures in Parallel with those of that Celebrated _Dramatist_. But then again, I hope that Your Lordship's native Goodness and Generosity, in Condescension to the Taste of the Best and Fairest part of the Town, who have been pleas'd to be diverted by the following SCENES, will excuse and overlook such Faults as your nicer Judgment might discern.

And here, my Lord, the Occasion seems fair for me to engage in a Panegyrick upon those Natural and Acquired Abilities, which so brightly Adorn your Person: But I shall resist that Temptation, being conscious of the Inequality of a Female Pen to so Masculine an Attempt; and having no other Ambition, than to Subscribe my self,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's
Most Humble and
Most Obedient Servant,

SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.

PROLOGUE.

By the Author of TUNBRIDGE-WALKS.

Tho' modern Prophets were expos'd of late,
The Author cou'd not Prophesie his Fate;
If with such Scenes an Audience had been Fir'd,
The Poet must have really been Inspir'd.
But these, alas! are Melancholy Days
For Modern Prophets, and for Modern Plays.
Yet since Prophetick Lyes please Fools o'Fashion,
And Women are so fond of Agitation;
To Men of Sense, I'll Prophesie anew,
And tell you wond'rous things, that will prove true:
Undaunted Collonels will to Camps repair,
Assur'd, there'll be no Skirmishes this Year;
On our own Terms will flow the wish'd-for Peace,
All Wars, except 'twixt Man and Wife, will cease.
The Grand Monarch may wish his Son a Throne,
But hardly will advance to lose his own.
This Season most things bear a smiling Face;
But Play'rs in Summer have a dismal Case,
Since your Appearance only is our Act of Grace.
Court Ladies will to Country Seats be gone,
My Lord can't all the Year live Great in Town,
Where wanting _Opera's_, _Basset_, and a _Play_,
They'll Sigh and stitch a Gown, to pass the time away.
Gay City-Wives at _Tunbridge_ will appear,
Whose Husbands long have laboured for an Heir;
Where many a Courtier may their Wants relieve,
But by the Waters only they Conceive.
The _Fleet-street_ Sempstress--Toast of _Temple_ Sparks,
That runs Spruce Neckcloths for Attorney's Clerks;
At _Cupid_'s _Gardens_ will her Hours regale,
Sing fair _Dorinda_, and drink Bottl'd Ale.
At all Assemblies, Rakes are up and down,
And Gamesters, where they think they are not known.
Shou'd I denounce our Author's fate to Day,
To cry down Prophecies, you'd damn the Play:
Yet Whims like these have sometimes made you Laugh;
'Tis Tattling all, like _Isaac Bickerstaff_.
Since War, and Places claim the Bards that write,
Be kind, and bear a Woman's Treat to-Night;
Let your Indulgence all her Fears allay,
And none but Woman-Haters damn this Play.

EPILOGUE.

In me you see one _Busie-Body_ more;
Tho' you may have enough of one before.
With Epilogues, the _Busie-Body_'s Way,
We strive to help; but sometimes mar a Play.
At this mad Sessions, half condemn'd e'er try'd,
Some, in three Days, have been turn'd off, and dy'd,
In spight of Parties, their Attempts are vain,
For like false Prophets, they ne'er rise again.
Too late, when cast, your Favour one beseeches,
And Epilogues prove Execution Speeches.
Yet sure I spy no _Busie-Bodies_ here;
And one may pass, since they do ev'ry where.
Sowr Criticks, Time and Breath, and Censures waste,
And baulk your Pleasure to refine your Taste.
One busie Don ill-tim'd high Tenets Preaches,
Another yearly shows himself in Speeches.
Some snivling Cits, wou'd have a Peace for spight,
To starve those Warriours who so bravely fight.
Still of a Foe upon his Knees affraid;
Whose well-hang'd Troops want Money, Heart, and Bread.
Old Beaux, who none not ev'n themselves can please,
Are busie still; for nothing--but to teize
The Young, so busie to engage a Heart,
The Mischief done, are busie most to part.
Ungrateful Wretches, who still cross ones Will,
When they more kindly might be busie still!
One to a Husband, who ne'er dreamt of Horns,
Shows how dear Spouse, with Friend his Brows adorns.
Th' Officious Tell-tale Fool, (he shou'd repent it.)
Parts three kind Souls that liv'd at Peace contented,
Some with Law Quirks set _Houses_ by the Ears;
With Physick one what he wou'd heal impairs.
Like that dark Mob'd up Fry, that neighb'ring Curse,
Who to remove Love's Pain, bestow a worse.
Since then this meddling Tribe infest the Age,
Bear one a while, expos'd upon the Stage.
Let none but _Busie-Bodies_ vent their Spight!
And with good Humour, Pleasure crown the Night!_

Dramatis Personæ.

Men.

Sir _George Airy_. A Gentleman of Four Thousand a Year
in Love with _Miranda_.
Acted by Mr. _Wilks_.

Sir _Francis Gripe_. Guardian to _Miranda_ and _Marplot_,
Father to _Charles_, in Love with _Miranda_.
Mr. _Estcourt_.

Charles. Friend to _Sir George_, in Love with _Isabinda_.
Mr. _Mills_.

Sir _Jealous Traffick_. A Merchant that had liv'd sometime
in _Spain_, a great Admirer of the _Spanish_ Customs,
Father to _Isabinda_.
Mr. _Bullock_.

Marplot. A sort of a silly Fellow, Cowardly, but very
Inquisitive to know every Body's Business, generally spoils
all he undertakes, yet without Design.
Mr. _Pack_.

Whisper. Servant to _Charles_.
Mr. _Bullock_ jun.

Women.

Miranda. An Heiress, worth Thirty Thousand Pound, really
in Love with Sir _George_, but pretends to be so with her
Guardian Sir _Francis_.
Mrs. _Cross_.

Isabinda. Daughter to Sir _Jealous_, in Love with _Charles_,
but design'd for a _Spanish_ Merchant by her Father, and kept
up from the sight of all Men.
Mrs. _Rogers_.

Patch. Her Woman.
Mrs. _Saunders_.

Scentwell. Woman to _Miranda_.
Mrs. _Mills_.

[Transcriber's Note:

The scenes within each Act are not numbered. Their descriptions are listed here for convenience:

ACT I [scene i] The Park

ACT II [scene i] [Sir Francis Gripe's house]

[scene ii] Sir Jealous Traffick's House

[scene iii] Charles's Lodging

ACT III [scene i] [outside Sir Jealous Traffick's house]

[scene ii] the Street

[scene iii] Sir Francis Gripe's House

[scene iv] a Tavern

ACT IV [scene i] the Out-side of Sir Jealous Traffick's House

[scene ii] Isabinda's Chamber

[scene iii] a Garden Gate open

[scene iv] the House [of Sir Jealous Traffick]

ACT V [scene i] [Sir Francis Gripe's house]

[scene ii] the Street before Sir _Jealous_'s Door

[scene iii] Inside the House [of Sir Jealous Traffick]]

THE BUSIE BODY.

ACT I. SCENE _The Park_.

Sir _George Airy_ meeting _Charles_.

Cha. Ha! Sir _George Airy!_ A Birding thus early, what forbidden Game rouz'd you so soon? For no lawful Occasion cou'd invite a Person of your Figure abroad at such unfashionable Hours.

Sir _Geo._ There are some Men, _Charles_, whom Fortune has left free from Inquietudes, who are diligently Studious to find out Ways and Means to make themselves uneasie.

Cha. Is it possible that any thing in Nature can ruffle the Temper of a Man, whom the four Seasons of the Year compliment with as many Thousand Pounds, nay! and a Father at Rest with his Ancestors.

Sir _Geo._ Why there 'tis now! a Man that wants Money thinks none can be unhappy that has it; but my Affairs are in such a whimsical Posture, that it will require a Calculation of my Nativity to find if my Gold will relieve me or not.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha, never consult the Stars about that; Gold has a Power beyond them; Gold unlocks the Midnight Councils; Gold out-does the Wind, becalms the Ship, or fills her Sails; Gold is omnipotent below; it makes

whole Armies fight, or fly; It buys even Souls, and bribes the Wretches to betray their Country: Then what can thy Business be, that Gold won't serve thee in?

Sir _Geo._ Why, I'm in Love.

Cha. In Love--Ha, ha, ha, ha; In Love, Ha, ha, ha, with what, prithee, a _Cherubin!_

Sir _Geo._ No, with a Woman.

Cha. A Woman, Good, Ha, ha, ha, and Gold not help thee?

Sir _Geo._ But suppose I'm in Love with two--

Cha. Ay, if thou'rt in Love with two hundred, Gold will fetch 'em, I warrant thee, Boy. But who are they? who are they? come.

Sir _Geo._ One is a Lady, whose Face I never saw, but Witty as an Angel; the other Beautiful as _Venus_--

Cha. And a Fool--

Sir _Geo._ For ought I know, for I never spoke to her, but you can inform me; I am charm'd by the Wit of One, and dye for the Beauty of the Other?

Cha. And pray, which are you in Quest of now?

Sir _Geo._ I prefer the Sensual Pleasure, I'm for her I've seen, who is thy Father's Ward _Miranda_.

Cha. Nay then, I pity you; for the Jew my Father will no more part with her, and 30000 Pound, than he wou'd with a Guinea to keep me from starving.

Sir _Geo._ Now you see Gold can't do every thing, _Charles_.

Cha. Yes, for 'tis her Gold that bars my Father's Gate against you.

Sir _Geo._ Why, if he is this avaricious Wretch, how cam'st thou by such a Liberal Education?

Cha. Not a Souse out of his Pocket, I assure you; I had an Uncle who defray'd that Charge, but for some litte Wildnesses of Youth, tho' he made me his Heir, left Dad my Guardian till I came to Years of Discretion, which I presume the old Gentleman will never think I am; and now he has got the Estate into his Clutches, it does me no more good, than if it lay in _Prester John_'s Dominions.

Sir _Geo._ What can'st thou find no Stratagem to redeem it?

Cha. I have made many Essays to no purpose; tho' Want, the Mistress of Invention, still tempts me on, yet still the old Fox is too cunning for me--I am upon my last Project, which if it fails, then for my last Refuge, a Brown Musquet.

Sir _Geo._ What is't, can I assist thee?

Cha. Not yet, when you can, I have Confidence enough in you to ask it.

Sir _Geo._ I am always ready, but what do's he intend to do with _Miranda?_ Is she to be sold in private? or will he put her up by way of Auction, at who bids most? If so, Egad, I'm for him: my Gold, as you say, shall be subservient to my Pleasure.

Cha. To deal ingeniously with you, Sir _George_, I know very little of Her, or Home; for since my Uncle's Death, and my Return from Travel, I have never been well with my Father; he thinks my Expences too great, and I his Allowance too little; he never sees me, but he quarrels; and to avoid that, I shun his House as much as possible. The Report is, he intends to marry her himself.

Sir _Geo._ Can she consent to it?

Cha. Yes faith, so they say; but I tell you, I am wholly ignorant of the matter. _Miranda_ and I are like two violent Members of a contrary Party, I can scarce allow her Beauty, tho' all the World do's; nor she me Civility, for that Contempt, I fancy she plays the Mother-in-law already, and sets the old Gentleman on to do mischief.

Sir _Geo._ Then I've your free Consent to get her.

Cha. Ay and my helping-hand, if occasion be.

Sir _Geo._ Pugh, yonder's a Fool coming this way, let's avoid him.

Cha. What _Marplot_, no no, he's my Instrument; there's a thousand Conveniences in him, he'll lend me his Money when he has any, run of my Errands and be proud on't; in short, he'll Pimp for me, Lye for me, Drink for me, do any thing but Fight for me, and that I trust to my own Arm for.

Sir _Geo._ Nay then he's to be endur'd; I never knew his Qualifications before.

_Enter _Marplot_ with a Patch cross his Face._

Marpl. Dear _Charles_, your's,--Ha! Sir _George Airy_, the Man in the World, I have an Ambition to be known to (_aside_) Give me thy Hand, dear Boy--

Cha. A good Assurance! But heark ye, how came your Beautiful Countenance clouded in the wrong place?

Marpl. I must confess 'tis a little _Mal-a-propos_, but no matter for that; a Word with you, _Charles_; Prithee, introduce me to Sir _George_ --he is a Man of Wit, and I'd give ten Guinea's to--

Cha. When you have 'em, you mean.

Marpl. Ay, when I have 'em; pugh, pox, you cut the Thread of my Discourse--I wou'd give ten Guinea's, I say, to be rank'd in his Acquaintance: Well, 'tis a vast Addition to a Man's Fortune, according to the Rout of the World, to be seen in the Company of Leading Men; for then we are all thought to be Politicians, or Whigs, or Jacks, or High-Flyers, or Low-Flyers, or Levellers--and so forth; for you must know, we all herd in Parties now.

Cha. Then a Fool for Diversion is out of Fashion, I find.

Marpl. Yes, without it be a mimicking Fool, and they are Darlings every where; but prithee introduce me.

Cha. Well, on Condition you'll give us a true Account how you came by that Mourning Nose, I will.

Marpl. I'll do it.

Cha. Sir _George_, here's a Gentleman has a passionate Desire to kiss your Hand.

Sir _Geo._ Oh, I honour Men of the Sword, and I presume this Gentleman is lately come from _Spain_ or _Portugal_ --by his Scars.

Marpl. No really, Sir _George_, mine sprung from civil Fury, happening last Night into the Groom-Porters--I had a strong Inclination to go ten Guineas with a sort of a, sort of a--kind of a Milk Sop, as I thought: A Pox of the Dice he flung out, and my Pockets being empty as _Charles_ knows they sometimes are, he prov'd a surly _North-Britain_, and broke my Face for my Deficiency.

Sir _Geo._ Ha! ha! and did not you draw?

Marpl. Draw, Sir, why, I did but lay my Hand upon my Sword to make a swift Retreat, and he roar'd out. Now the Deel a Ma sol, Sir, gin ye touch yer Steel, Ise whip mine through yer Wem.

Sir _Geo._ Ha, ha, ha,

Cha. Ha, ha, ha, ha, fase was the Word, so you walk'd off, I suppose.

Marp. Yes, for I avoid fighting, purely to be serviceable to my Friends you know--

Sir _Geo._ Your Friends are much oblig'd to you, Sir, I hope you'll rank me in that Number.

Marpl. Sir _George_, a Bow from the side Box, or to be seen in your Chariot, binds me ever yours.

Sir _Geo._ Trifles, you may command 'em when you please.

Cha. Provided he may command you--

Marpl. Me! why I live for no other purpose--Sir _George_, I have the Honour to be carest by most of the reigning Toasts of the Town, I'll tell 'em you are the finest Gentleman--

Sir _Geo._ No, no, prithee let me alone to tell the Ladies--my Parts--can you convey a Letter upon Occasion, or deliver a Message with an Air of Business, Ha!

Marpl. With the Assurance of a Page and the Gravity of a Statesman.

Sir _Geo._ You know _Miranda!_

Marpl. What, my Sister _Ward?_ Why, her Guardian is mine, we are Fellow Sufferers: Ah! he is a covetous, cheating, sanctify'd Curmudgeon; that Sir _Francis Gripe_ is a damn'd old--

Char. I suppose, Friend, you forget that he is my Father--

Marpl. I ask your Pardon, _Charles_, but it is for your sake I hate him. Well, I say, the World is mistaken in him, his Out-side Piety, makes him every Man's Executor, and his Inside Cunning, makes him every Heir's Jaylor. Egad, _Charles_, I'm half persuaded that thou'rt some _Ward_ too, and never of his getting: For thou art as honest a Debauchee as ever Cuckolded Man of Quality.

Sir _Geo._ A pleasant Fellow.

Cha. The Dog is Diverting sometimes, or there wou'd be no enduring his Impertinence: He is pressing to be employ'd and willing to execute, but some ill Fate generally attends all he undertakes, and he oftner spoils an Intreague than helps it--

Marpl. If I miscarry 'tis none of my Fault, I follow my Instructions.

Cha. Yes, witness the Merchant's Wife.

Marpl. Pish, Pox, that was an Accident.

Sir _Geo._ What was it, prithee?

Ch. Why, you must know, I had lent a certain Merchant my hunting Horses, and was to have met his Wife in his Absence: Sending him along with my Groom to make the Complement, and to deliver a Letter to the Lady at the same time; what does he do, but gives the Husband the Letter, and offers her the Horses.

Marpl. I remember you was even with me, for you deny'd the Letter to be yours, and swore I had a design upon her, which my Bones paid for.

Cha. Come, Sir _George_, let's walk round, if you are not engag'd, for I have sent my Man upon a little earnest Business, and have order'd him to bring me the Answer into the Park.

Marpl. Business, and I not know it, Egad I'll watch him.

Sir _Geo._ I must beg your Pardon, _Charles_, I am to meet your Father here.

Ch. My Father!

Sir _Geo._ Aye! and about the oddest Bargain perhaps you ever heard off; but I'll not impart till I know the Success.

Marpl. What can his Business be with Sir _Francis?_ Now wou'd I give all the World to know it; why the Devil should not one know every Man's Concern.

(_Aside_ .

Cha. Prosperity to't whate'er it be, I have private Affairs too; over a Bottle we'll compare Notes.

Marpl. _Charles_ knows I love a Glass as well as any Man, I'll make one; shall it be to Night? Ad I long to know their Secrets.

(_Aside._

_Enter _Whisper_._

Whis. Sir, Sir, Mis _Patch_ says, _Isabinda_'s Spanish Father has quite spoil'd the Plot, and she can't meet you in the Park, but he infallibly will go out this Afternoon, she says; but I must step again

to know the Hour.

Marpl. What did _Whisper_ say now? I shall go stark Mad, if I'm not let into this Secret.

(_Aside._

Cha. Curst Misfortune, come along with me, my Heart feels Pleasure at her Name. Sir _George_, yours; we'll meet at the old place the usual Hour.

Sir _Geo._ Agreed; I think I see Sir _Francis_ yonder.

(_Exit._

Cha. _Marplot_, you must excuse me, I am engag'd.

(_Exit._

Marpl. Engag'd, Egad I'll engage my Life, I'll know what your Engagement is.

(_Exit._

Miran. (_Coming out of a Chair._) Let the Chair wait: My Servant, That dog'd Sir _George_ said he was in the Park.

_Enter _Patch_._

Ha! Mis _Patch_ alone, did not you tell me you had contriv'd a way to bring _Isabinda_ to the Park?

Patch. Oh, Madam, your Ladship can't imagine what a wretched Disappointment we have met with: Just as I had fetch'd a Suit of my Cloaths for a Disguise: comes my old Master into his Closet, which is right against her Chamber Door; this struck us into a terrible Fright--At length I put on a Grave Face, and ask'd him if he was at leisure for his Chocolate, in hopes to draw him out of his Hole; but he snap'd my Nose off, No, I shall be busie here this two Hours; at which my poor Mistress seeing no way of Escape, order'd me to wait on your Ladship with the sad Relation.

Miran. Unhappy _Isabinda!_ Was ever any thing so unaccountable as the Humour of Sir _Jealousie Traffick_.

Patch. Oh, Madam, it's his living so long in _Spain_, he vows he'll spend half his Estate, but he'll be a Parliament-Man, on purpose to bring in a Bill for Women to wear Veils, and the other odious _Spanish_ Customs--He swears it is the height of Impudence to have a Woman seen Bare-fac'd even at Church, and scarce believes there's a true begotten Child in the City.

Miran. Ha, ha, ha, how the old Fool torments himself! Suppose he could

introduce his rigid Rules--does he think we cou'd not match them in Contrivance? No, no; Let the Tyrant Man make what Laws he will, if there's a Woman under the Government, I warrant she finds a way to break 'em: Is his Mind set upon the _Spaniard_ for his Son-in-law still?

Patch. Ay, and he expects him by the next Fleet, which drives his Daughter to Melancholy and Despair: But, Madam, I find you retain the same gay, cheerful Spirit you had, when I waited on your Ladiship.--My Lady is mighty good-humour'd too, and I have found a way to make Sir _Jealousie_ believe I am wholly in his Interest, when my real Design is to serve her; he makes me her Jaylor, and I set her at Liberty.

Miran. I know thy Prolifick Brain wou'd be of singular Service to her, or I had not parted with thee to her Father.

Patch. But, Madam, the Report is that you are going to marry your Guardian.

Miran. It is necessary such a Report shou'd be, _Patch_.

Patch. But is it true, Madam?

Miran. That's not absolutely necessary.

Patch. I thought it was only the old Strain, coaxing him still for your own, and railing at all the young Fellows about Town; in my Mind now, you are as ill plagu'd with your Guardian, Madam, as my Lady is with her Father.

Miran. No, I have Liberty, Wench, that she wants; what would she give now to be in this _dissabilee_ in the--open Air, nay more, in pursuit of the young Fellow she likes; for that's my Case, I assure thee.

Patch. As for that, Madam, she's even with you; for tho' she can't come abroad, we have a way to bring him home in spight of old _Argus_.

Miran. Now _Patch_, your Opinion of my Choice, for here he comes--Ha! my Guardian with him; what can be the meaning of this? I'm sure Sir _Francis_ can't know me in this Dress--Let's observe 'em.

(_They
withdraw._

_Enter Sir _Francis Gripe_ and Sir _George Airy_. _

Sir _Fran._ Verily, Sir _George_, thou wilt repent throwing away thy Money so, for I tell thee sincerely, _Miranda_, my Charge do's not love a young Fellow, they are all vicious, and seldom make good Husbands; in sober Sadness she cannot abide 'em.

Miran. (_Peeping._) In sober Sadness you are mistaken--what can this mean?

Sir _Geo._ Look ye, Sir _Francis_, whether she can or cannot abide young Fellows is not the Business; will you take the fifty Guineas?

Sir _Fran._ In good truth--I will not, for I knew thy Father, he was a hearty wary Man, and I cannot consent that his Son should squander away what he sav'd, to no purpose.

Mirand. (_Peeping._) Now, in the Name of Wonder, what Bargain can he be driving about me for fifty Guineas?

Patch. I wish it ben't for the first Night's Lodging, Madam.

Sir _Geo._ Well, Sir _Francis_, since you are so conscientious for my Father's sake, then permit me the Favour, _Gratis_.

Miran. (_Peeping._) The Favour! Oh my Life! I believe 'tis as you said, _Patch_.

Sir _Fran._ No verily, if thou dost not buy thy Experience, thou wou'd never be wise; therefore give me a Hundred and try Fortune.

Sir _Geo._ The Scruples arose, I find, from the scanty Sum--Let me see--a Hundred Guineas-- (_Takes 'em out of a Purse and chinks 'em._)
Ha! they have a very pretty Sound, and a very pleasing Look--But then, _Miranda_--But if she should be cruel--

Miran. (_Peeping._) As Ten to One I shall--

Sir _Fran._ Ay, do consider on't, He, he, he, he.

Sir _Geo._ No, I'll do't.

Patch. Do't, what, whether you will or no, Madam?

Sir _Geo._ Come to the Point, here's the Gold, sum up the Conditions--

Sir _Fran._ (_Pulling out a Paper_.)

Miran. (_Peeping_.) Ay for Heaven's sake do, for my Expectation is on the Rack.

Sir _Fran._ Well at your own Peril be it.

Sir _Geo._ Aye, aye, go on.

Sir _Fran._ _Imprimis_, you are to be admitted into my House in order to

move your Suit to _Miranda_, for the space of Ten Minutes, without Lett or Molestation, provided I remain in the same Room.

Sir _Geo._ But out of Ear shot--

Sir _Fran._ Well, well, I don't desire to hear what you say, Ha, ha, ha, in consideration I am to have that Purse and a hundred Guineas.

Sir _Geo._ Take it--
(_Gives him the Purse_ .

Miran. (_Peeping_.) So, 'tis well it's no worse, I'll fit you both--

Sir _Geo._ And this Agreement is to be perform'd to Day.

Sir _Fran._ Aye, aye, the sooner the better, poor Fool, how _Miranda_ and I shall laugh at him--Well, Sir _George_, Ha, ha, ha, take the last sound of your Guineas, Ha, ha, ha. (_Chinks 'em_.)
(Exit.

Miran. (_Peeping_.) Sure he does not know I am _Miranda_.

Sir _Geo._ A very extraordinary Bargain I have made truly, if she should be really in Love with this old Cuff now--Psha, that's morally impossible--but then what hopes have I to succeed, I never spoke to her--

Miran. (_Peeping_.) Say you so? Then I am safe.

Sir _Geo._ What tho' my Tongue never spoke, my Eyes said a thousand Things, and my Hopes flatter'd me hers answer'd 'em. If I'm lucky--if not, 'tis but a hundred Guineas thrown away.
(__Miranda_ and _Patch_ come forwards._

Miran. Upon what Sir _George_?

Sir _Geo._ Ha! my _Incognito_ --upon a Woman, Madam.

Miran. They are the worst Things you can deal in, and damage the soonest; your very Breath destroys 'em, and I fear you'll never see your Return, Sir _George_, Ha, ha!

Sir _Geo._ Were they more brittle than _China_, and drop'd to pieces with a Touch, every Atom of her I have ventur'd at, if she is but Mistress of thy Wit, ballances Ten times the Sum--Prithee let me see thy Face.

Miran. By no means, that may spoil your Opinion of my Sense--

Sir _Geo._ Rather confirm it, Madam.

Patch. So rob the Lady of your Gallantry, Sir.

Sir _Geo._ No Child, a Dish of Chocolate in the Morning never spoils my Dinner; the other Lady, I design a set Meal; so there's no danger--

Miran. Matrimony! Ha, ha, ha; what Crimes have you committed against the God of Love, that he should revenge 'em so severely to stamp Husband upon your Forehead--

Sir _Geo._ For my Folly in having so often met you here, without pursuing the Laws of Nature, and exercising her command--But I resolve e'er we part now, to know who you are, where you live, and what kind of Flesh and Blood your Face is; therefore unmask and don't put me to the trouble of doing it for you.

Miran. My Face is the same Flesh and Blood with my Hand, Sir _George_, which if you'll be so rude to provoke.

Sir _Geo._ You'll apply it to my Cheek--The Ladies Favours are always Welcome; but I must have that Cloud withdrawn. (_ Taking hold of her _.) Remember you are in the _Park_, Child, and what a terrible thing would it be to lose this pretty white Hand.

Miran. And how will it sound in a _Chocolate-House_, that Sir _George_ Airy_ rudely pull'd off a Ladies Mask, when he had given her his Honour, that he never would, directly or indirectly endeavour to know her till she gave him Leave.

Patch. I wish we were safe out.
(_Aside._

Sir _Geo._ But if that Lady thinks fit to pursue and meet me at every turn like some troubl'd Spirit, shall I be blam'd if I inquire into the Reality? I would have nothing dissatisfy'd in a Female Shape.

Miran. What shall I do?
(_Pause._

Sir _Geo._ Ay, prithee consider, for thou shalt find me very much at thy Service.

Patch. Suppose, Sir, the Lady shou'd be in Love with you.

Sir _Geo._ Oh! I'll return the Obligation in a Moment.

Patch. And marry her?

Sir _Geo._ Ha, ha, ha, that's not the way to Love her Child.

Miran. If he discovers me, I shall die--Which way shall I escape?--Let me see.

(_Pauses._

Sir _Geo._ Well, Madam--

Miran. I have it--Sir _George_, 'tis fit you should allow something; if you'll excuse my Face, and turn your Back (if you look upon me I shall sink, even mask'd as I am) I will confess why I have engag'd you so often, who I am, and where I live?

Sir _Geo._ Well, to show you I'm a Man of Honour I accept the Conditions. Let me but once know those, and the Face won't be long a Secret to me.

(_Aside._

Patch. What mean you, Madam?

Miran. To get off.

Sir _Geo._ 'Tis something indecent to turn ones Back upon a Lady; but you command and I obey. (_Turns his Back._) Come, Madam, begin--

Miran. First then it was my unhappy Lot to see you at _Paris_ (_Draws back a little while and speaks_) at a Ball upon a Birth-Day; your Shape and Air charm'd my Eyes; your Wit and Complaisance my Soul, and from that fatal Night I lov'd you. (_Drawing back._) And when you left the Place, Grief seiz'd me so--No Rest my Heart, no Sleep my Eyes cou'd know.--

Last I resolv'd a hazardous Point to try,
And quit the Place in search of Liberty.
(Exit.

Sir _Geo._ Excellent--I hope she's Handsome--Well, Now, Madam, to the other two Things: Your Name, and where you live?--I am a Gentleman, and this Confession will not be lost upon me.--Nay, prithee don't weep, but go on--for I find my Heart melts in thy Behalf--speak quickly or I shall turn about--Not yet.--Poor Lady, she expects I shou'd comfort her; and to do her Justice, she has said enough to encourage me. (_Turns about._) Ha? gone! The Devil, jilted? Why, what a Tale has she invented--of _Paris_, Balls, and Birth-Days.--Egad I'd give Ten Guineas to know who this Gipsie is.--A Curse of my Folly--I deserve to lose her; what Woman can forgive a Man that turns his Back.

_The Bold and Resolute, in Love and War,
To Conquer take the Right, and swiftest way;

The boldest Lover soonest gains the Fair,
As Courage makes the rudest Force obey,
Take no denial, and the Dames adore ye,
Closely pursue them and they fall before ye._

The End of the First ACT.

ACT the Second.

_Enter Sir _Francis Gripe_, _Miranda_._

Sir _Fran._ Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Miran. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha; Oh, I shall die with Laughing.--The most Romantick Adventure: Ha, ha! what does the odious young Fop mean? A Hundred Pieces to talk an Hour with me; Ho, ha.

Sir _Fran._ And I'm to be by too; there's the Jest; Adod, if it had been in Private, I shou'd not have car'd to trust the young Dog.

Mirand. Indeed and Indeed, but you might _Gardy_.--Now methinks there's no Body Handsomer than you; So Neat, so Clean, so Good-Humour'd, and so Loving.--

Sir _Fran._ Pritty Rogue, Pritty Rogue, and so thou shalt find me, if thou do'st prefer thy _Gardy_ before these Caperers of the Age, thou shalt out-shine the Queen's Box on an _Opera_ Night; thou shalt be the Envy of the Ring (for I will Carry thee to _Hide-Park_) and thy Equipage shall Surpass, the what--d'ye call 'em Ambassadors.

Miran. Nay, I'm sure the Discreet Part of my Sex will Envy me more for the Inside Furniture, when you are in it, than my Outside Equipage.

Sir _Fran._ A Cunning Bagage, a faith thou art, and a wise one too; and to show thee thou hast not chose amiss, I'll this moment Disinherit my Son, and Settle my whole Estate upon thee.

Miran. There's an old Rogue now: (_Aside._) No, _Gardy_, I would not have your Name be so Black in the World--You know my Father's Will runs, that I am not to possess my Estate, without your Consent, till I'm Five and Twenty; you shall only abate the odd Seven Years, and make me Mistress of my Estate to Day, and I'll make you Master of my Person to Morrow.

Sir _Fran._ Humph? that may not be safe--No _Chargy_, I'll Settle it

upon thee for _Pin-mony_; and that will be every bit as well, thou know'st.

Miran. Unconscionable old Wretch, Bribe me with my own Money--Which way shall I get out of his Hands?

(_Aside._

Sir _Fran._ Well, what art thou thinking on, my Girl, ha? How to Banter Sir _George?_

Miran. I must not pretend to Banter: He knows my Tongue too well:
(_Aside._) No, _Gardy_, I have thought of a way will Confound him more than all I cou'd say, if I shou'd talk to him Seven Years.

Sir _Fran._ How's that? Oh! I'm Transported, I'm Ravish'd, I'm Mad--

Miran. It wou'd make you Mad, if you knew All, (_Aside._) I'll not Answer him one Word, but be Dumb to all he says--

Sir _Fran._ Dumb, good; Ha, ha, ha. Excellent, ha, ha, I think I have you now, Sir _George_: Dumb! he'll go Distracted--Well, she's the wittiest Rogue--Ha, ha, Dumb! I can but Laugh, ha, ha, to think how damn'd Mad he'll be when he finds he has given his Money away for a a Dumb Show. Ha, ha, ha.

Miran. Nay, _Gardy_, if he did but know my Thoughts of him, it wou'd make him ten times Madder: Ha, ha, ha.

Sir _Fran._ Ay, so it wou'd _Chargy_, to hold him in such Derision, to scorn to Answer him, to be Dumb: Ha, ha, ha, ha.

_Enter _Charles._

Sir _Fran._ How now, Sirrah, Who let you in?

Char. My Necessity, Sir.

Sir _Fran._ Sir, your Necessities are very Impertinent, and ought to have sent before they Entred.

Char. Sir, I knew 'twas a Word wou'd gain Admittance no where.

Sir _Fran._ Then, Sirrah, how durst you Rudely thrust that upon your Father, which no Body else wou'd admit?

Char. Sure the Name of a Son is a sufficient Plea. I ask this Lady's Pardon if I have intruded.

Sir _Fran._ Ay, Ay, ask her Pardon and her Blessing too, if you expect

any thing from me.

Miran. I believe yours, Sir _Francis_, in a Purse of Guinea's wou'd be more material. Your Son may have Business with you, I'll retire.

Sir _Fran._ I guess his Business, but I'll dispatch him, I expect the Knight every Minute: You'll be in Readiness.

Miran. Certainly! my Expectation is more upon the wing than yours, old Gentleman.

[_Exit._

Sir _Fran._ Well, Sir!

Char. Nay, it is very Ill, Sir; my Circumstances are, I'm sure.

Sir _Fran._ And what's that to me, Sir: Your Management shou'd have made them better.

Char. If you please to intrust me with the Management of my Estate, I shall endeavour it, Sir.

Sir _Fran._ What to set upon a Card, and buy a Lady's Favour at the Price of a Thousand Pieces, to Rig out an Equipage for a Wench, or by your Carelessness enrich your Steward to fine for Sheriff, or put up for Parliament-Man.

Char. I hope I shou'd not spend it this way: However, I ask only for what my Uncle left me; Your's you may dispose of as you please, Sir.

Sir _Fran._ That I shall, out of your Reach, I assure you, Sir. Adod these young Fellows think old Men get Estates for nothing but them to squander away, in Dicing, Wenching, Drinking, Dressing, and so forth.

Char. I think I was born a Gentleman, Sir; I'm sure my Uncle bred me like one.

Sir _Fran._ From which you wou'd infer, Sir, that Gaming, Whoring, and the Pox, are Requisites to a Gentleman.

Char. Monstrous! when I wou'd ask him only for a Support, he falls into these unmannerly Reproaches; I must, tho' against my Will, employ Invention, and by Stratagem relieve my self.

(_Aside._

Sir _Fran._ Sirrah, what is it you mutter, Sirrah, ha? (_Holds up his Cane._) I say, you sha'n't have a Groat out of my Hands till I Please--and may be I'll never Please, and what's that to you?

Char. Nay, to be Robb'd, or have one's Throat Cut is not much--

Sir _Fran._ What's that, Sirrah? wou'd ye Rob me, or Cut my Throat, ye Rogue?

Char. Heaven forbid, Sir,--I said no such thing.

Sir _Fran._ Mercy on me! What a Plague it is to have a Son of One and Twenty, who wants to Elbow one out of one's Life, to Edge himself into the Estate.

_Enter _Marplot._

Marpl. Egad he's here--I was afraid I had lost him: His Secret cou'd not be with his Father, his Wants are Publick there--Guardian,--your Servant _Charles_, I know by that sorrowful Countenance of thine. The old Man's Fist is as close as his strong Box--But I'll help thee--

Sir _Fran._ So: Here's another extravagant Coxcomb, that will spend his Fortune before he comes to't; but he shall pay swinging Interest, and so let the Fool go on--Well, what do's Necessity bring you too, Sir?

Marpl. You have hit it, Guardian--I want a Hundred Pound.

Sir _Fran._ For what?

Marpl. Po'gh, for a Hundred Things, I can't for my Life tell you for what.

Char. Sir, I suppose I have received all the Answer I am like to have.

Marpl. Oh, the Devil, if he gets out before me, I shall lose him agen.

Sir _Fran._ Ay, Sir, and you may be marching as soon as you please--I must see a Change in your Temper e'er you find one in mine.

Marpl. Pray, Sir, dispatch me; the Money, Sir, I'm in mighty haste.

Sir _Fran._ Fool, take this and go to the Cashier; I sha'n't be long plagu'd with thee.

(_Gives him a Note._

Marpl. Devil take the Cashier, I shall certainly have _Charles_ gone before I come back agen.

(_Runs out._

Char. Well, Sir, I take my Leave--But remember, you Expose an only Son to all the Miseries of wretched Poverty, which too often lays the Plan

for Scenes of Mischief.

Sir _Fran._ Stay, _Charles_, I have a sudden Thought come into my Head, may prove to thy Advantage.

Char. Ha, does he Relent?

Sir _Fran._ My Lady _Wrinkle_, worth Forty Thousand Pound, sets up for a Handsome young Husband; she prais'd thee t'other Day; tho' the Match-makers can get Twenty Guinea's for a sight of her, I can introduce thee for nothing.

Char. My Lady _Wrinkle_, Sir, why she has but one Eye.

Sir _Fran._ Then she'll see but half your Extravagance, Sir.

Char. Condemn me to such a piece of Deformity! Toothless, Dirty, Wry-neck'd, Hunch-back'd Hag.

Sir _Fran._ Hunch-back'd! so much the better, then she has a Rest for her Misfortunes; for thou wilt Load her swingingly. Now I warrant you think, this is no Offer of a Father; Forty Thousand Pound is nothing with you.

Char. Yes, Sir, I think it is too much; a young Beautiful Woman with half the Money wou'd be more agreeable. I thank you, Sir; but you Chose better for your self, I find.

Sir _Fran._ Out of my Doors, you Dog; you pretend to meddle with my Marriage, Sirrah.

Char. Sir, I obey: But--

Sir _Fran._ But me no Buts--Be gone, Sir: Dare to ask me for Money agen--Refuse Forty Thousand Pound! Out of my Doors, I say, without Reply.

(_Exit _Char._

Enter Servant.

Serv. One Sir _George Airy_ enquires for you, Sir.

_Enter _Marplot_ Running._

Marpl. Ha? gone! Is _Charles_ gone, Guardian?

Sir _Fran._ Yes; and I desire your wise Worship to walk after him.

Marpl. Nay, Egad, I shall Run, I tell you but that. Ah, Pox of the Cashier for detaining me so long, where the Devil shall I find him now. I shall certainly lose this Secret.

(_Exit, hastily._

Sir _Fran._ What is the Fellow distracted?--Desire Sir _George_ to walk up--Now for a Tryal of Skill that will make me Happy, and him a Fool: Ha, ha, ha, in my Mind he looks like an Ass already.

_Enter Sir _George_. _

Sir _Fran._ Well, Sir _George_, Dee ye hold in the same Mind? or wou'd you Capitulate? Ha, ha, ha: Look, here are the Guinea's, (_Chinks them._) Ha, ha, ha.

Sir _Geo._ Not if they were twice the Sum, Sir _Francis_: Therefore be brief, call in the Lady, and take your Post--if she's a Woman, and, not seduc'd by Witchcraft to this old Rogue, I'll make his Heart ake; for if she has but one Grain of Inclination about her, I'll vary a Thousand Shapes, but find it.

(_Aside._

_Enter _Mirand_. _

Sir _Fran._ Agreed--_Miranda._ There Sir _George_, try your Fortune, (_Takes out his Watch._)

Sir _Geo._

So from the Eastern Chambers breaks the Sun,
Dispels the Clouds, and gilds the Vales below.

(_Salutes her._

Sir _Fran._ Hold, Sir, Kissing was not in our Agreement.

Sir _Geo._ Oh! That's by way of Prologue:--Prithee, Old Mammon, to thy Post.

Sir _Fran._ Well, young _Timon_, 'tis now 4 exactly; one Hour, remember is your utmost Limit, not a Minute more.

(_Retires to the bottom of the Stage._

Sir _Geo._ Madam, whether you will Excuse or Blame my Love, the Author of this rash Proceeding depends upon your Pleasure, as also the Life of your Admirer; your sparkling Eyes speak a Heart susceptible of Love; your Vivacity a Soul too delicate to admit the Embraces of decay'd Mortality.

Miran. (_Aside._) Oh, that I durst speak--

Sir _Geo._ Shake off this Tyrant _Guardian_'s Yoke, assume your self, and dash his bold aspiring Hopes; the Deity of his Desires, is Avarice; a Heretick in Love, and ought to be banish'd by the Queen of Beauty. See, Madam, a faithful Servant kneels and begs to be admitted in the Number of your Slaves.

(Miranda _gives him her Hand to Raise him._

Sir _Fran._ I wish I cou'd hear what he says now. (_Running up._) Hold, hold, hold, no Palming, that's contrary to Articles--

Sir _Geo._ Death, Sir, Keep your Distance, or I'll write another Article in your Guts.

(_Lays his Hand to his Sword._

Sir _Fran._ (_Going back._) A Bloody-minded Fellow!--

Sir _Geo._ Not Answer me! Perhaps she thinks my Address too Grave: I'll be more free--Can you be so Unconscionable, Madam, to let me say all these fine things to you without one single Compliment in Return? View me well, am I not a proper Handsome Fellow, ha? Can you prefer that old, dry, wither'd, sapless Log of Sixty-five, to the vigorous, gay, sprightly Love of Twenty-four? With Snoring only he'll awake thee, but I with Ravishing Delight wou'd make thy Senses Dance in Consort with the Joyful Minutes--ha? not yet, sure she is Dumb--Thus wou'd I steal and touch thy Beauteous Hand, (_Takes bold of her Hand_) till by degrees I reach'd thy snowy Breasts, then Ravish Kisses thus,

(_Embraces her in Extasie._

Miran. (_Struggles and flings from him._) Oh Heavens! I shall not be able to contain my self.

(_Aside._

Sir _Fran._ (_Running up with his Watch in his Hand._) Sure she did not speak to him--There's Three Quarters of the Hour gone, Sir _George_--Adod, I don't like those close Conferences--

Sir _Geo._ More Interruptions--You will have it, Sir.

(_Lays his Hand to his Sword._

Sir _Fran._ (_Going back._) No, no, you shan't have her neither.

(_Aside._

Sir _Geo._ Dumb still--sure this old Dog has enjoyn'd her Silence; I'll try another way--I must conclude, Madam, that in Compliance to your Guardian's Humour, you refuse to answer me--Consider the Injustice of his Injunction. This single Hour cost me a Hundred Pound--and wou'd you answer me, I cou'd purchase the 24 so: However, Madam, you must give me leave to make the best Interpretation I can for my Money, and take the

Indication of your Silence for the secret Liking of my Person:
Therefore, Madam, I will instruct you how to keep your Word inviolate to
Sir _Francis_, and yet Answer me to every Question: As for Example, When
I ask any thing, to which you wou'd Reply in the Affirmative, gently Nod
your Head--thus; and when in the Negative thus; (_Shakes his Head_.)
and in the doubtful a tender Sigh, thus
(_Sighs._

Miran. How every Action charms me--but I'll fit him for Signs I
warrant him.
(_Aside._

Sir _Fran._ Ha, ha, ha, ha, poor Sir _George_, Ha, ha, ha, ha.
(_Aside._

Sir _Geo._ Was it by his desire that you are Dumb, Madam, to all that I
can say?

Miran. (_Nods._)

Sir _Geo._ Very well! she's tractable I find--And is it possible that
you can love him? Miraculous! (_Miran._ Nods._) Pardon the bluntness of
my Questions, for my Time is short; may I not hope to supplant him in
your Esteem? (_Miran._ Sighs._) Good! she answers me as I could
wish--You'll not consent to marry him then? (_Miran._ Sighs._) How,
doubtful in that--Undone again--Humph! but that may proceed from his
Power to keep her out of her Estate till Twenty Five; I'll try
that--Come, Madam, I cannot think you hesitate in this Affair out of any
Motive, but your Fortune--Let him keep it till those few Years are
expir'd; make me Happy with your Person, let him enjoy your
Wealth--(_Miran._ holds up her Hands._) Why, what Sign is that now?
Nay, nay, Madam, except you observe my Lesson, I can't understand your
meaning--

Sir _Fran._ What a Vengeance, are they talking by Signs, 'ad I may be
fool'd here; what do you mean, Sir _George?_

Sir _Geo._ To Cut your Throat if you dare Mutter another Syllable.

Sir _Fran._ Od! I wish he were fairly out of my House.

Sir _Geo._ Pray, Madam, will you answer me to the Purpose? (_Miran._
shakes her Head, and points to Sir _Francis_.) What! does she mean she
won't answer me to the purpose, or is she afraid yon' old Cuff should
understand her Signs?--Aye, it must be that, I perceive, Madam, you are
too apprehensive of the Promise you have made to follow my Rules;
therefore I'll suppose your Mind and answer for you--First, for my self,
Madam, that I am in Love with you is an infallible Truth. Now for you:
(_Turns on her side._) Indeed, Sir, and may I believe it--As certainly,

Madam, as that 'tis Day light, or that I Die if you persist in
Silence--Bless me with the Musick of your Voice, and raise my Spirits to
their proper Heaven: Thus low let me intreat; e'er I'm oblig'd to quit
this Place, grant me some Token of a favourable Reception to keep my
Hopes alive. (_ Arises hastily turns of her side. _) Rise, Sir, and since
my Guardian's Presence will not allow me Privilege of Tongue, Read that
and rest assured you are not indifferent to me. (_ Offers her a Letter. _)
Ha! right Woman! But no (_ She strikes it down. _) matter I'll go on.

Sir _Fran._ Ha! what's that a Letter--Ha, ha, ha, thou art baulk'd.

Miran. The best Assurance I ever saw--
(_ Aside. _

Sir _Geo._ Ha? a Letter, Oh! let me Kiss it with the same Raptures that
I would do the dear Hand that touch'd it. (_ Opens it. _) Now for a quick
Fancy and a long _Extempore_ --What's here? (_ Reads. _) "Dear, Sir
George, this Virgin Muse I consecrate to you, which when it has
receiv'd the Addition of your Voice, 'twill Charm me into Desire of
Liberty to Love, which you, and only you can fix." My Angel! Oh you
transport me! (_ Kisses the Letter. _) And see the Power of your Command;
the God of Love has set the Verse already; the flowing Numbers Dance
into a Tune, and I'm inspir'd with a Voice to sing it.

Miran. I'm sure thou art inspir'd with Impudence enough.

Sir _Geo._ (_ Sings. _)
_Great Love inspire him;
Say I admire him.
Give me the Lover
That can discover
Secret Devotion
from silent Motion;
Then don't betray me,
But hence convey me._

Sir _Geo._ (_ Taking hold of _Miranda_. _) With all my Heart, this Moment
let's Retire.

(_ Sir _Francis_ coming up hastily. _)

Sir _Fran._ The Hour is expir'd, Sir, and you must take your leave.
There, my Girl, there's the Hundred Pound which thou hast won, go, I'll
be with you presently, Ha, ha, ha, ha.

(_ Exit _Miranda_. _

Sir _Geo._ Ads Heart, Madam, you won't leave me just in the Nick, will
you?

Sir _Fran._ Ha, ha, ha, she has nick'd you, Sir _George_, I think, Ha, ha, ha: Have you any more Hundred Pounds to throw away upon Courtship, Ha, ha, ha.

Sir _Geo._ He, he, he, he, a Curse of your fleering Jests--Yet, however ill I succeeded, I'll venture the same Wager, she does not value thee a spoonful of Snuff--Nay more, though you enjoyn'd her Silence to me, you'll never make her speak to the Purpose with your self.

Sir _Fran._ Ha, ha, ha, did not I tell thee thou would'st repent thy Money? Did not I say she hated young Fellow's, Ha, ha, ha.

Sir _Geo._ And I'm positive she's not in Love with Age.

Sir _Fran._ Ha, ha, no matter for that, Ha, ha, she's not taken with your Youth, nor your Rhetorick to boot, ha, ha.

Sir _Geo._ Whate'er her Reasons are for disliking a me, I am certain she can be taken with nothing about thee.

Sir _Fran._ Ha, ha, ha; how he swells with Envy!--Poor Man, poor Man--Ha, ha; I must beg your Pardon, Sir _George_, _Miranda_ will be Impatient to have her share of Mirth: Verily we shall Laugh at thee most Egregiously; Ha, ha, ha.

Sir _Geo._ With all my Heart, faith--I shall Laugh in my Turn too--For if you dare marry her old _Belzebub_, you would be Cuckolded most Egregiously; Remember that, and Tremble--

_She that to Age her Beauteous Self resigns,
Shows witty Management for close Designs.
Then if thou'rt grac'd with fair _Miranda_'s Bed,
Actæon's Horns she Means, shall Crown thy Head._
(_Exit._

Sir _Fran._ Ha, ha, ha; he is mad.

_These fluttering Fops imagine they can Wind,
Turn, and Decoy to Love, all Women-kind:
But here's a Proof of Wisdom in my Charge,
Old Men are Constant, Young Men live at Large.
The Frugal Hand can Bills at Sight defray,
When he that Lavish is, has Nought to pay._
(_Exit._

SCENE _Changes to Sir _Jealous Traffick_'s House._

_Enter Sir _Jealous_, _Isabinda_, _Patch_ following._

Sir _Jeal._ What in the Balcone agen, notwithstanding my positive Commands to the contrary!--Why don't you write a Bill upon your Forehead, to show Passengers there's something to be Let--

Isab. What harm can there be in a little fresh Air, Sir?

Sir _Jeal._ Is your Constitution so hot, Mistriss, that it wants cooling, ha? Apply the Virtuous _Spanish_ Rules, banish your Tast, and Thoughts of Flesh, feed upon Roots, and quench your Thirst with Water.

Isab. That, and a close Room, wou'd certainly make me die of the Vapours.

Sir _Jeal._ No, Mistriss, 'tis your High-fed, Lusty, Rambling, Rampant Ladies--that are troubl'd with the Vapours; 'tis your Ratifia, Persico, Cynamon, Citron, and Spirit of Clary, cause such Swi--m--ing in the Brain, that carries many a Guinea full-tide to the Doctor. But you are not to be Bred this way; No Galloping abroad, no receiving Visits at home; for in our loose Country, the Women are as dangerous as the Men.

Patch. So I told her, Sir; and that it was not Decent to be seen in a Balcone--But she threaten'd to slap my Chaps, and told me, I was her Servant, not her Governess.

Sir _Jeal._ Did she so? But I'll make her to know, that you are her _Duenna_ : Oh that incomparable Custom of _Spain!_ why here's no depending upon old Women in my Country--for they are as Wanton at Eighty, as a Girl of Eighteen; and a Man may as safely trust to _Asgill_'s Translation, as to his great Grand-Mother's not marrying agen.

Isab. Or to the _Spanish_ Ladies Veils, and _Duenna's_, for the Safeguard of their Honour.

Sir _Jeal._ Dare to Ridicule the Cautious Conduct of that wise Nation, and I'll have you Lock'd up this Fortnight, without a Peephole.

Isab. If we had but the Ghostly Helps in _England_, which they have in _Spain_, I might deceive you if you did,--Sir, 'tis not the Restraint, but the Innate Principles, secures the Reputation and Honour of our Sex--Let me tell you, Sir, Confinement sharpens the Invention, as want of Sight strengthens the other Senses, and is often more Pernicious than the Recreation innocent Liberty allows.

Sir _Jeal._ Say you so, Mistress, who the Devil taught you the Art of Reasoning? I assure you, they must have a greater Faith than I pretend to, that can think any Woman innocent who requires Liberty. Therefore,

Patch, to your Charge I give her; Lock her up till I come back from Change; I shall have some sauntering Coxcomb, with nothing but a Red Coat and a Feather, think, by Leaping into her Arms, to Leap into my Estate--But I'll prevent them, she shall be only Signeur _Babinetto_'s.

Patch. Really, Sir, I wish you wou'd employ any Body else in this Affair; I lead a Life like a Dog with obeying your Commands. Come, Madam, will you please to be Lock'd up.

Isab. Ay, to enjoy more Freedom than he is aware of.

(_Aside._

(_Exit with _Patch_. _

Sir _Jeal._ I believe this Wench is very true to my Interest: I am happy I met with her, if I can but keep my Daughter from being blown upon till Signeur _Babinetto_ arrives; who shall marry her as soon as he comes, and carry her to _Spain_ as soon as he has marry'd her; she has a pregnant Wit, and I'd no more have her an _English_ Wife, than the Grand Signior's Mistress.

(_Exit._

_Enter _Whisper_. _

Whisp. So, I see Sir _Jealous_ go out; where shall I find Mrs. _Patch_ now.

_Enter _Patch_. _

Patch. Oh Mr. _Whisper_, my Lady saw you out at the Window, and order'd me to bid you fly, and let your Master know she's now alone.

Whisp. Hush, Speak softly; I go, go: But hark'e Mrs. _Patch_, shall not you and I have a little Confabulation, when my Master and your Lady is engag'd?

Patch. Ay, Ay, Farewell.

(_Goes in, and shuts the Door._

_Re-enter Sir _Jealous Traffick_ meeting _Whisper_. _

Sir _Jeal._ Sure whil'st I was talking with Mr. _Tradewell_, I heard my Door clap. (_Seeing _Whisper_. _) Ha! a Man lurking about my House; who do you want there, Sir?

Whisp. Want--want, a pox, Sir _Jealous!_ what must I say now?--

(_Aside._

Sir _Jeal._ Ay, want; have you a Letter or Message for any Body there?--O my Conscience, this is some He-Bawd--

Whisp. Letter or Message, Sir!

Sir _Jeal._ Ay, Letter or Message, Sir.

Whisp. No, not I, Sir.

Sir _Jeal._ Sirrah, Sirrah, I'll have you set in the Stocks, if you don't tell me your Business immediately.

Whisp. Nay, Sir, my Business--is no great matter of Business neither; and yet 'tis Business of Consequence too.

Sir _Jeal._ Sirrah, don't trifle with me.

Whisp. Trifle, Sir, have you found him, Sir?

Sir _Jeal._ Found what, you Rascal.

Whisp. Why _Trifle_ is the very Lap-Dog my Lady lost, Sir; I fancy'd I see him run into this House. I'm glad you have him--Sir, my Lady will be over-joy'd that I have found him.

Sir _Jeal._ Who is your Lady Friend?

Whisp. My Lady Love-puppy, Sir.

Sir _Jeal._ My Lady Love-puppy! then prithee carry thy self to her, for I know no other Whelp that belongs to her; and let me catch ye no more Puppy-hunting about my Doors, lest I have you prest into the Service, Sirrah.

Whisp. By no means, Sir--Your humble Servant; I must watch whether he goes, or no, before I can tell my Master.

(_Exit._

Sir _Jeal._ This Fellow has the Officious Leer of a Pimp; and I half suspect a Design, but I'll be upon them before they think on me, I warrant 'em.

(_Exit._

SCENE __ Charles_'s Lodging._

_Enter _Charles_ and _Marplot_. _

Char. Honest _Marplot_, I thank thee for this Supply; I expect my Lawyer with a Thousand Pound I have order'd him to take up, and then you shall be Repaid.

Marpl. Pho, pho, no more of that: Here comes Sir _George Airy_--

_Enter Sir _George_. _

Cursedly out of Humour at his Disappointment; see how he looks! Ha, ha, ha.

Sir _Geo._ Ah, _Charles_, I am so humbled in my Pretensions to Plots upon Women, that I believe I shall never have Courage enough to attempt a Chamber-maid agen--I'll tell thee.

Char. Ha, ha; I'll spare you the Relation by telling you--Impatient to know your Business with my Father, when I saw you Enter, I slipt back into the next Room, where I overheard every Syllable.

Sir _Geo._ That I said--But I'll be hang'd if you heard her Answer--. But prithee tell me, _Charles_, is she a Fool?

Char. I ne'er suspected her for one; but _Marplot_ can inform you better, if you'll allow him a Judge.

Marpl. A Fool! I'll justifie she has more Wit than all the rest of her Sex put together; why she'll Rally me, till I han't one word to say for my self.

Char. A mighty Proof of her Wit truly--

Marpl. There must be some Trick in't, Sir _George_; Egad I'll find it out if it cost me the Sum you paid for't.

Sir _Geo._ Do and Command me--

Marpl. Enough, let me alone to Trace a Secret.--

_Enter _Whisper_, and speaks aside to his Master._

The Devil! _Whisper_ here agen, that Fellow never speaks out; is this the same, or a new Secret? Sir _George_, won't you ask _Charles_ what News _Whisper_ brings?

Sir _Geo._ Not I, Sir; I suppose it does not relate to me.

Marpl. Lord, Lord, how little Curiosity some People have! Now my chief Pleasure lies in knowing every Body's Business.

Sir _Geo._ I fancy, _Charles_, thou hast some Engagement upon thy Hands: I have a little Business too. _Marplot_, if it falls in your way to bring me any Intelligence from _Miranda_, you'll find me at the Thatch'd

House at Six--

Marpl. You do me much Honour.

Char. You guess right, Sir _George_, wish me Success.

Sir _Geo._ Better than attended me. _Adieu_.

(_Exit._

Char. _Marplot_, you must Excuse me.--

Marpl. Nay, nay, what need of any Excuse amongst Friends! I'll go with you.

Char. Indeed you must not.

Marpl. No, then I suppose 'tis a Duel, and I will go to secure ye.

Char. Secure me, why you won't fight.

Marpl. What then! I can call People to part ye.

Char. Well, but it is no Duel, Consequently no Danger. Therefore prithee be Answer'd.

Marpl. What is't a Mistress then?--Mum--You know I can be silent upon occasion.

Char. I wish you cou'd be Civil too: I tell you, You neither Must nor Shall go with me. Farewel.

(_Exit._

Marpl. Why then--I Must and Will follow you.

Exit.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT the Third

_Enter _Charles_._

Char. Well, here's the House, which holds the Lovely Prize quiet and serene; here no noisie Footmen throng to tell the World, that Beauty dwells within; no Ceremonious Visit makes the Lover wait; no Rival to give my Heart a Pang; who wou'd not scale the Window at Midnight without

fear of the Jealous Father's Pistol, rather than fill up the Train of a Coquet, where every Minute he is jostled out of Place. (_Knocks softly._) Mrs. _Patch_, Mrs. _Patch._

_Enter _Patch_. _

Patch. Oh, are you come, Sir? All's safe.

Char. So in, in then.

_Enter _Marplot_. _

Marpl. There he goes: Who the Devil lives here? Except I can find out that, I am as far from knowing his Business as ever; gad I'll watch, it may be a Bawdy-House, and he may have his Throat cut; if there shou'd be any Mischief, I can make Oath, he went in. Well, _Charles_, in spite of your Endeavour to keep me out of the Secret; I may save your Life, for ought I know: At that Corner I'll plant my self; there I shall see whoever goes in, or comes out. Gad, I love Discoveries.

(Exit.

SCENE _Draws. _Charles_, _Isabinda_, and _Patch_. _

Isab. _Patch_, look out sharp; have a care of Dad.

Patch. I warrant you.

(Exit.

Isab. Well, Sir, if I may judge your Love by your Courage, I ought to believe you sincere; for you venture into the Lyons Den when you come to see me.

Char. If you'd consent whilst the furious Beast is abroad, I'd free you from the Reach of his Paws.

Isab. That wou'd be but to avoid one Danger, by running into another; like the poor Wretches, who fly the Burning Ship, and meet their Fate in the Water. Come, come, _Charles_, I fear if I consult my Reason, Confinement and Plenty is better than Liberty and Starving. I know you'd make the Frolick pleasing for a little time, by Saying and Doing a World of tender things; but when our small Substance is once Exhausted, and a Thousand Requisites for Life are Wanting; Love, who rarely dwells with Poverty, wou'd also fail us.

Char. Faith, I fancy not; methinks my Heart has laid up a Stock will last for Life; to back which, I have taken a Thousand Pound upon my Uncle's Estate; that surely will support us, till one of our Fathers relent.

Isab. There's no trusting to that my Friend, I doubt your Father will carry his Humour to the Grave, and mine till he sees me settled in _Spain_.

Char. And can ye then cruelly Resolve to stay till that curs'd _Don_ arrives, and suffer that Youth, Beauty, Fire and Wit, to be sacrific'd to the Arms of a dull _Spaniard_, to be Immur'd and forbid the Sight of any thing that's Humane.

Isab. No, when it comes to the Extremity, and no Stratagem can Relieve us, thou shalt List for a Soldier, and I'll carry thy Knapsack after thee.

Char. Bravely Resolv'd; the World cannot be more Savage than our Parents, and Fortune generally assists the Bold; therefore Consent now: Why shou'd we put it to a future Hazard? who knows when we shall have another Opportunity?

Isab. Oh, you have your Ladder of Ropes, I suppose, and the Closet Window stands just where it did; and if you han't forgot to write in Characters, _Patch_ will find a way for our Assignations. Thus much of the _Spanish_ Contrivance, my Father's Severity has taught me, I thank him; tho' I hate the Nation, I admire their Management in these Affairs.

_Enter _Patch_._

Patch. Oh, Madam, I see my Master coming up the Street.

Char. Oh the Devil, wou'd I had my Ladder now; I thought you had not expected him till Night; why, why, why, why; what shall I do, Madam?

Isab. Oh, for Heaven's sake! don't go that way, you'll meet him full in the Teeth: Oh unlucky Moment!--

Char. Adsheart, can you shut me into no Cupboard, Ram me into no Chest, ha?

Patch. Impossible, Sir, he Searches every Hole in the House.

Isab. Undone for ever! if he sees you, I shall never see you more.

Patch. I have thought on't: Run you to your Chamber, Madam; and Sir, come you along with me, I'm certain you may easily get down from the Balcone.

Char. My Life, _Adieu_ --Lead on, Guide.
(_Exit._

Isab. Heaven preserve him.
(_Exit._

SCENE Changes to the Street.

_Enter Sir _Jealous_, with _Marplot_ behind him._

Sir _Jeal._ I don't know what's the matter; but I have a strong
Suspicion, all is not right within; that Fellow's sauntering about my
Door, and his Tale of a Puppy, had the Face of a Lye, methought. By St.
Jago, if I shou'd find a Man in the House, I'd make Mince-Meat of
him--

Marpl. Ah, poor _Charles_--ha? Agad he is old--I fancy I might bully
him, and make _Charles_ have an Opinion of my Courage.

Sir _Jeal._ My own Key shall let me in; I'll give them no Warning.
(_Feeling for his Key._

Marpl. What's that you say, Sir. (_Going up to Sir _Jealous_. _

Sir _Jeal._ What's that to you, Sir. (_Turns quick upon him._

Marpl. Yes, 'tis to me, Sir; for the Gentleman you threaten is a very
honest Gentleman. Look to't, for if he comes not as safe out of your
House, as he went in, I have half a Dozen _Mirmidons_ hard-by shall beat
it about your Ears.

Sir _Jeal._ Went in; what is he in then? Ah! a Combination to undo
me--I'll _Mirmidon_ you, ye Dog you--Thieves, Thieves.
(_Beat_'s Marplot_ all this while he cries _Thieves_. _

Marpl. Murder, Murder; I was not in your House, Sir.

Enter Servant.

Serv. What's the matter, Sir?

Sir _Jeal._ The Matter, Rascals? Have you let a Man into my House; but
I'll flea him Alive, follow me, I'll not leave a Mousehole unsearch'd;
if I find him, by St. _Jago_, I'll Equip him for the _Opera_.
(_Exit._

Marpl. A Duce of his Cane, there's no trusting to Age--what shall I do
to Relieve _Charles!_ Egad, I'll raise the Neighbourhood--Murder,
Murder-- (_Charles_ drops down upon him from the Balcone.) _Charles_
faith I'm glad to see thee safe out, with all my Heart.

Char. A Pox of your Bawling: How the Devil came you here?

Marpl. Here, gad I have done you a piece of Service; I told the old Thunderbolt, that the Gentleman that was gone in was--

Char. Was it you that told him, Sir? (_Laying hold of him._) Z'death, I cou'd crush thee into Atoms.

(_Exit _Charles_. _

Marpl. What will you choak me for my Kindness?--will my Enquiring Soul never leave Searching into other Peoples Affairs, till it gets squeez'd out of my Body? I dare not follow him now, for my Blood, he's in such a Passion--I'll to _Miranda_ ; if I can discover ought that may oblige Sir _George_ , it may be a means to Reconcile me agen to _Charles_ .

(_Exit. _

_Enter Sir _Jealous_ and _Servants_ . _

Sir _Jeal._ Are you sure you have search'd every where?

Serv. Yes, from the Top of the House to the Bottom.

Sir _Jeal._ Under the Beds, and over the Beds?

Serv. Yes, and in them too, but found no Body, Sir.

Sir _Jeal._ Why, what cou'd this Rogue mean?

_Enter _Isabinda_ and _Patch_ . _

Patch. Take Courage, Madam, I saw him safe out. (_Aside to _Isab_. _

Isab. Bless me! what's the matter, Sir?

Sir _Jeal._ You know best--Pray where's the Man that was here just now?

Isab. What Man, Sir? I saw none!

Patch. Nor I, by the Trust you repose in me; do you think I wou'd let a Man come within these Doors, when you were absent?

Sir _Jeal._ Ah _Patch_ , she may be too cunning for thy Honesty; the very Scout that he had set to give Warning discover'd it to me--and threaten'd me with half a Dozen _Mirmidons_ --But I think I maul'd the Villain. These Afflictions you draw upon me, Mistress!

Isab. Pardon me, Sir, 'tis your own Ridiculous Humour draws you into these Vexations, and gives every Fool pretence to banter you.

Sir _Jeal._ No, 'tis your Idle Conduct, your Coquetish Flurting into the Balcone--Oh with what Joy shall I resign thee into the Arms of Don _Diego Babinetto!_

Isab. And with what Industry shall I avoid him!
(_Aside._

Sir _Jeal._ Certainly that Rogue had a Message from some body or other; but being baulk'd by my coming, popt that Sham upon me. Come along, ye Sots, let's see if we can find the Dog again. _Patch_, lock her up; D'ye hear?

(_Exit with Servants._

Patch. Yes, Sir--ay, walk till your Heels ake, you'll find no Body, I promise you.

Isab. Who cou'd that Scout be, which he talks of?

Patch. Nay, I can't imagine, without it was _Whisper_.

Isab. Well, dear _Patch_, let's employ all our Thoughts how to escape this horrid Don _Diego_, my very Heart sinks at his Terrible Name.

Patch. Fear not, Madam, Don _Carlo_ shall be the Man, or I'll lose the Reputation of Contriving, and then what's a Chambermaid good for?

Isab. Say'st thou so, my Girl: Then--
_Let Dad be Jealous, multiply his Cares,
While Love instructs me to avoid the Snares;
I'll, spight of all his _Spanish_ Caution, show
How much for Love a _British_ Maid can do._
(Exit.

SCENE _Sir _Francis Gripe_'s House._

_Sir _Francis_ and _Miranda_ meeting._

Miran. Well, _Gardee_, how did I perform my Dumb Scene?

Sir _Fran._ To Admiration--Thou dear little Rogue, let me buss thee for it: Nay, adod, I will, _Chargee_, so muzle, and tuzle, and hug thee; I will, I faith, I will.

(_Hugging and Kissing her._

Miran. Nay, _Gardee_, don't be so lavish; who wou'd Ride Post, when the Journey lasts for Life?

Sir _Fran._ Ah wag, ah wag--I'll buss thee agen for that.

Miran. Faugh! how he stinks of Tobacco! what a delicate Bedfellow I shou'd have!

(_Aside._

Sir _Fran._ Oh I'm Transported! When, when, my Dear, wilt thou Convince the World of thy Happy Day? when shall we marry, ha?

Miran. There's nothing wanting but your Consent, Sir _Francis_.

Sir _Fran._ My Consent! what do's my Charmer mean?

Miran. Nay, 'tis only a Whim: But I'll have every thing according to form--Therefore when you sign an Authentick Paper, drawn up by an able Lawyer, that I have your Leave to marry, the next Day makes me yours, _Gardee_.

Sir _Fran._ Ha, ha, ha, a Whim indeed! why is it not Demonstration I give my Leave when I marry thee.

Miran. Not for your Reputation, _Gardee_; the malicious World will be apt to say, you trick'd me into Marriage, and so take the Merit from my Choice. Now I will have the Act my own, to let the idle Fops see how much I prefer a Man loaded with Years and Wisdom.

Sir _Fran._ Humph! Prithee leave out Years, _Chargee_, I'm not so old, as thou shalt find: Adod, I'm young; there's a Caper for ye.

(_Jumps_.

Miran. Oh never excuse it, why I like you the better for being old--But I shall suspect you don't love me, if you Refuse me this Formality.

Sir _Fran._ Not Love thee, _Chargee!_ Adod I do love thee better than, than, than, better than--what shall I say? Egad, better than Money, I faith I do--

Miran. That's false I'm sure (_Aside._) To prove it do this then.

Sir _Fran._ Well, I will do it, _Chargee_, provided I bring a License at the same time.

Miran. Ay, and a Parson too, if you please; Ha, ha, ha, I can't help Laughing to think how all the young Coxcombs about Town will be mortify'd when they hear of our Marriage.

Sir _Fran._ So they will, so they will; Ha, ha, ha.

Miran. Well, I fancy I shall be so happy with my _Gardee!_

Sir _Fran._ If wearing Pearls and Jewels, or eating Gold, as the old Saying is, can make thee happy, thou shalt be so, my Sweetest, my Lovely, my Charming, my--verily I know not what to call thee.

Miran. You must know, _Gardee_, that I am so eager to have this Business concluded, that I have employ'd my Womans Brother, who is a Lawyer in the _Temple_, to settle Matters just to your Liking, you are to give your Consent to my Marriage, which is to your self, you know: But Mum, you must take up notice of that. So then I will, that is, with your Leave, put my Writings into his Hands; then to Morrow we come slap upon them with a Wedding, that no body thought on; by which you seize me and my Estate, and I suppose make a Bonfire of your own Act and Deed.

Sir _Fran._ Nay, but _Chargee_, if--

Miran. Nay, _Gardee_, no Ifs--Have I refus'd three _Northern_ Lords, two _British_ Peers, and half a score Knights, to have you put in your Ifs?--

Sir _Fran._ So thou hast indeed, and I will trust to thy Management. Od, I'm all of a Fire.

Miran. 'Tis a wonder the dry Stubble does not blaze.

_Enter _Marplot_. _

Sir _Fran._ How now! who sent for you, Sir? What's the Hundred Pound gone already?

Marpl. No, Sir, I don't want Money now.

Sir _Fran._ No, that's a Miracle! But there's one thing you want, I'm sure.

Marpl. Ay, what's that, _Guardian? _

Sir _Fran._ Manners, what had I no Servants without?

Marpl. None that cou'd do my Business, _Guardian_, which is at present with this Lady.

Miran. With me, Mr. _Marplot!_ what is it, I beseech you?

Sir _Fran._ Ay, Sir, what is it? any thing that relates to her may be deliver'd to me.

Marpl. I deny that.

Miran. That's more than I do, Sir.

Marpl. Indeed, Madam, why then to proceed: Fame says, that you and my most Conscionable _Guardian_ here, design'd, contriv'd, plotted and agreed to chouse a very civil, honourable, honest Gentleman, out of a Hundred Pound.

Miran. That I contrived it!

Marpl. Ay you--You said never a Word against it, so far you are Guilty.

Sir _Fran._ Pray tell that civil, honourable, honest Gentleman, that if he has any more such Sums to fool away, they shall be received like the last; Ha, ha, ha, ha, chous'd, quotha! But hark ye, let him know at the same time, that if he dare to report I trick'd him of it, I shall recommend a Lawyer to him shall shew him a Trick for twice as much; D'ye hear, tell him that.

Marpl. So, and this is the way you use a Gentleman, and my Friend.

Miran. Is the Wretch thy Friend?

Marpl. The Wretch! Look ye, Madam, don't call Names; Egad I won't take it.

Miran. Why you won't beat me, will you? Ha, ha.

Marpl. I don't know whether I will or no.

Sir _Fran._ Sir, I shall make a Servant shew you out at the Window if you are sawcy.

Marpl. I am your most humble Servant, _Guardian_; I design to go out the same way I came in. I wou'd only ask this Lady, if she do's not think in her Soul Sir _George Airy_ is not a fine Gentleman.

Miran. He Dresses well.

Sir _Fran._ Which is chiefly owing to his Taylor, and _Valet de Chamber_.

Miran. And if you allow that a proof of his being a fine Gentleman, he is so.

Marpl. The judicious part of the World allow him Wit, Courage, Gallantry and Management; tho' I think he forfeited that Character, when he flung away a Hundred Pound upon your Dumb Ladyship.

Sir _Fran._ Does that gaul him? Ha, ha, ha.

Miran. So, Sir _George_ remaining in deep Discontent, has sent you his trusty Squire, to utter his Complaint: Ha, ha, ha.

Marpl. Yes, Madam; and you, like a cruel, hard-hearted Jew, value it no more--than I wou'd your Ladyship, were I Sir _George_, you, you, you--

Miran. Oh, don't call Names. I know you love to be employ'd, and I'll oblige you; and you shall carry him a Message from me.

Marpl. According as I like it: What is it?

Miran. Nay, a kind one you may be sure--First tell him, I have chose this Gentleman to have, and to hold, and so forth.

(_Clapping her Hand into Sir _Francis_'s._

Sir _Fran._ Oh the dear Rogue, how I dote on her!

(_Aside._

Miran. And advise his Impertinence to trouble me no more, for I prefer Sir _Francis_ for a Husband before all the Fops in the Universe.

Marpl. Oh Lord, Oh Lord! She's bewitch'd, that's certain; Here's a Husband for Eighteen--Here's a Shape--Here's Bones ratling in a Leathern Bag. (_Turning Sir _Francis_ about._) Here's Buckram, and Canvass, to scrub you to Repentance.

Sir _Fran._ Sirrah, my Cane shall teach you Repentance presently.

Marpl. No faith, I have felt its Twin-Brother from just such a wither'd Hand too lately.

Miran. One thing more, advise him to keep from the Garden Gate on the left Hand; for if he dares to saunter there, about the Hour of Eight, as he used to do, he shall be saluted with a Pistol or a Blunderbuss.

Sir Fran. Oh monstrous! why _Chargee_ ; did he use to come to the Garden Gate?

Miran. The Gardner describ'd just such another Man that always watch'd his coming out, and fain wou'd have bribed him for his Entrance--tell him he shall find a warm Reception if he comes this Night.

Marpl. Pistols and Blunderbusses! Egad, a warm Reception indeed; I shall take care to inform him of your Kindness, and advise him to keep farther off.

Miran. I hope he will understand my Meaning better, than to follow your Advice.

(_Aside._

Sir _Fran._ Thou hast sign'd, seal'd, and ta'en Possession of my Heart; for ever, _Chargee_, Ha, ha, ha; and for you, Mr. Sauce-box, let me have no more of your Messages, if ever you design to inherit your Estate, Gentleman.

Marpl. Why there 'tis now. Sure I shall be out of your Clutches one Day.--Well, _Guardian_, I say no more; but if you be not as errant a Cuckold, as e're drove Bargain upon the Exchange, or paid Attendance to a Court; I am the Son of a Whetstone; and so your humble Servant.

(_Exit._

Miran. Don't forget the Message; Ha, ha.

Sir _Fran._ I am so provok'd!--'tis well he's gone.

Miran. Oh mind him not, _Gardee_, but let's sign Articles, and then--

Sir _Fran._ And then--Adod, I believe I am Metamorphos'd; my Pulse beats high, and my Blood boils, methinks--

(_Kissing and Hugging her._

Miran. Oh fye, _Gardee_, be not so violent; Consider the Market lasts all the Year--Well, I'll in and see if the Lawyer be come, you'll follow.

(_Exit._

Sir _Fran._ Ay, to the World's End, my Dear. Well, _Franck_, thou art a lucky Fellow in thy old Age, to have such a delicate Morsel, and Thirty Thousand Pound in love with thee; I shall be the Envy of Batchelors, the Glory of Marry'd Men, and the Wonder of the Town. Some Guardians wou'd be glad to compound for part of the Estate, at dispatching an Heiress, but I engross the whole: _O! Mihi præteritos referet si Jupiter Annos._

(Exit.

SCENE _Changes to a Tavern; discovers Sir _George_ and _Charles_ with Wine before them, and _Whisper_ waiting._

Sir _Geo._ Nay, prithee don't be Grave, _Charles_; Misfortunes will happen: Ha, ha, ha, 'tis some Comfort to have a Companion in our Sufferings.

Char. I am only apprehensive for _Isabinda_, her Father's Humour is implacable; and how far his Jealousie may transport him to her Undoing, shocks my Soul to think.

Sir _Geo._ But since you escap'd undiscover'd by him, his Rage will quickly lash into a Calm, never fear it.

Char. But who knows what that unlucky Dog, _Marplot_, told him; nor can I imagine what brought him thither; that Fellow is ever doing Mischief; and yet, to give him his due, he never designs it. This is some Blundering Adventure, wherein he thought to shew his Friendship, as he calls it: A Curse on him.

Sir _Geo._ Then you must forgive him; what said he?

Char. Said! nay, I had more mind to cut his Throat, than hear his Excuses.

Sir _Geo._ Where is he?

Whisp. Sir, I saw him go into Sir _Francis Gripe_'s just now.

Char. Oh! then he is upon your Business, Sir _George_; a thousand to one, but he makes some Mistake there too.

Sir _Geo._ Impossible, without he huffs the Lady, and makes Love to Sir _Francis_.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Mr. _Marplot_ is below, Gentlemen, and desires to know if he may have Leave to wait upon ye.

Char. How civil the Rogue is when he has done a fault!

Sir _Geo._ Ho! Desire him to walk up. Prithee, _Charles_, throw off this Chagreen, and be good Company.

Char. Nay, hang him, I'm not angry with him. _Whisper_, fetch me Pen, Ink and Paper.

Whisp. Yes, Sir.

(_Ex. _Whisp._)

_Enter _Marplot_ . _

Char. Do but mark his sheepish Look, Sir _George_.

Marpl. Dear _Charles_, don't o'erwhelm a Man--already under insupportable Affliction. I'm sure I always intend to serve my Friends; but if my malicious Stars deny the Happiness, is the fault mine?

Sir _Geo._ Never mind him, Mr. _Marplot_, he is eat up with Spleen. But tell me, what says _Miranda?_

Marpl. Says--nay, we are all undone there too.

Char. I told you so; nothing prospers that he undertakes.

Marpl. Why can I help her having chose your Father for Better for Worse?

Char. So: There's another of Fortune's Strokes; I suppose I shall be Edg'd out of my Estate, with Twins every Year, let who will get 'em.

Sir _Geo._ What is the Woman really Possest?

Marpl. Yes with the Spirit of Contradiction, she rail'd at you most prodigiously.

Sir _Geo._ That's no ill Sign.

_Enter _Whisper_, with Pen, Ink and Paper._

Marpl. You'd say it was no good Sign, if you knew all.

Sir _Geo._ Why, prithee?

Marpl. Hark'e, Sir _George_, Let me warn you, pursue your old Haunt no more, it may be dangerous.

(Charles _sits down to write._

Sir _Geo._ My old Haunt, what d'you mean?

Marpl. Why in short then, since you will have it, _Miranda_ vows if you dare approach the Garden-Gate at Eight a Clock, as you us'd, you shall be saluted with a Blunderbuss, Sir. These were her Words; nay, she bid me tell you so too.

Sir _George_, Ha! The Garden-Gate at Eight, as I us'd to do! There must be a Meaning in this. Is there such a Gate, _Charles?_

Char. Yes, yes; it opens into the Park, I suppose her Ladyship has made many a Scamper through it.

Sir _Geo._ It must be an Assignation then. Ha, my Heart springs with Joy, 'tis a propitious Omen. My dear _Marplot_, let me embrace thee, thou art my Friend, my better Angel--

Marpl. What do you mean, Sir _George?_

Sir _Geo._ No matter what I mean. Here take a Bumper to the Garden-Gate, ye dear Rogue, you.

Marpl. You have Reason to be transported, Sir _George_; I have sav'd your Life.

Sir _Geo._ My Life! thou hast sav'd my Soul, Man. _Charles_, if thou do'st not pledge this Health, may'st thou never taste the Joys of Love.

Char. _Whisper_, be sure you take care how you deliver this (_gives him the Letter_) bring me the Answer to my Lodgings.

Whisp. I warrant you, Sir.
(_Exit._

Marpl. Whither does that Letter go?--Now dare I not ask for my Blood.

Char. Now I'm for you.

Sir _Geo._ To the Garden-Gate at the Hour of Eight, _Charles_, along, Huzza!

Char. I begin to conceive you.

Marpl. That's more than I do, Egad--to the Garden-Gate, Huzza, (_ Drinks._) But I hope you design to keep far enough off on't, Sir _George_.

Sir _Geo._ Ay, ay, never fear that; she shall see I despise her Frowns, let her use her Blunderbuss against the next Fool, she shan't reach me with the Smoak, I warrant her, Ha, ha, ha.

Marpl. Ah, _Charles_, if you cou'd receive a Disappointment thus _En Cavalier_, one shou'd have some comfort in being beat for you.

Char. The Fool comprehends nothing.

Sir _Geo._ Nor wou'd I have him; prithee take him along with thee.

Char. Enough: _Marplot_, you shall go home with me.

Marpl. I'm glad I'm well with him however. Sir _George_, yours. Egad, _Charles_, asking me to go home with him, gives me a shrewd suspicion there's more in the Garden-Gate, than I comprehend. Faith, I'll give him the drop, and away to _Guardians_, and find it out.

Sir _Geo._ I kiss both your Hands--And now for the Garden-Gate.

It's Beauty gives the Assignment there,
And Love too powerful grows t' admit of Fear.
(_Exit._

The End of the Third Act.

ACT the Fourth.

SCENE the Out-side of Sir _Jealous Traffick_'s House, _Patch_ peeping out of Door.

_Enter _Whisper_._

Whisp. Ha, Mrs. _Patch_, this is a lucky Minute, to find you so readily, my Master dies with Impatience.

Patch. My Lady imagin'd so, and by her Orders I have been scouting this hour in search of you, to inform you that Sir _Jealous_ has invited some Friends to Supper with him to Night, which gives an Opportunity to your Master to make use of his Ladder of Ropes: The Closet Window shall be open, and _Isabinda_ ready to receive him; bid him come immediately.

Whisp. Excellent, He'll not disappoint I warrant him: But hold, I have a Letter here, which I'm to carry an Answer of: I can't think what Language the Direction is.

Patch. Pho, 'tis no Language, but a Character which the Lovers invented to avert Discovery: Ha, I hear my old Master coming down Stairs, it is impossible you shou'd have an Answer; away, and bid him come himself for that--begone we are ruined if you're seen, for he has doubl'd his Care since the last Accident.

Whisp. I go, I go.
[_Exit._

Patch. There, go thou into my Pocket. [_Puts it besides, and it falls down._] Now I'll up the back Stairs, lest I meet him. Well, a dexterous Chamber-maid is the Ladies best Utensil, I say.
[_Exit._

_Enter Sir _Jealous_ with a Letter in his Hand._

Sir _Jeal._ So, this is some Comfort, this tells me that _Seignior Don Diego Babinetto_ is safely arriv'd, he shall marry my Daughter the Minute he comes, ha. What's here [_takes up the Letter _Patch_ drop'd_]

a Letter! I don't know what to make of the Superscription. I'll see what's within side, [_ opens it_] humph; 'tis _Hebrew_ I think. What can this mean. There must be some trick in it; this was certainly design'd for my Daughter, but I don't know that she can speak any Language but her Mother-Tongue. No matter for that, this may be one of Love's Hieroglyphicks, and I fancy I saw _Patch_'s Tail sweep by. That Wench may be a Slut, and instead of guarding my Honour, betray it; I'll find it out I'm resolv'd; who's there? What Answer did you bring from the Gentlemen I sent you to invite?

Serv. That they'd all wait of you, Sir, as I told you before, but I suppose you forget, Sir.

Sir _Jeal._ Did I so, Sir, but I shan't forget to break your Head, if any of 'em come, Sir.

Serv. Come, Sir, why did not you send me to desire their Company, Sir?

Sir _Jeal._ But I send you now to desire their Absence; say I have something extraordinary fallen out, which calls me abroad, contrary to Expectation, and ask their Pardon, and d'ye hear, send the Butler to me.

Serv. Yes, Sir.

[_Exit._]

_Enter _Butler_. _

Sir _Jeal._ If this Paper has a Meaning I'll find it. Lay the Cloath in my Daughter's Chamber, and bid the Cook send Supper thither presently.

Butl. Yes, Sir,--hey day, what's the Matter now?

[_Exit._]

Sir _Jeal._ He wants the Eyes of _Argus_, that has a young handsome Daughter in this Town, but my Comfort is, I shall not be troubl'd long with her. He that pretends to rule a Girl once in her Teens, had better be at Sea in a Storm, and would be in less Danger.

_For let him do, or Counsel all he can, _

_She thinks and dreams of nothing else but Man. _

[_Exit._]

SCENE _Isabinda_'s Chamber, _Isabinda_ and _Patch_.

Isab. Are you sure, no Body saw you speak to _Whisper? _

Patch. Yes, very sure Madam, but I heard Sir _Jealous_ coming down Stairs, so I clap'd this Letter into my Pocket.

(_Feels for the Letter. _

Isab. A Letter! give it me quickly.

Patch. Bless me! what's become on't--I'm sure I put it--
(_Searching still._

Isab. Is it possible, thou could'st be so Careless--Oh! I'm undone for ever if it be lost.

Patch. I must have drop'd it upon the Stairs. But why are you so much alarm'd, if the worst happens no body can read it, Madam, nor find out whom it was design'd for.

Isab. If it falls into my Father's Hands the very Figure of a Letter will produce ill Consequences. Run and look for it upon the Stairs this Moment.

Patch. Nay, I'm sure it can be no where else.-- (_As she's going out of the Door meets the Butler._) How now, what do you want?

Butl. My Master order'd me to lay the Cloth here for his Supper.

Isab. Ruin'd past Redemption--
(_Aside._

Patch. You mistake sure; what shall we do?

Isab. I thought he expected Company to Night--Oh! poor _Charles_ --Oh! unfortunate _Isabinda_.

Butl. I thought so too Madam, but I suppose he has alter'd his Mind.
(_Lays the Cloth, and Exit._

Isab. The Letter is the Cause; this heedless Action has undone me: Fly and fasten the Closet-window, which will give _Charles_ notice to retire. Ha, my Father, oh! Confusion.

_Enter Sir _Jealous_._

Sir _Jeal._ Hold, hold, _Patch_, whither are you going. I'll have no body stir out of the Room till after Supper.

Patch. Sir, I was only going to reach your easie Chair--Oh! wretched Accident!

Sir _Jeal._ I'll have no body stir out of the Room. I don't want my easie Chair.

Isab. What will be the event of this? (_Aside._

Sir _Jeal._ Hark ye Daughter, do you know this Hand?

Isab. As I suspected--Hand do you call it, Sir? 'Tis some School-boy's Scraul.

Patch. Oh! Invention, thou Chamber-maid's best Friend, assist me.
(_Aside._

Sir _Jeal._ Are you sure you don't understand it?

(_Patch._ Feels in her Bosom, and shakes her Coats. _)

Isab. Do you understand it, Sir?

Sir _Jeal._ I wish I did.

Isab. Thank Heaven you do not. (_aside_) Then I know no more of it than you do indeed, Sir.

Patch. Oh Lord, Oh Lord, what have you done, Sir? Why the Paper is mine, I drop'd it out of my Bosom.
(_Snatching it from him._

Sir _Jeal._ Ha! yours, Mistress.

Isab. What does she mean by owning it.
(_Aside._

Patch. Yes, Sir, it is.

Sir _Jeal._ What is it? Speak.

Patch. Why, Sir, it is a Charm for the Tooth-ach--I have worn it this seven Year, 'twas given me by an Angel for ought I know, when I was raving with the Pain; for no body knew from whence he came, nor whither he went, he charg'd me never to open it, lest some dire Vengeance befall me, and Heaven knows what will be the Event. Oh! cruel Misfortune that I should drop it, and you should open it--If you had not open'd it--

Isab. Excellent Wench.
(_Aside._

Sir _Jeal._ Pox of your Charms, and Whims for me, if that be all 'tis well enough; there, there, burn it, and I warrant you no Vengeance will follow.

Patch. So, all's right again thus far.
(_Aside._

Isab. I would not lose _Patch_ for the World--I'll take courage a little. (_aside_) Is this Usage for your Daughter, Sir, must my Virtue and Conduct be suspected? For every Trifle, you immure me like some dire Offender here, and deny me all Recreations which my Sex enjoy, and the Custom of the Country and Modesty allow; yet not content with that you make my Confinement more intolerable by your Mistrusts and Jealousies; wou'd I were dead, so I were free from this.

(_Weeps._

Sir _Jeal._ To morrow rids you of this tiresome Load,-- _Don Diego Babinetto_ will be here, and then my Care ends and his begins.

Isab. Is he come then! Oh how shall I avoid this hated Marriage?
(_Aside._

Enter Servants with Supper.

Sir _Jeal._ Come will you sit down?

Isab. I can't eat, Sir.

Patch. No, I dare swear he has given her Supper enough. I wish I cou'd get into the Closet--

(_Aside._

Sir _Jeal._ Well, if you can't eat, then give me a Song whilst I do.

Isab. I have such a Cold I can scarce speak, Sir, much less sing. How shall I prevent _Charles_ coming in.

(_Aside._

Sir _Jeal._ I hope you have the Use of your Fingers, Madam. Play a Tune upon your _Spinnet_, whilst your Woman sings me a Song.

Patch. I'm as much out of Tune as my Lady, if he knew all.

(_Aside._

Isab. I shall make excellent Musick. (_Sits down to play._

Patch. Really, Sir, I'm so frightened about your opening this Charm, that I can't remember one Song.

Sir _Jeal._ Pish, hang your Charm; come, come, sing any thing.

Patch. Yes, I'm likely to sing truly (_aside_) humph, humph, bless me, Sir, I cannot raise my Voice, my Heart pants so.

Sir _Jeal._ Why, what does your Heart pant so that you can't play

neither? Pray what Key are you in, ha?

Patch. Ah, wou'd the Key was turn'd of you once.
(_Aside._

Sir _Jeal._ Why don't you sing, I say!

Patch. When Madam has put her _Spinnet_ in Tune, Sir, humph, humph.--

Isab. I cannot play, Sir, whatever ails me.
(_Rising._

Sir _Jeal._ Zounds sit down, and play me a Tune, or I'll break the
Spinnet about your Ears.

Isab. What will become of me?
(_Sits down and plays._

Sir _Jeal._ Come, Mistress.
(_To _Patch

Patch. Yes, Sir.
(_Sings, but horribly out of Tune._

Sir _Jeal._ Hey, hey, why you are a top of the House, and you are down
in the Cellar. What is the meaning of this? Is it on purpose to cross
me, ha?

Patch. Pray Madam, take it a little lower, I cannot reach that
Note--nor any Note I fear.

Isab. Well, begin--Oh! _Patch_ we shall be discover'd.

Patch. I sink with the Apprehension, Madam,--humph, humph-- (_Sings_)

(_Charles_ pulls open the Closet Door._

Char. Musick and Singing
_ 'Tis thus the bright Coelestial Court above,
_ Beguiles the Hours with Musick and with Love._
Death! her Father there, (_The Women shriek_) then I must fly--
(_Exit into the Closet _

(_Sir _Jealous_ rises up hastily, seeing _Charles_ slip back into
the Closet._

Sir _Jeal._ Hell and Furies, a Man in the Closet--

Patch. Ah! a Ghost, a Ghost--he must not enter the Closet--

(Isabinda _throws her self down before the Closet-door as in
a Sound._

Sir _Jeal._ The Devil! I'll make a Ghost of him I warrant you.
(_Strives to get by._

Patch. Oh hold, Sir, have a care, you'll tread upon my Lady-- who waits
there? Bring some Water: Oh! this comes of your opening the Charm: Oh,
oh, oh, oh.
(_Weeps aloud._

Sir _Jeal._ I'll Charm you, House-wife, here lies the Charm, that
conjur'd this Fellow in I'm sure on't, come out you Rascal, do so:
Zounds take her from the Door, or I'll spurn her from it, and break your
Neck down Stairs.

Isab. Oh, oh, where am I--He's gone, I heard him leap down.
(_Aside to _Patch._

Patch. Nay, then let him enter--here, here Madam, smell to this; come
give me your Hand; come nearer to the Window, the Air will do you good.

Sir _Jeal._ I wou'd she were in her Grave. Where are you, Sirrah,
Villain, Robber of my Honour; I'll pull you out of your Nest.
(_Goes into the Closet._

Patch. You'll be mistaken, old Gentleman, the Bird is flown.

Isab. I'm glad I have 'scap'd so well. I was almost dead in earnest
with the Fright.

_Re-enter Sir _Jealous_ out of the Closet._

Sir _Jeal._ Whoever the Dog were he has escap'd out of the Window, for
the Sash is up. But tho' he is got out of my Reach, you are not: And
first Mrs. _Pandor_, with your Charms for Tooth-ach, get out of my
House, go, troop; yet hold, stay, I'll see you out of my Doors my self,
but I'll secure your Charge e'er I go.

Isab. What do you mean, Sir? Was she not a Creature of your own
providing?

Sir _Jeal._ She was of the Devil's providing for ought I know.

Patch. What have I done, Sir to merit your Displeasure?

Sir _Jeal._ I don't know which of you have done it; but you shall both
suffer for it, till I can discover whose Guilt it is: Go get in there,
I'll move you from this side of the House (_Pushes _Isabinda_ in at the

other Door, and locks it; puts the Key in his Pocket._) I'll keep the Key my self: I'll try what Ghost will get into that Room. And now forsooth I'll wait on you down Stairs.

Patch. Ah, my poor Lady--Down Stairs, Sir, but I won't go out, Sir, till I have look'd up my Cloaths.

Sir _Jeal._ If thou wer't as naked as thou wer't born, thou should'st not stay to put on a Smock. Come along, I say, when your Mistress is marry'd you shall have your Rags, and every thing that belongs to you; but till then--

(_Exit, pulling her out._

Patch. Oh! barbarous Usage for nothing.

Re-enter at the lower Door.

Sir _Jeal._ There, go, and, come no more within sight of my Habitation, these three Days, I charge you.

(_Slaps the Door after her._

Patch. Did ever any Body see such an old Monster!

_Enter _Charles_._

Patch. Oh! Mr. _Charles_ your Affairs and mine are in an ill Posture.

Char. I am immur'd to the Frowns of Fortune: But what has befall'n thee?

Patch. Sir _Jealous_, whose suspicious Nature's always on the Watch; nay, even whilst one Eye sleeps, the other keeps Sentinel: Upon sight of you, flew into such a violent Passion, that I cou'd find no Stratagem to appease him, but in spite of all Arguments, lock'd his Daughter into his own Apartment, and turn'd me out of Doors.

Char. Ha! oh, _Isabinda_.

Patch. And swears she shall neither see Sun nor Moon, till she is _Don Diego Babinetto_'s Wife, who arriv'd last Night, and is expected with impatience.

Char. He dies, yes, by all the Wrongs of Love he shall; here will I plant my self, and thro' my Breast he shall make his Passage, if he enters.

Patch. A most heroick Resolution. There might be ways found out more to your Advantage. Policy is often preferr'd to open force.

Char. I apprehend you not.

Patch. What think you of personating this _Spaniard_, imposing upon the Father, and marrying your Mistress by his own Consent.

Char. Say'st thou so my Angel! Oh cou'd that be done, my Life to come wou'd be too short to recompence thee: But how can I do that, when I neither know what Ship he came in, nor from what part of _Spain_; who recommends him, nor how attended.

Patch. I can solve all this. He is from _Madrid_, his Father's Name _Don Pedro Questo Portento Babinetto_. Here's a Letter of his to Sir _Jealous_, which he drop'd one Day; you understand _Spanish_, and the Hand may be counterfeited: You conceive me, Sir.

Char. My better Genius, thou hast reviv'd my drooping Soul: I'll about it instantly. Come to my Lodgings, and we'll concert Matters.

(_Exeunt._

SCENE a Garden Gate open, _Scentwell_ waiting within.

_Enter Sir _George Airy_._

Sir _Geo._ So, this is the Gate, and most invitingly open: If there shou'd be a Blunderbuss here now, what a dreadful Ditty wou'd my Fall make for Fools; and what a Jest for the Wits; how my Name wou'd be roar'd about Streets. Well I'll venture all.

Scentw. Hist, hist, Sir _George Airy_--
(_Enters._

Sir _Geo._ A Female Voice, thus far I'm safe, my Dear.

Scentw. No, I'm not your Dear, but I'll conduct you to her, give me your Hand; you must go thro' many a dark Passage and dirty Step before you arrive--

Sir _Geo._ I know I must before I arrive at Paradise; therefore be quick my charming Guide.

Scentw. For ought you know; come, come your Hand and away.

Sir _Geo._ Here, here Child, you can't be half so swift as my Desires.

(_Exeunt._

SCENE the House.

_Enter _Miranda_.

Miran. Well, let me reason a little with my mad self. Now don't I transgress all Rules to venture upon a Man, without the Advice of the Grave and Wise; but then a rigid knavish Guardian who wou'd have marry'd me. To whom? Even to his nauseous self, or no Body: Sir _George_ is what I have try'd in Conversation, inquir'd into his Character, am satisfied in both. Then his Love; who wou'd have given a hundred Pound only to have seen a Woman he had not infinitely loved? So I find my liking him has furnish'd me with Arguments enough of his side; and now the only Doubt remains whether he will come or no.

_Enter _Scentwell_.

Scentw. That's resolv'd, Madam, for here's the Knight.

_Exit _Scentwell.

Sir _Geo._ And do I once more behold that lovely Object, whose Idea fills my Mind, and forms my pleasing Dreams!

Miran. What beginning again in Heroicks!--Sir _George_, don't you remember how little Fruit your last Prodigal Oration produced, not one bare single Word in answer.

Sir _Geo._ Ha! the Voice of my _Incognita_--Why did you take Ten Thousand ways to captivate a Heart your Eyes alone had vanquish'd?

Miran. Prithee, no more of these Flights; for our Time's but short, and we must fall into Business: Do you think we can agree on that same terrible Bugbear, _Matrimony_, without heartily Repenting on both sides.

Sir _Geo._ It has been my wish since first my longing Eyes beheld ye.

Miran. And your happy Ears drank in the pleasing News, I had Thirty Thousand Pound.

Sir _Geo._ Unkind! Did I not offer you in those purchas'd Minutes to run the Risque of your Fortune, so you wou'd but secure that lovely Person to my Arms.

Miran. Well, if you have such Love and Tenderness, (since our Woing has been short) pray reserve it for our future Days, to let the World see we are Lovers after Wedlock; 'twill be a Novelty--

Sir _Geo._ Haste then, and let us tye the Knot, and prove the envy'd Pair--

Miran. Hold! not so fast, I have provided better than to venture on dangerous Experiments headlong--My _Guardian_, trusting to my dissembled Love, has given up my Fortune to my own dispose; but with this _Proviso_, that he to Morrow morning weds me. He is now gone to _Doctors Commons_ for a License.

Sir _Geo._ Ha, a License!

Miran. But I have planted Emissaries that infallibly take him down to _Epsom_, under pretence that a Brother Usurer of his, is to make him his Executor; the thing on Earth he covets.

Sir _Geo._ 'Tis his known Character.

Miran. Now my Instruments confirm him, this Man is dying, and he sends me word he goes this Minute; it must be to Morrow e'er he can be undeceiv'd. That time is ours.

Sir _Geo._ Let us improve it then, and settle on our coming Years, endless, endless Happiness.

Miran. I dare not stir till I hear he's on the Road--then I and my Writings, the most material point, are soon removed.

Sir _Geo._ I have one Favour to ask, if it lies in your power, you wou'd be a Friend to poor _Charles_, tho' the Son of this tenacious Man: He is as free from all his Vices, as Nature and a good Education can make him; and what now I have vanity enough to hope will induce you, he is the Man on Earth I love.

Miran. I never was his Enemy, and only put it on as it help'd my Designs on his Father. If his Uncle's Estate ought to be in his Possession, which I shrewdly suspect, I may do him a singular piece of Service.

Sir _Geo._ You are all Goodness.

_Enter _Scentwell_._

Scentw. Oh, Madam, my Master and Mr. _Marplot_ are just coming into the House.

Miran. Undone, undone! if he finds you here in this Crisis, all my Plots are unravell'd.

Sir _Geo._ What shall I do! can't I get back into the Garden?

Scentw. Oh, no! he comes up those Stairs.

Miran. Here, here, here! can you condescend to stand behind this Chimney-Board, Sir _George?_

Sir _Geo._ Any where, any where, dear Madam, without Ceremony.

Scentw. Come, come, Sir; lie close--
(_They put him behind the Chimney-Board._

_Enter Sir _Francis_ and _Marplot_ : Sir _Francis_ peeling an Orange _.

Sir _Fran._ I cou'd not go, tho' 'tis upon Life and Death, without taking leave of dear _Chargee_. Besides, this Fellow buz'd in my Ears, that thou might'st be so desperate to shoot that wild Rake which haunts the Garden-Gate; and that wou'd bring us into Trouble, dear--

Miran. So, _Marplot_ brought you back then: I am oblig'd to him for that, I'm sure--
(_Frowning at _Marplot_ aside._

Marpl. By her Looks she means she is not oblig'd to me. I have done some Mischief now, but what I can't imagine.

Sir _Fran._ Well, _Chargee_, I have had three Messengers to come to _Epsom_ to my Neighbour _Squeezum_'s who, for all his vast Riches, is departing.
(_Sighs._

Marpl. Ay, see what all you Usurers must come to.

Sir _Fran._ Peace, ye young Knave! Some Forty Years hence I may think on't--But, _Chargee_, I'll be with thee to Morrow, before those pretty Eyes are open; I will, I will, _Chargee_, I'll rouze you, I saith.--Here Mrs. _Scentwell_, lift up your Lady's Chimney-Board, that I may throw my Peel in, and not litter her Chamber.

Miran. Oh my Stars! what will become of us now?

Scentw. Oh, pray Sir, give it me; I love it above all things in Nature, indeed I do.

Sir _Fran._ No, no, Hussy; you have the Green Pip already, I'll have no more Apothecary's Bills.
(_Goes towards the Chimney._

Miran. Hold, hold, hold, dear _Gardee_, I have a, a, a, a, a Monkey shut up there; and if you open it before the Man comes that is to tame it, 'tis so wild 'twill break all my China, or get away, and that wou'd break my Heart; for I am fond on't to Distraction, next thee, dear _Gardee_.

(_ In a flattering Tone. _

Sir _Fran._ Well, well, _Chargee_, I wont open it; she shall have her Monkey, poor Rogue; here throw this Peel out of the Window.

(_Exit _Scentwell _.

Marpl. A Monkey, dear Madam, let me see it; I can tame a Monkey as well as the best of them all. Oh how I love the little Minatures of Man.

Miran. Be quiet, Mischief, and stand farther from the Chimney--You shall not see my Monkey--why sure--

(_Striving with him._

Marpl. For Heaven's sake, dear Madam, let me but peep, to see if it be as pretty as my Lady _Fiddle-Faddle_'s. Has it got a Chain?

Miran. Not yet, but I design it one shall last its Life-time: Nay, you shall not see it--Look, _Gardee_, how he teazes me!

Sir _Fran._ (_Getting between him and the Chimney._) Sirrah, Sirrah, let my _Chargee_'s Monkey alone, or _Bambo_ shall fly about your Ears. What is there no dealing with you?

Marpl. Pugh, pox of the Monkey! here's a Rout: I wish he may Rival you.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, they put two more Horses in the Coach, as you order'd, and 'tis ready at the Door.

Sir _Fran._ Well, I'm going to be Executor, better for thee, Jewel. B'ye _Chargee_, one Buss!--I'm glad thou hast got a a Monkey to divert thee a little.

Miran. Thank'e, dear _Gardee_.--Nay, I'll see you to the Coach.

Sir _Fran._ That's kind, adod.

Miran. Come along, Impertinence.

(_To _Marplot _.

Marpl. (_Stepping back._) Egad, I will see the Monkey: Now (_Lifts up the Board, and discovers Sir_ George_.) Oh Lord, Oh Lord! Thieves, Thieves, Murder!

Sir _Geo._ Dam'e, you unlucky Dog! 'tis I, which way shall I get out, shew me instantly, or I'll cut your Throat.

Marpl. Undone, undone! At that Door there. But hold, hold, break that China, and I'll bring you off.

(_He runs off at the Corner, and throws down some China._

_Re-enter Sir _Francis_, _Miranda_, and _Scentwell_. _

Sir _Fran._ Mercy on me! what's the matter?

Miran. Oh, you Toad! what have you done?

Marpl. No great harm, I beg of you to forgive me: Longing to see the Monkey, I did but just raise up the Board, and it flew over my Shoulders, scratch'd all my Face, broke yon' China, and whisk'd out of the Window.

Sir _Fran._ Was ever such an unlucky Rogue! Sirrah, I forbid you my House. Call the Servants to get the Monkey again; I wou'd stay my self to look it, but that you know my earnest Business.

Scentw. Oh my Lady will be the best to lure it back; all them Creatures love my Lady extremely.

Miran. Go, go, dear _Gardee_; I hope I shall recover it.

Sir _Fran._ B'ye, by'e, Dear'e. Ah, Mischief, how you look now! B'ye, b'ye.

(_Exit._

Miran. _Scentwell_, see him in the Coach, and bring me word.

Scentw. Yes, Madam.

Miran. So, Sir, you have done your Friend a signal piece of Service, I suppose.

Marpl. Why look you, Madam! if I have committed a fault, thank your self; no Man is more Serviceable when I am let into a Secret, nor none more Unlucky at finding it out. Who cou'd divine your Meaning, when you talk'd of a Blunderbuss, who thought of a Rendezvous? and when you talk'd of a Monkey, who the Devil dreamt of Sir _George?_

Miran. A sign you converse but little with our Sex, when you can't reconcile Contradictions.

_Enter _Scentwell_. _

Scentw. He's gone, Madam, as fast as the Coach, and Six can carry him.

_Enter Sir _George_.

Sir _Geo._ Then I may appear.

Marpl. Dear, Sir _George_, make my Peace! On my Soul, I did not think of you.

Sir _Geo._ I dare swear thou didst not. Madam, I beg you to forgive him.

Miran. Well, Sir _George_, if he can be secret.

Marpl. Ods heart, Madam, I'm as secret as a Priest when I'm trusted.

Sir _Geo._ Why 'tis with a Priest our Business is at present.

Scentw. Madam, here's Mrs. _Isabinda_'s Woman to wait on you.

Miran. Bring her up.

_Enter _Patch_.

How do'e, Mrs. _Patch_, what News from your Lady?

Patch. That's for your private Ear, Madam. Sir _George_, there's a Friend of yours has an urgent Occasion for your Assistance.

Sir _Geo._ His Name.

Patch. _Charles_.

Marpl. Ha! then there is something a-foot that I know nothing of. I'll wait on you, Sir _George_.

Sir _Geo._ A third Person may not be proper perhaps; as soon as I have dispatch'd my own Affairs, I am at his Service. I'll send my Servant to tell him, I'll wait upon him in half an Hour.

Miran. How come you employ'd in this Message, Mrs. _Patch_?

Patch. Want of Business, Madam. I am discharg'd by my Master, but hope to serve my Lady still.

Miran. How discharg'd! you must tell me the whole Story within.

Patch. With all my Heart, Madam.

Marpl. Pish! Pox, I wish I were fairly out of the House. I find Marriage is the end of this Secret: And now I am half mad to know what _Charles_ wants him for.

(_Aside._

Sir _Geo._ Madam, I'm doubly press'd, by Love and Friendship: This Exigence admits of no delay. Shall we make _Marplot_ of the Party?

Miran. If you'll run the Hazard, Sir _George_ ; I believe he means well.

Marpl. Nay, nay, for my part, I desire to be let into nothing: I'll begon, therefore pray don't mistrust me.

(_Going._

Sir _Geo._ So now has he a mind to be gone to _Charles_ : but not knowing what Affairs he may have upon his Hands at present, I'm resolv'd he sha'n't stir: No, Mr. _Marplot_ , you must not leave us, we want a third Person.

(_Takes hold of him._

Marpl. I never had more mind to be gone in my Life.

Miran. Come along then; if we fail in the Voyage, thank your self for taking this ill starr'd Gentleman on Board.

_Sir _Geo._

That Vessel ne'er can Unsuccessful prove,

Whose Freight is Beauty, and whose Pilot Love.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT the Fifth.

_Enter _Miranda_, _Patch_, and _Scentwell_._

Miran. Well, _Patch_, I have done a strange bold thing! my Fate is determin'd, and Expectation is no more. Now to avoid the Impertinence and Roguery of an old Man, I have thrown my self into the Extravagance of a young one; if he shou'd despise, slight or use me ill, there's no Remedy from a Husband, but the Grave; and that's a terrible Sanctuary to one of my Age and Constitution.

Patch. O fear not, Madam, you'll find your account in Sir _George Airy_ ; it is impossible a Man of Sense shou'd use a Woman ill, indued with Beauty, Wit and Fortune. It must be the Lady's fault, if she does not wear the unfashionable Name of Wife easie, when nothing but Complaisance and good Humour is requisite on either side to make them

happy.

Miran. I long till I am out of this House, lest any Accident shou'd bring my _Guardian_ back. _Scentwell_, put my best Jewels into the little Casket, slip them, into thy Pocket, and let us march off to Sir. _Jealous_'s.

Scentw. It shall be done, Madam.
(_Exit_ Scentwell.

Patch. Sir _George_ will be impatient, Madam; if their Plot succeeds, we shall be well receiv'd; if not, he will be able to protect us. Besides, I long to know how my young Lady fares.

Miran. Farewell, old _Mammon_, and thy detested Walls; 'twill be no more sweet Sir _Francis_, I shall be compell'd to the odious Task of Dissembling no longer to get my own, and coax him with the wheedling Names of my _Precious_, my _Dear_, dear _Gardee_. Oh Heavens!

_Enter Sir _Francis_ behind._

Sir _Fran._ Ah, my sweet _Chargee_, don't be frighted. (_She starts._) But thy poor _Gardee_ has been abused, cheated, fool'd, betray'd, but no Body knows by whom.

Miran. (_Aside._) Undone! past Redemption.

Sir _Fran._ What won't you speak to me, _Chargee!_

Miran. I'm so surpriz'd with Joy to see you, I know not what to say.

Sir _Fran._ Poor, dear Girl! But do'e know that my Son, or some such Rogue, to rob or murder me, or both, contriv'd this Journey? For upon the Road I met my Neighbour _Squeezum_ well, and coming to Town.

Miran. Good lack, good lack! what Tricks are there in this World!

_Enter _Scentwell_, with a Diamond Necklace in her Hand; not seeing Sir _Francis_._

Scentw. Madam, be pleas'd to tye this Neck-lace on; for I can't get it into the-- (_Seeing Sir _Francis_._

Miran. The Wench is a Fool, I think! cou'd you not have carry'd it to be mended, without putting it in the Box?

Sir _Fran._ What's the matter?

Miran. Only Dear'e, I bid her, I bid her--Your ill Usage has put every

thing out of my Head. But won't you go, _Gardee_, and find out these Fellows, and have them punish'd! and, and--

Sir _Fran._ Where shou'd I look them, Child? No I'll sit me down contented with my Safety, nor stir out of my own Doors, till I go with thee to a Parson.

Miran. (_Aside._) If he goes into his Closet I am ruin'd. Oh! bless me in this Fright, I had forgot Mrs. _Patch_.

Patch. Ay, Madam, and I stay for your speedy Answer.

Miran. (_Aside._) I must get him out of the House. Now assist me Fortune.

Sir _Fran._ Mrs. _Patch_, I profess I did not see you, how dost thou do, Mrs. _Patch_; well don't you repent leaving my _Chargee?_

Patch. Yes, every body must love her--but I came now--Madam, what did I come for, my Invention is at the last Ebb.

(_Aside to _Miranda_. _

Sir _Fran._ Nay, never Whisper, tell me.

Miran. She came, dear _Gardee_ to invite me to her Lady's Wedding, and you shall go with me _Gardee_, 'tis to be done this Moment to a _Spanish_ Merchant; Old Sir _Jealous_ keeps on his Humour, the first Minute he sees her, the next he marries her.

Sir _Fran._ Ha, ha, ha, I'd go if I thought the sight of Matrimony wou'd tempt _Chargee_ to perform her Promise: There was a smile, there was a consenting Look with those pretty Twinklers, worth a Million. Ods precious, I am happier than the Great _Mogul_, the Emperour of _China_, or all the Potentates that are not in Wars. Speak, confirm it, make me leap out of my Skin.

Miran. When one has resolv'd, 'tis in vain to stand shall I, shall I, if ever I marry, positively this is my Wedding Day.

Sir _Fran._ Oh! happy, happy Man--Verily I will beget a Son, the first Night shall disinherit that Dog, _Charles_. I have Estate enough to purchase a Barony, and be the immortalizing the whole Family of the Gripes.

Miran. Come then _Gardee_, give me thy Hand, let's to this House of _Hymen_.

_My Choice is fix'd, let good or ill betide, _

Sir _Fran._

The joyful Bridegroom, I

Miran.

And I the happy Bride.

(Exeunt.

_Enter Sir _Jealous_ meeting a Servant._

Serv. Sir, here's a couple of Gentlemen enquire for you; one of 'em calls himself _Signor Diego Babinetto_.

Sir _Jeal._ Ha! _Signor Babinetto!_ Admit 'em instantly--Joyful Minute; I'll have my Daughter marry'd to Night.

_Enter _Charles_ in _Spanish_ Habit, with Sir _George_ drest like a Merchant._

Sir _Jeal._ Senior, beso Las Manos vuestra merced es muy bien venido en esta tierra.

Char. Senhor, soy muy humilde, y muy obligado Cryado de vuestra merced: Mi Padre Embia a vuestra merced, los mas profundos de sus respetos; y a Commissionado este Mercadel Ingles, de concluyr un negocio, que me Haze el mas dichoso hombre del mundo, Haziendo me su yerno.

Sir _Jeal._ I am glad on't, for I find I have lost much of my _Spanish_. Sir, I am your most humble Servant. _Signor Don Diego Babinetto_ has inform'd me that you are Commission'd by _Signor Don Pedro_, &c. his worthy Father.

Sir _Geo._ To see an Affair of Marriage Consummated between a Daughter of yours, and _Signor Diego Babinetto_ his Son here. True, Sir, such a Trust is repos'd in me as that Letter will inform you. I hope 'twill pass upon him.

(_Aside._)

(_Gives him a Letter._

Sir _Jeal._ Ay, 'tis his Hand.

(_Seems to read._

Sir _Geo._ Good ---- you have counterfeited to a Nicety, _Charles._

(_Aside to _Charles_. _

Char. If the whole Plot succeeds as well, I'm happy.

Sir _Jeal._ Sir I find by this, that you are a Man of Honour and

Probity; I think, Sir, he calls you _Meanwell_.

Sir _Geo._ _Meanwell_ is my Name, Sir.

Sir _Jeal._ A very good Name, and very Significant.

Char. Yes, Faith if he knew all.

(_Aside._

Sir _Jeal._ For to Mean-well is to be honest, and to be honest is the Virtue of a Friend, and a Friend is the Delight and Support of Human Society.

Sir _Geo._ You shall find that I'll Discharge the part of a Friend in what I have undertaken, Sir _Jealous_.

Char. But little does he think to whom.

(_Aside._

Sir _Geo._ Therefore, Sir, I must intreat the Presence of your fair Daughter, and the Assistance of your Chaplain; for _Signor Don Pedro_ strictly enjoyn'd me to see the Marriage Rites perform'd as soon as we should arrive, to avoid the Accidental Overtures of _Venus_.

Sir _Jeal._ Overtures of _Venus!_

Sir _Geo._ Ay, Sir, that is, those little Hawking Females that traverse the Park, and the Play-house to put off their damag'd Ware--they fasten upon Foreigners like Leeches, and watch their Arrival as carefully, as the _Kentish_ Men do a Ship-wreck. I warrant you they have heard of him already.

Sir _Jeal._ Nay, I know this Town swarms with them.

Sir _Geo._ Ay, and then you know the _Spaniards_ are naturally Amorous, but very Constant, the first Face fixes 'em, and it may be dangerous to let him ramble e'er he is tied.

Char. Well hinted.

(_Aside._

Sir _Jeal._ Pat to my Purpose--Well, Sir, there is but one thing more, and they shall be married instantly.

Char. Pray Heaven, that one thing more don't spoil all.

(_Aside._

Sir _Jeal._ _Don Pedro_ writ me Word in his last but one, that he design'd the Sum of Five Thousand Crowns by way of Joynture for my

Daughter; and that it shou'd be paid into my Hand upon the Day of Marriage.

Char. Oh! the Devil.
(_Aside._

Sir _Jeal._ In order to lodge it in some of our Funds, in case she should become a Widow, and return for _England_.

Sir _Geo._ Pox on't, this is an unlucky Turn. What shall I say?
(_Aside._

Sir _Jeal._ And he does not mention one Word of it in this Letter.

Char. I don't know how he should.
(_Aside._

Sir _Geo._ Humph! True, Sir _Jealous_, he told me such a Thing, but, but, but--he, he, he, he--he did not imagine that you would insist upon the very Day, for, for, for, for Money you know is dangerous returning by Sea, an, an, an, an--

Char. Zounds, say we have brought it in Commodities.
(_Aside to Sir_ George.

Sir _Geo._ And so Sir, he has sent it in Merchandize, _Tobacco_, _Sugars_, _Spices_, _Limons_, and so forth, which shall be turn'd into Money with all Expedition: In the mean time, Sir, if you please to accept of my Bond for Performance.

Sir _Jeal._ It is enough, Sir, I am so pleas'd with the Countenance of _Seignor Diego_, and the Harmony of your Name, that I'll take your Word, and will fetch my Daughter this Moment. Within there (_Enter Servant_) desire Mr. _Tackum_ my Neighbour's Chaplain to walk hither.

Serv. Yes, Sir.
(_Exit._

Sir _Jeal._ Gentlemen, I'll return in an Instant.
(_Exit._

Char. Wondrous well. Let me embrace thee.

Sir _Geo._ Egad that 5000 _l._ had like to have ruin'd the Plot.

Char. But that's over! And if Fortune throws no more Rubs in our way.

Sir _Geo._ Thou'lt carry the Prize--but hist, here he comes.

_Enter Sir _ Jealous_, dragging in _Isabinda_. _

Sir _Jeal._ Come along, you stubborn Baggage you, come along.

Isab.

Oh hear me, Sir! hear me but speak one Word,
Do not destroy my everlasting Peace;
My Soul abhors this _Spaniard_ you have chose
Nor can I wed him without being curst.

Sir _Jeal._ How's that!

Isab.

Let this Posture move your tender Nature. (_Kneels._
For ever will I hang upon these Knees;
Nor loose my Hands till you cut off my hold,
If you refuse to hear me, Sir.

Char. Oh! that I cou'd discover my self to her.

(_Aside_

Sir _Geo._ Have a care what you do. You had better trust to his
Obstinacy.

(_Aside_

Sir _Jeal._ Did you ever see such a perverse Slut: Off I say Mr.
Meanwell pray help me a little.

Sir _Geo._ Rise, Madam, and do not disoblige your Father, who has
provided a Husband worthy of you, one that will Love you equal with his
Soul, and one that you will Love, when once you know him.

Isab. Oh! never, never. Cou'd I suspect that Falshood in my Heart, I
wou'd this Moment tear it from my Breast, and streight present him with
the Treacherous Part.

Char. Oh! my charming faithful Dear.

(_Aside._

Sir _Jeal._ Falshood! why, who the Devil are you in Love with? Ha! Don't
provoke me, for by St. _Jago_ I shall beat you, Housewife.

Char. Heaven forbid; for I shall infallibly discover my self if he
should.

(_Aside._

Sir _Geo._ Have Patience, Madam! and look at him: Why will you
prepossess your self against a Man that is Master of all the Charms you
would desire in a Husband?

Sir _Jeal._ Ay, look at him, _Isabinda_, _Senior pase vind adelante._

Char. My Heart bleeds to see her grieve, whom I imagin'd would with Joy receive me. _Seniora oblique me vuestra merced de sumano._

Sir _Jeal._ (_Pulling up her Head._) Hold up your Head, hold up your Head, Housewife, and look at him: Is there a properer, handsomer, better shap'd Fellow in _England_, ye Jade you. Ha! see, see the obstinate Baggage shuts her Eyes; by St. _Jago_, I have a good Mind to beat 'em out.

(_Pushes her down._

Isab.

Do then, Sir, kill me, kill me instantly.
'Tis much the kinder Action of the Two,
For 'twill be worse than Death to wed him.

Sir _Geo._ Sir _Jealous_, you are too passionate. Give me leave, I'll try by gentle Words to work her to your Purpose.

Sir _Jeal._ I pray do, Mr. _Meanwell_, I pray do; she'll break my Heart. (_weeps_) There is in that, Jewels of the Value of 3000 _l._ which were her Mother's; and a Paper wherein I have settled one half of my Estate upon her now, and the whole when I dye. But provided she marries this Gentleman, else by St. _Jago_, I'll turn her out of Doors to beg or starve. Tell her this, Mr. _Meanwell_, pray do.

(_Walks off._

Sir _Geo._ Ha! this is beyond Expectation--Trust to me, Sir, I'll lay the dangerous Consequence of disobeying you at this Juncture before her, I warrant you.

Char. A sudden Joy runs thro' my Heart like a propitious Omen.
(_Aside._

Sir _Geo._ Come, Madam, do not blindly cast your Life away just in the Moment you would wish to have it.

Isab. Pray cease your Trouble, Sir, I have no Wish but sudden Death to free me from this hated _Spaniard_. If you are his Friend inform him what I say; my Heart is given to another Youth, whom I love with the same strength of Passion that I hate this _Diego_; with whom, if I am forc'd to wed, my own Hand shall cut the Gordian Knot.

Sir _Geo._ Suppose this _Spaniard_ which you strive to shun should be the very Man to whom you'd flye?

Isab. Ha!

Sir _Geo._ Would you not blame your rash Result, and curse those Eyes
that would not look on _Charles_.

Isab. On _Charles!_ Oh you have inspir'd new Life, and collected every
wandering Sense. Where is he? Oh! let me flye into his Arms.

(_Rises._

Sir _Geo._ Hold, hold, hold, 'Zdeath, Madam, you'll ruin all, your
Father believes him to be _Signor Barbinetto_. Compose your self a
little, pray Madam.

(_He runs to Sir _Jealous_. _

Char. Her Eyes declare she knows me.

(_Aside._

Sir _Geo._ She begins to hear Reason, Sir, the fear of being turn'd out
of Doors has done it.

(_Runs back to _Isabinda.

Isab. 'Tis he, oh! my ravish'd Soul.

Sir _Geo._ Take heed, Madam, you don't betray your self. Seem with
Reluctance to consent, or you are undone, (_runs to Sir _Jealous_. _)
speak gently to her, Sir, I'm sure she'll yield, I see it in her Face.

Sir _Jeal._ Well, _Isabinda_, can you refuse to bless a Father, whose
only Care is to make you happy, as Mr. _Meanwell_ has inform'd you.
Come, wipe thy Eyes; nay, prithee do, or thou wilt break thy Father's
Heart; see thou bring'st the Tears in mine to think of thy undutiful
Carriage to me.

(_Weeps._

Isab. Oh! do not weep, Sir, your Tears are like a Ponyard to my Soul;
do with me what you please, I am all Obedience.

Sir _Jeal._ Ha! then thou art my Child agen.

Sir _Geo._ 'Tis done, and now Friend the Day's thy own.

Char. The happiest of my Life, if nothing Intervene.

Sir _Jeal._ And wilt thou love him?

Isab. I will endeavour it, Sir.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, Here is Mr. _Tackum_.

Sir _Jeal._ Show him into the Parlour-- _Senior tome vind sueipora; cete
Momenta les Junta les Manos._
(_Gives her to _Charles.

Char. Oh! transport-- _Senior yo la recibo Como se deve un Tesoro tan
Grande._ Oh! my Joy, my Life, my Soul.
(_Embrace._

Isab. My Faithful everlasting Comfort.

Sir _Jeal._ Now, Mr. _Meanwell_ let's to the Parson,
Who, by his Art will join this Pair for Life,
Make me the happiest Father, her the happiest Wife.
(_Exit._

SCENE Changes to the Street before Sir _Jealous_'s Door.

_Enter _Marplot_, Solus._

Marpl. I have hunted all over the Town for _Charles_, but can't find
him; and by _Whisper_'s scouting at the End of the Street, I suspect he
must be in this House again. I'm inform'd too that he has borrow'd a
Spanish Habit out of the _Play-house_. What can it mean?

_Enter a Servant of Sir _Jealous_'s to him, out of the House._

Hark'e, Sir, do you belong to this House?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Marpl. Pray can you tell if there be a Gentleman in it in _Spanish_
Habit?

Serv. There is a _Spanish_ Gentleman within, that is just a going to
marry my young Lady, Sir.

Marpl. Are you sure he is a _Spanish_ Gentleman?

Serv. I'm sure he speaks no _English_, that I hear of.

Marpl. Then that can't be him I want; for 'tis an _English_ Gentleman,
tho' I suppose he may be dress'd like a _Spaniard_, that I enquire
after.

Serv. Ha! who knows but this may be an Impostor? I'll inform my
Master; for if he shou'd be impos'd upon, he'll beat us all round.
(_Aside._) Pray, come in, Sir, and see if this be the Person you enquire

for.

SCENE Changes to the Inside the House.

_Enter _Marplot _.

Marpl. So, this was a good Contrivance: If this be _Charles_, now will he wonder how I found him out.

_Enter Servant and _Jealous _.

Sir _Jeal._ What is your earnest Business, Blockhead, that you must speak with me before the Ceremony's past? Ha! who's this?

Serv. Why this Gentleman, Sir, wants another Gentleman in _Spanish_ Habit, he says.

Sir _Jeal._ In _Spanish_ Habit! 'tis some Friend of Seignior _Don Diego_'s, I warrant. Sir, I suppose you would speak with Seignior _Barbinetto_ --

Marpl. Hy-day! what the Devil does he say now!--Sir, I don't understand you.

Sir _Jeal._ Don't you understand _Spanish_, Sir?

Marpl. Not I indeed, Sir.

Sir _Jeal._ I thought you had known Seignior _Barbinetto_.

Marpl. Not I, upon my word, Sir.

Sir _Jeal._ What then you'd speak with his Friend, the _English_ Merchant, Mr. _Meanwell_.

Marpl. Neither, Sir; not I.

Sir _Jeal._ Why who are you then, Sir? and what do you want?
(_In an angry Tone._

Marpl. Nay, nothing at all, not I, Sir. Pox on him! I wish I were out, he begins to exalt his Voice, I shall be beaten agen.

Sir _Jeal._ Nothing at all, Sir! Why then what Business have you in my House? ha?

Serv. You said you wanted a Gentleman in _Spanish_ Habit.

Marpl. Why ay, but his Name is neither _Barbinetto_ nor _Meanwell_.

Sir _Jeal._ What is his Name then, Sirrah, ha? Now I look at you agen, I believe you are the Rogue threaten'd me with half a Dozen
Mirmidons--Speak, Sir, who is it you look for? or, or--

Marpl. A terrible old Dog!--Why, Sir, only an honest young Fellow of my Acquaintance--I thought that here might be a Ball, and that he might have been here in a Masquerade; 'tis _Charles_, Sir _Francis Gripe_'s Son, because I know he us'd to come hither sometimes.

Sir _Jeal._ Did he so?--Not that I know of, I'm sure. Pray Heaven that this be Don _Diego_--If I shou'd be trick'd now--Ha! my Heart misgives me plaguily--within there! stop the Marriage--Run, Sirrah, call all my Servants! I'll be satisfy'd that this is Seignior _Pedro_'s Son e're he has my Daughter.

Marpl. Ha, Sir _George_, what have I done now ?

_Enter Sir _George_ with a drawn Sword between the Scenes._

Sir _Geo._ Ha! _Marplot_, here--Oh the unlucky Dog--what's the matter, Sir _Jealous?_

Sir _Jeal._ Nay, I don't know the matter, Mr. _Meanwell_.

Marpl. Upon my Soul, Sir _George_--
(_Going up to Sir _Geo._)

Sir _Jeal._ Nay then, I'm betray'd, ruin'd, undone: Thieves, Traytors, Rogues! (_Offers to go in._) Stop the Marriage, I say--

Sir _Geo._ I say, go on Mr. _Tackum_--Nay, no Ent'ring here, I guard this Passage, old Gentleman; the Act and Deed were both your own, and I'll see 'em sign'd, or die for't.

Enter Servants.

Sir _Jeal._ A pox on the Act and Deed!--Fall on, knock him down.

Sir _Geo._ Ay, come on, Scoundrils! I'll prick your Jackets for you.

Sir _Jeal._ Z'ounds, Sirrah, I'll be Reveng'd on you.
(_Beats _Marplot_.)

Sir _Geo._ Ay, there your Vengeance is due; Ha, ha.

Marpl. Why, what do you beat me for? I ha'nt marry'd your Daughter.

Sir _Jeal._ Rascals! why don't you knock him down?

Serv. We are afraid of his Sword, Sir; if you'll take that from him, we'll knock him down presently.

_Enter _Charles_ and _Isabinda_. _

Sir _Jeal._ Seize her then.

Char. Rascals, retire; she's my Wife, touch her if you dare, I'll make Dogs meat of you.

Sir _Jeal._ Ah! downright _English_ :--Oh, oh, oh, oh!

_Enter Sir _Francis Gripe_, _Mirand_, _Patch_, _Scentwell_,
and _Whisper_. _

Sir _Fran._ Into the House of Joy we Enter without knocking: Ha! I think 'tis the House of Sorrow, Sir _Jealous_.

Sir _Jeal._ Oh Sir _Francis!_ are you come? What was this your Contrivance, to abuse, trick, and chouse me of my Child!

Sir _Fran._ My Contrivance! what do you mean?

Sir _Jeal._ No, you don't know your Son there in _Spanish_ Habit.

Sir _Fran._ How! my Son in _Spanish_ Habit. Sirrah, you'll come to be hang'd; get out of my sight, ye Dog! get out of my sight.

Sir _Jeal._ Get out of your sight, Sir! Get out with your Bags; let's see what you'll give him now to maintain my Daughter on.

Sir _Fran._ Give him! He shall be never the better for a Penny of mine--and you might have look'd after your Daughter better, Sir _Jealous_. Trick'd, quotha! Egad, I think you design'd to trick me: But look ye, Gentlemen, I believe I shall trick you both. This Lady is my Wife, do you see? And my Estate shall descend only to the Heirs of her Body.

Sir _Geo._ Lawfully begotten by me--I shall be extremely oblig'd to you, Sir _Francis_.

Sir _Fran._ Ha, ha, ha, ha, poor Sir _George!_ You see your Project was of no use. Does not your Hundred Pound stick in your Stomach? Ha, ha, ha.

Sir _Geo._ No faith, Sir _Francis_, this Lady has given me a Cordial for that.

(_Takes her by the Hand._

Sir _Fran._ Hold, Sir, you have nothing to say to this Lady.

Sir _Geo._ Nor you nothing to do with my Wife, Sir.

Sir _Fran._ Wife, Sir!

Miran. Ay really, _Guardian_, 'tis even so. I hope you'll forgive my first Offence.

Sir _Fran._ What have you chous'd me out of my Consent, and your Writings then, Mistress, ha?

Miran. Out of nothing but my own, _Guardian_.

Sir _Jeal._ Ha, ha, ha, 'tis some Comfort at least to see you are over-reach'd as well as my self. Will you settle your Estate upon your Son now?

Sir _Fran._ He shall starve first.

Miran. That I have taken care to prevent. There, Sir, is the Writings of your Uncle's _Estate_, which has been your due these three Years.

(_Gives _Char._ Papers._

Char. I shall study to deserve this Favour.

Sir _Fran._ What have you robb'd me too, Mistress! Egad I'll make you restore 'em.--Huswife, I will so.

Sir _Jeal._ Take care I don't make you pay the Arrears, Sir. 'Tis well it's no worse, since 'tis no better. Come, young Man, seeing thou hast out-witted me, take her, and Bless you both.

Char. I hope, Sir, you'll bestow your Blessing too, 'tis all I'll ask.

(_Kneels._

Sir _Fran._ Confound you all!

(_Exit._

Marpl. Mercy upon us! how he looks!

Sir _Geo._ Ha, ha, ne'er mind his Curses, _Charles_; thou'lt thrive not one jot the worse for 'em. Since this Gentleman is reconcil'd, we are all made happy.

Sir _Jeal._ I always lov'd Precaution, and took care to avoid Dangers. But when a thing was past, I ever had Philosophy to be easie.

Char. Which is the true sign of a great Soul: I lov'd your Daughter, and she me, and you shall have no reason to repent her Choice.

Isab. You will not blame me, Sir, for loving my own Country best.

Marpl. So here's every Body happy, I find, but poor _Pilgarlick_. I wonder what Satisfaction I shall have, for being cuff'd, kick'd, and beaten in your Service.

Sir _Jeal._ I have been a little too familiar with you, as things are fallen out; but since there's no help for't, you must forgive me.

Marpl. Egad I think so--But provided that you be not so familiar for the future.

Sir _Geo._ Thou hast been an unlucky Rogue.

Marpl. But very honest.

Char. That I'll vouch for; and freely forgive thee.

Sir _Geo._ And I'll do you one piece of Service more, _Marplot_, I'll take care that Sir _Francis_ make you Master of your Estate.

Marpl. That will make me as happy as any of you.

Patch. Your humble Servant begs leave to remind you, Madam.

Isab. Sir, I hope you'll give me leave to take _Patch_ into favour again.

Sir _Jeal._ Nay, let your Husband look to that, I have done with my Care.

Char. Her own Liberty shall always oblige me. Here's no Body but honest _Whisper_ and Mrs. _Scentwell_ to be provided for now. It shall be left to their Choice to Marry, or keep their Services.

Whisp. Nay then, I'll stick to my Master.

Scentw. Coxcomb! and I prefer my Lady before a Footman.

Sir _Jeal._ Hark, I hear Musick, the Fidlers smell a Wedding. What say you, young Fellows, will ye have a Dance?

Sir _Geo._ With all my Heart; call'em in.

A DANCE.

Sir _Jeal._ Now let us in and refresh our selves with a chearful Glass,
in which we'll bury all Animosities: And

_By my Example let all Parents move,
And never strive to cross their Childrens Love;
But still submit that Care to Providence above._

FINIS

PYGMALION AND GALATEA:

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Original Plays*, by W. S. (William Schwenck)
Gilbert

An Original Mythological Comedy,

IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PYGMALION, _an Athenian Sculptor_	MR. KENDAL.
LEUCIPPE, _a Soldier_	MR. HOWE.
CHRYPOS, _an Art Patron_	MR. BUCKSTONE.
AGESIMOS, _Chrypos's Slave_	MR. BRAID.
MIMOS, _Pygmalion's Slave_	MR. WEATHERSBY.
GALATEA, _an Animated Statue_	MISS M. ROBERTSON.
CYNISCA, _Pygmalion's Wife_	MISS CAROLINE HILL.
DAPHNE, _Chrypos's Wife_	MRS. CHIPPENDALE.
MYRINE, _Pygmalion's Sister_	MISS MERTON.

SCENE: PYGMALION'S STUDIO.

** _The action is comprised within the space of twenty-four hours._

PYGMALION AND GALATEA.

ACT I.

SCENE: PYGMALION'S STUDIO.

[_Several classical statues are placed about the room; at the

back a temple or cabinet containing a statue of GALATEA,
before which curtains are drawn concealing the statue from the
audience._]

[_ MIMOS, a slave, is discovered at work on a half finished
statue. To him enters AGESIMOS._]

Ages. (_ haughtily _). Good day. Is this Pygmalion's studio?

Mim. (_ bowing _). It is.

Ages. Are you Pygmalion?

Mim. Oh, no;
I am his slave.

Ages. And has Pygmalion slaves!
A sculptor with a slave to wait on him:
A slave to fetch and carry--come and go--
And p'raps a whip to thrash him if he don't!
What's the world coming to?

Mim. What is your will?

Ages. This: Chrysos will receive Pygmalion
At half-past three to-day; so bid him come.

Mim. And are you Chrysos, sir?

Ages. (_ disconcerted _). Well, no I'm not.
That is, not altogether: I'm, in fact,
His slave.

Mim. (_ relieved _). His slave!

Ages. (_ very proudly _). My name's Agesimos!

Mim. And has Agesimos a master then,
To bid him fetch and carry--come and go--
And wield a whip to thrash him if he don't?
What's the world coming to!

Ages. Poor purblind fool!
I'd sooner tie the sandals of my lord,
Than own five hundred thousand such as you.
Whip! why Agesimos would rather far
Be whipped by Chrysos seven times a day,
Than whip you hence to the Acropolis;
What say you now?

Mim. Why, that upon one point
Agesimos and I are quite agreed.
And who is Chrysos?

Ages. Hear the slave, ye gods!
He knows not Chrysos!

Mim. Verily, not I.

Ages. He is the chiefest man in Athens, sir;
The father of the arts--a nobleman
Of princely liberality and taste,
On whom five hundred starved Pygmalions
May batten if they will.

Enter PYGMALION.

Pyg. Who is this man?

Ages. I'm Chrysos's slave--my name's Agesimos.
Chrysos has heard of you: he understands
That you have talent, and he condescends
To bid you call on him. But take good care
How you offend him: he can make or mar.

Pyg. Your master's slave reflects his insolence!
Tell him from me that, though I'm poor enough,
I am an artist and a gentleman.
He should not reckon Art among his slaves:
She rules the world--so let him wait on her.

Ages. This is a sculptor!

Pyg. (_furiously_). And an angry one!
Begone, and take my message to your lord. [_Exit AGESIMOS._
Insolent Hound!

Enter CYNISCA.

Cyn. Pygmalion, what's amiss?

Pyg. Chrysos has sent his slave to render me
The customary tribute paid by wealth
To mere intelligence.

Cyn. Pygmalion!
Brooding on the chartered insolence
Of a mere slave! Dismiss the thought at once.

Come, take thy chisel; thou hast work to do
Ere thy wife-model takes her leave to-day;
In half-an-hour I must be on the road
To Athens. Half-an-hour remains to thee--
Come--make the most of it--I'll pose myself;
Say--will that do?

Pyg. I can not work to-day.
My hand's uncertain--I must rest awhile.

Cyn. Then rest and gaze upon thy masterpiece,
'Twill reconcile thee to thyself--Behold!
(_Draws curtain and discovers statue of GALATEA. _)

Pyg. Yes--for in gazing on my handiwork,
I gaze on heaven's handiwork--thyself!

Cyn. And yet, although it be thy masterpiece,
It has the fault thy patrons find with all
Thy many statues.

Pyg. What then do they say?

Cyn. They say Pygmalion's statues have one head--
That head, Cynisca's.

Pyg. So then it's a fault
To reproduce an hundred thousand fold,
For the advantage of mankind at large,
The happiness the gods have given me!
Well, when I find a fairer head than thine
I'll give my patrons some variety.

Cyn. I would not have thee find another head
That seemed as fair to thee for all the world!
We'll have no stranger models if you please,
I'll be your model, sir, as heretofore,
So reproduce me at your will; and yet
It were sheer vanity in me to think
That this fair stone recalls Cynisca's face!

Pyg. Cynisca's face in every line!

Cyn. No, no!
Those outlines softened, angles smoothed away,
The eyebrows arched, the head more truly poised,
The forehead ten years smoother than mine own,
Tell rather of Cynisca as she was
When, in the silent groves of Artemis,

Pygmalion told his love ten years ago:
And then the placid brow, the sweet sad lips,
The gentle head down-bent resignedly,
Proclaim that this is not Pygmalion's wife,
Who laughs and frowns, but knows no meed between.
I am no longer as that statue is! (_Closes curtains._)

Pyg. Why here's ingratitude, to slander Time,
Who in his hurried course has passed thee by!
Or is it that Cynisca won't allow
That Time _could_ pass her by, and never pause
To print a kiss upon so fair a face?

Enter MYRINE.

Myr. Pygmalion; I have news.

Pyg. My sister, speak.

Myr. (_bashfully_). Send Mimos hence.

Pyg. (_signs to MIMOS_). Now we are quite alone.

Myr. Leucippe--

Cyn. Well!

Myr. (_to Pyg._) He was thy schoolfellow,
And thou and he are brothers save in blood;
He loves my brother as a brother.

Pyg. Yes,
I'm sure of that; but is that all thy news?
There's more to come!

Myr. (_bashfully_). He loves thy sister too.

Pyg. Why this is news, Myrine--kiss me girl.
I'm more than happy at thy happiness,
There is no better fellow in the world!

Cyn. But tell us all about it, dear. How came
The awkward, bashful, burly warrior,
To nerve himself to this confession?

LEUCIPPE appears at door.

Myr. Why--
He's here--and he shall tell thee how it was.

Leuc. In truth I hardly know! I'm new at it;
I'm but a soldier. Could I fight my way
Into a maiden's heart, why well and good;
I'd get there, somehow. But to talk and sigh,
And whisper pretty things--I can't do that!
I tried it, but I stammered, blushed, and failed.
Myrine laughed at me--but, bless her heart,
She knew my meaning, and she pulled me through!

Myr. I don't know how, Pygmalion, but I did.
He stammered, as he tells you, and I laughed;
And then I felt so sorry, when I saw
The great, big, brave Leucippe look so like
A beaten schoolboy--that I think I cried.
And then--I quite forget what happened next,
Till, by some means, we, who had always been
So cold and formal, distant and polite,
Found ourselves--

Leuc. Each upon the other's neck!
You are not angry? (offering his hand).

Pyg. (_taking it_). Angry? overjoyed!
I wish I had been there, unseen, to see;
No sight could give me greater happiness!

Leuc. What! say you so? Why then, Myrine, girl,
We'll reproduce it for his benefit. (They embrace.)
See here, Pygmalion, here's a group for thee!
Come, fetch thy clay, and set to work on it,
I'll promise thee thy models will not tire!

Cyn. How now, Leucippe, where's the schoolboy blush
That used to coat thy face at sight of her?

Leuc. The coating was but thin, we've rubbed it off!
(Kisses MYRINE.)

Pyg. Take care of him, Myrine; thou hast not
The safeguard that protects her. (Indicating CYNISCA.)

Myr. What is that?

Cyn. It's a strange story. Many years ago
I was a holy nymph of Artemis,
Pledged to eternal maidenhood!

Leuc. Indeed!

Myr. How terrible!

Cyn. It seemed not so to me;
For weeks and weeks I pondered steadfastly
Upon the nature of that serious step
Before I took it--lay awake at night,
Looking upon it from this point and that,
And I at length determined that the vow,
Which to Myrine seems so terrible,
Was one that I, at all events, could keep.

Myr. How old wast thou, Cynisca?

Cyn. I was ten!
Well--in due course, I reached eleven, still
I saw no reason to regret the step;
Twelve--thirteen--fourteen saw me still unchanged;
At fifteen, it occurred to me one day
That marriage was a necessary ill,
Inflicted by the gods to punish us,
And to evade it were impiety;
At sixteen the idea became more fixed;
At seventeen I was convinced of it!

Pyg. In the mean time she'd seen Pygmalion.

Myr. And you confided all your doubts to him?

Cyn. I did, and he indorsed them--so we laid
The case before my mistress Artemis;
No need to tell the arguments we used,
Suffice it that they brought about our end.
And Artemis, her icy steadfastness
Thawed by the ardor of Cynisca's prayers,
Replied, "Go, girl, and wed Pygmalion;
"But mark my words, whichever one of you,
"Or he or she, shall falsify the vow
"Of perfect conjugal fidelity--
"The wronged one, he or she, shall have the power
"To call down _blindness_ on the backslider,
"And sightless shall the truant mate remain
"Until expressly pardoned by the other."

Leuc. It's fortunate such powers as thine are not
In universal use; for if they were,
One-half the husbands and one-half the wives
Would be as blind as night; the other half,
Having their eyes, would use them--on each other!

MIMOS enters, and gives PYGMALION a scroll, which he reads.

Myr. But then, the power of calling down this doom
Remains with thee. Thou wouldst not burden him
With such a curse as utter sightlessness,
However grievously he might offend?

Cyn. I love Pygmalion for his faithfulness;
The act that robs him of that quality
Will rob him of the love that springs from it.

Myr. But sightlessness--it is so terrible!

Cyn. And faithlessness--it is so terrible!
I take my temper from Pygmalion;
While he is god-like--he's a god to me,
And should he turn to devil, I'll turn with him;
I know no half-moods, I am love or hate!

Myr. (_ to LEUC._) What do you say to that?

Leuc. Why, on the whole
I'm glad you're not a nymph of Artemis!
[_Exeunt MYRINE and LEUCIPPE._]

Pyg. I've brought him to his senses. Presently
My patron Chrysos will be here to earn
Some thousand drachmas.

Cyn. How, my love, to earn?
He is a man of unexampled wealth,
And follows no profession.

Pyg. Yes, he does;
He is a patron of the Arts, and makes
A handsome income by his patronage.

Cyn. How so?

Pyg. He is an ignorant buffoon,
But purses hold a higher rank than brains,
And he is rich; wherever Chrysos buys,
The world of smaller fools comes following,
And men are glad to sell their work to him
At half its proper price, that they may say,
"Chrysos has purchased handiwork of ours."
He is a fashion, and he knows it well
In buying sculpture; he appraises it

As he'd appraise a master-mason's work--
So much for marble, and so much for time,
So much for working tools--but still he buys,
And so he is a patron of the Arts!

Cyn. To think that heaven-born Art should be the slave
Of such as he!

Pyg. Well, wealth is heaven-born too.
I work for wealth.

Cyn. Thou workest, love, for fame.

Pyg. And fame brings wealth. The thought's contemptible,
But I can do no more than work for wealth.

Cyn. Such words from one whose noble work it is
To call the senseless marble into life!

Pyg. Life! Dost thou call that life?
(_ Indicating statue of GALATEA. _)

Cyn. It all but breathes!

Pyg. (_ bitterly _). It all but breathes--therefore it talks aloud!
It all but moves--therefore it walks and runs!
It all but lives, and therefore it is life!
No, no, my love, the thing is cold, dull stone,
Shaped to a certain form, but still dull stone,
The lifeless, senseless mockery of life.
The gods make life: I can make only death!
Why, my Cynisca, though I stand so well,
The merest cut-throat, when he plies his trade,
Makes better death than I, with all my skill!

Cyn. Hush, my Pygmalion! the gods are good,
And they have made thee nearer unto them
Than other men; this is ingratitude!

Pyg. Not so; has not a monarch's second son
More cause for anger that he lacks a throne
Than he whose lot is cast in slavery?

Cyn. Not much more cause, perhaps, but more excuse.
Now I must go.

Pyg. So soon, and for so long!

Cyn. One day, 'twill quickly pass away!

Pyg. With those
Who measure time by almanacs, no doubt,
But not with him who knows no days save those
Born of the sunlight of Cynisca's eyes;
It will be night with me till she returns.

Cyn. Then sleep it through, Pygmalion! But stay,
Thou shalt _not_ pass the weary hours alone;
Now mark thou this--while I'm away from thee,
There stands my only representative. (_Indicating GALATEA._)
She is my proxy, and I charge you, sir,
Be faithful unto her as unto me;
Into her quietly attentive ear
Pour all thy treasures of hyperbole,
And give thy nimble tongue full license, lest
Disuse should rust its glib machinery;
If thoughts of love should haply crowd on thee,
There stands my other self; tell them to her;
She'll listen well. (He makes a movement of impatience.)

Nay, that's ungenerous,
For she is I, yet lovelier than I,
And hath no temper, sir, and hath no tongue!
Thou hast thy license, make good use of it.
Already I'm half jealous--(_draws curtains_) There, it's gone.
The thing is but a statue after all,
And I am safe in leaving thee with her;
Farewell, Pygmalion, till I return. (Kisses him, and exit.)

Pyg. "The thing is but a statue after all!"
Cynisca little thought that in those words
She touched the key-note of my discontent--
True, I have powers denied to other men;
Give me a block of senseless marble--Well,
I'm a magician, and it rests with me
To say what kernel lies within its shell;
It shall contain a man, a woman--child--
A dozen men and women if I will.
So far the gods and I run neck and neck;
Nay, so far I can beat them at their trade!
I am no bungler--all the men _I_ make
Are straight-limbed fellows, each magnificent
In the perfection of his manly grace:
I make no crook-backs--all my men are gods,
My women goddesses--in outward form.
But there's my tether! I can go so far,
And go no farther! At that point I stop,
To curse the bonds that hold me sternly back:
To curse the arrogance of those proud gods,

Who say, "Thou shalt be greatest among men,
"And yet infinitesimally small!"

Galatea. Pygmalion!

Pyg. Who called?

Gal. Pygmalion!

[_PYG. tears away curtain and discovers GALATEA alive._]

Pyg. Ye gods! It lives!

Gal. Pygmalion!

Pyg. It speaks!
I have my prayer! my Galatea breathes!

Gal. Where am I? Let me speak, Pygmalion;
Give me thy hand--both hands--how soft and warm!
Whence came I? (_Descends._)

Pyg. Why, from yonder pedestal!

Gal. That pedestal? Ah, yes, I recollect,
There was a time when it was part of me.

Pyg. That time has passed for ever, thou art now
A living, breathing woman, excellent
In every attribute of womankind.

Gal. Where am I, then?

Pyg. Why, born into the world
By miracle!

Gal. Is this the world?

Pyg. It is.

Gal. This room?

Pyg. This room is portion of a house;
The house stands in a grove; the grove itself
Is one of many, many hundred groves
In Athens.

Gal. And is Athens then the world?

Pyg. To an Athenian--Yes--

Gal. And I am one?

Pyg. By birth and parentage, not by descent.

Gal. But how came I to be?

Pyg. Well--let me see.
Oh--you were quarried in Pentelicus;
I modeled you in clay--my artisans
Then roughed you out in marble--I, in turn,
Brought my artistic skill to bear on you,
And made you what you are--in all but life--
The gods completed what I had begun,
And gave the only gift I could not give!

Gal. Then this is life?

Pyg. It is.

Gal. And not long since
I was a cold, dull stone? I recollect
That by some means I knew that I was stone:
That was the first dull gleam of consciousness;
I became conscious of a chilly self,
A cold immovable identity,
I knew that I was stone, and knew no more!
Then, by an imperceptible advance,
Came the dim evidence of outer things,
Seen--darkly and imperfectly--yet seen--
The walls surrounding me, and I, alone.
That pedestal--that curtain--then a voice
That called on Galatea! At that word,
Which seemed to shake my marble to the core,
That which was dim before, came evident.
Sounds, that had hummed around me, indistinct,
Vague, meaningless--seemed to resolve themselves
Into a language I could understand;
I felt my frame pervaded by a glow
That seemed to thaw my marble into flesh;
Its cold hard substance throbbed with active life,
My limbs grew supple, and I moved--I lived!
Lived in the ecstasy of new-born life!
Lived in the love of him that fashioned me!
Lived in a thousand tangled thoughts of hope,
Love, gratitude--thoughts that resolved themselves
Into one word, that word, Pygmalion! (_Kneels to him._)

Pyg. I have no words to tell thee of my joy,
O woman--perfect in thy loveliness!

Gal. What is that word? Am I a woman?

Pyg. Yes.

Gal. Art thou a woman?

Pyg. No, I am a man.

Gal. What _is_ a man?

Pyg. A being strongly framed,
To wait on woman, and protect her from
All ills that strength and courage can avert;
To work and toil for her, that she may rest;
To weep and mourn for her, that she may laugh;
To fight and die for her, that she may live!

Gal. (_ after a pause _). I'm glad I am a woman.

Pyg. So am I. (_ They sit. _)

Gal. That I escape the pains thou hast to bear?

Pyg. That I may undergo those pains for thee.

Gal. With whom then wouldst thou fight?

Pyg. With any man
Whose deed or word gave Galatea pain.

Gal. Then there are other men in this strange world?

Pyg. There are, indeed!

Gal. And other women?

Pyg. (_ taken aback _). Yes.
Though for the moment I'd forgotten it!
Yes, other women.

Gal. And for all of these
Men work, and toil, and mourn, and weep, and fight?

Pyg. It is man's duty, if he's called upon,
To fight for all--he works for those he loves.

Gal. Then by thy work I know thou lovest me.

Pyg. Indeed, I love thee! (_Embraces her._)

Gal. With what kind of love?

Pyg. I love thee (_recollecting himself and releasing her_)
as a sculptor loves his work!
(_aside._) There is a diplomacy in that reply.

Gal. My love is different in kind to thine:
I am no sculptor, and I've done no work,
Yet I do love thee: say--what love is mine?

Pyg. Tell me its symptoms, then I'll answer thee.

Gal. Its symptoms? Let me call them as they come.
A sense that I am made _by_ thee _for_ thee;
That I've no will that is not wholly thine;
That I've no thought, no hope, no enterprise
That does not own _thee_ as its sovereign;
That I have life, that I may live for thee,
That I am thine--that thou and I are one!
What kind of love is that?

Pyg. A kind of love
That I shall run some risk in dealing with!

Gal. And why, Pygmalion?

Pyg. Such love as thine
A man may not receive, except indeed
From one who is, or is to be, his wife.

Gal. Then _I_ will be thy wife!

Pyg. That may not be;
I have a wife--the gods allow but one.

Gal. Why did the gods then send me here to thee?

Pyg. I can not say--unless to punish me
For unreflecting and presumptuous prayer!
I prayed that thou shouldst live--I have my prayer,
And now I see the fearful consequence
That must attend it!

Gal. Yet thou lovest me?

Pyg. Who could look on that face and stifle love?

Gal. Then I am beautiful?

Pyg. Indeed thou art.

Gal. I wish that I could look upon myself,
But that's impossible.

Pyg. Not so indeed.
This mirror will reflect thy face. Behold! (_Hands her a mirror._)

Gal. How beautiful! I'm very glad to know
That both our tastes agree so perfectly;
Why, my Pygmalion, I did not think
That aught could be more beautiful than thou,
Till I beheld myself. Believe me, love,
I could look in this mirror all day long.
So I'm a woman!

Pyg. There's no doubt of that!

Gal. Oh happy maid, to be so passing fair!
And happier still Pygmalion, who can gaze,
At will, upon so beautiful a face!

Pyg. Hush! Galatea--in thine innocence
Thou sayest things that others would reprove.

Gal. Indeed, Pygmalion; then it is wrong
To think that one is exquisitely fair?

Pyg. Well, Galatea, it's a sentiment
That every other woman shares with thee;
They _think_ it--but they keep it to themselves.

Gal. And is thy wife as beautiful as I?

Pyg. No, Galatea, for in forming thee
I took her features--lovely in themselves--
And in the marble made them lovelier still.

Gal. (_disappointed_). Oh! then I'm not original?

Pyg. Well--no--
That is--thou hast indeed a prototype.
But though in stone thou didst resemble her,
In life the difference is manifest.

Gal. I'm very glad I'm lovelier than she.
And am I better?

Pyg. That I do not know.

Gal. Then she has faults?

Pyg. But very few indeed;
Mere trivial blemishes, that serve to show
That she and I are of one common kin.
I love her all the better for such faults!

Gal. (_after a pause_).
Tell me some faults and I'll commit them now.

Pyg. There is no hurry; they will come in time:
Though for that matter, it's a grievous sin
To sit as lovingly as we sit now.

Gal. Is sin so pleasant? If to sit and talk
As we are sitting, be indeed a sin,
Why I could sin all day! But tell me, love,
Is this great fault that I'm committing now,
The kind of fault that only serves to show
That thou and I are of one common kin?

Pyg. Indeed, I'm very much afraid it is.

Gal. And dost thou love me better for such fault?

Pyg. Where is the mortal that could answer "no"?

Gal. Why then I'm satisfied, Pygmalion;
Thy wife and I can start on equal terms.
She loves thee?

Pyg. Very much.

Gal. I'm glad of that.
I like thy wife.

Pyg. And why?

Gal. Our tastes agree.
We love Pygmalion well, and what is more,
Pygmalion loves us both. I like thy wife;
I'm sure we shall agree.

Pyg. (_aside_). I doubt it much!

Gal. Is she within?

Pyg. No, she is not within.

Gal. But she'll come back?

Pyg. Oh, yes, she will come back.

Gal. How pleased she'll be to know, when she returns,
That there was some one here to fill her place!

Pyg. (_dryly_). Yes, I should say she'd be extremely pleased.

Gal. Why, there is something in thy voice which says
That thou art jesting! Is it possible
To say one thing and mean another?

Pyg. Yes,
It's sometimes done.

Gal. How very wonderful;
So clever!

Pyg. And so very useful.

Gal. Yes.
Teach me the art.

Pyg. The art will come in time.
My wife will _not_ be pleased; there--that's the truth.

Gal. I do not think that I _shall_ like thy wife.
Tell me more of her.

Pyg. Well--

Gal. What did she say
When last she left thee?

Pyg. Humph! Well, let me see:
Oh! true, she gave thee to me as my wife,--
Her solitary representative;
She feared I should be lonely till she came,
And counseled me, if thoughts of love should come,
To speak those thoughts to thee, as I am wont
To speak to her.

Gal. That's right.

Pyg. But when she spoke,
Thou wast a stone, now thou art flesh and blood,
Which makes a difference!

Gal. It's a strange world!
A woman loves her husband very much,
And can not brook that I should love him too;
She fears he will be lonely till she comes,
And will not let me cheer his loneliness;
She bids him breathe his love to senseless stone,
And when that stone is brought to life--be dumb!
It's a strange world--I can not fathom it!

Pyg. (_aside_). Let me be brave, and put an end to this.
(_aloud_). Come, Galatea--till my wife returns,
My sister shall provide thee with a home;
Her house is close at hand.

Gal. (_astonished and alarmed_). Send me not hence,
Pygmalion--let me stay;

Pyg. It may not be.
Come, Galatea, we shall meet again.

Gal. (_resignedly_). Do with me as thou wilt, Pygmalion!
But we shall meet again?--and very soon?

Pyg. Yes, very soon.

Gal. And when thy wife returns,
She'll let me stay with thee?

Pyg. I do not know.
(aside) Why should I hide the truth from her (_aloud_) alas!
I may not see thee then.

Gal. Pygmalion!
What fearful words are these?

Pyg. The bitter truth.
I may not love thee--I must send thee hence.

Gal. Recall those words, Pygmalion, my love!
Was it for this that Heaven gave me life?
Pygmalion, have mercy on me; see,
I am thy work, thou hast created me;
The gods have sent me to thee. I am thine,
Thine! only, and unalterably thine!

This is the thought with which my soul is charged.
Thou tellest me of one who claims thy love,
That thou hast love for her alone: Alas!
I do not know these things--I only know
That Heaven has sent me here to be with thee!
Thou tellest me of duty to thy wife,
Of vows that thou wilt love but her; Alas!
I do not know these things--I only know
That Heaven, who sent me here, has given me
One all-absorbing duty to discharge--
To love thee, and to make thee love again!

[_During this speech PYGMALION has shown symptoms of
irresolution; at its conclusion he takes her in his arms, and
embraces her passionately._]

ACT II.

SCENE: _Same as Act I._

[_PYGMALION discovered at work on an unfinished statue._]

Pyg. To-morrow my Cynisca comes to me;
Would that she had never departed hence!
It took a miracle to make me false,
And even then I was but false in thought;
A less exacting wife might be appeased
By that reflection. But Pygmalion
Must be immaculate in every thought,
Even though Heaven's armaments be ranged
Against the fortress of his constancy!

Enter MYRINE, in great excitement.

Myr. Pygmalion!

Pyg. Myrine!

Myr. Touch me not,
Thou hast deceived me, and deceived thy wife!
Who is the woman thou didst send to me
To share my roof last night?

Pyg. Be pacified;
Judge neither of us hastily; in truth
She is pure, as innocent as thou.

Myr. Oh, miserable man--confess the truth!

Disguise not that of which she boasts aloud!

Pyg. Of what then does she boast?

Myr. To all I say
She answers with one parrot-like reply,
“I love Pygmalion”--and when incensed
I tell her that thou hast a cheated wife,
She only says, “I love Pygmalion,
I and my life are his, and his alone!”
Who is this shameless woman, sir? Confess!

Pyg. Myrine, I will tell thee all. The gods,
To punish my expressed impiety,
Have worked a miracle, and brought to life
My statue Galatea!

Myr. (_incredulously_). Marvelous,
If it be true!

Pyg. It’s absolutely true.

(_MYRINE opens the curtains and sees the pedestal empty._)

Myr. The statue’s gone! (_GALATEA appears at door._)

Pyg. The statue’s at the door!

Gal. At last we meet? Oh! my Pygmalion!
What strange, strange things have happened since we met.

Pyg. Why, what has happened to thee?

Gal. Fearful things!
(_To MYR._) I went with thee into thine house--

Myr. Well, well.

Gal. And then I sat alone and wept--and wept
A long, long time for my Pygmalion.
Then by degrees, by tedious degrees,
The light--the glorious light!--the god-sent light!
I saw it sink--sink--sink--behind the world!
Then I grew cold--cold--as I used to be,
Before my loved Pygmalion gave me life.
Then came the fearful thought that, by degrees,
I was returning into stone again!
How bitterly I wept and prayed aloud
That it might not be so! “Spare me, ye gods!

Spare me," I cried, "for my Pygmalion.
A little longer for Pygmalion!
Oh, take me not so early from my love;
Oh, let me see him once--but once again!"
But no--they heard me not, for they are good,
And had they heard, must needs have pitied me;
They had not seen _thee_, and they did not know
The happiness that I must leave behind.
I fell upon thy couch (_ To MYRINE _); my eyelids closed;
My senses faded from me one by one;
I knew no more until I found myself,
After a strange dark interval of time,
Once more upon my hated pedestal,
A statue--motionless--insensible;
And then I saw the glorious gods come down!
Down to this room! the air was filled with them!
They came and looked upon Pygmalion,
And, looking on him, kissed him one by one,
And said, in tones that spoke to me of life,
"We can not take her from such happiness!
Live, Galatea, for his love!" And then
The glorious light that I had lost came back--
There was Myrine's room, there was her couch,
There was the sun in heaven; and the birds
Sang once more in the great green waving trees,
As I had heard them sing--I lived once more
To look on him I love!

_ Myr. _ 'Twas but a dream!
Once every day this death occurs to us,
Till thou and I and all who dwell on earth
Shall sleep to wake no more!

_ Gal. _ To wake no more?

_ Pyg. _ That time must come--may be not yet awhile--
Still it must come, and we shall all return
To the cold earth from which we quarried thee.

_ Gal. _ See how the promises of new-born life
Fade from the bright hope-picture, one by one!
Love for Pygmalion, a blighting sin;
_ His _ love a shame that he must hide away;
Sleep, stone-like senseless sleep, our natural state;
And life a passing vision born thereof!
How the bright promises fade one by one!

_ Myr. _ Why there are many men whom thou may'st love;
But not Pygmalion--he has a wife.

Gal. Does no one love him?

Myr. Certainly--I do.
He is my brother.

Gal. Did he give thee life?

Myr. Why no; but then--

Gal. He did not give thee life,
And yet thou lovest him! And why not I
Who owe my very being to his love?

Pyg. Well, thou may'st love me--as a father.

Myr. Yes;
He is thy father, for he gave thee life.

Gal. Well, as thou wilt; it is enough to know
That I may love thee. Wilt thou love me too?

Pyg. Yes, as a daughter; there, that's understood.

Gal. Then I am satisfied.

Myr. (_aside_). Indeed I hope
Cynisca also will be satisfied! [_Exit MYRINE._]

Gal. (_To PYG._) Thou art not going from me?

Pyg. For a while.

Gal. Oh, take me with thee; leave me not alone
With these cold emblems of my former self! (_Alluding to statues._)
I dare not look on them!

Pyg. Leucippe comes,
And he shall comfort thee till I return;
I'll not be long!

Gal. Leucippe! Who's he?

Pyg. A valiant soldier.

Gal. What is that?

Pyg. A man,
Who's hired to kill his country's enemies.

Gal. (_horrified_). A paid assassin!

Pyg. (_annoyed_). Well, that's rather strong.
There spoke the thoroughly untutored mind;
So coarse a sentiment might fairly pass
With mere Arcadians--a cultured state
Holds soldiers at a higher estimate.
In Athens--which is highly civilized--
The soldier's social rank is in itself
Almost a patent of nobility.

Gal. He kills! And he is paid to kill!

Pyg. No doubt.
But then he kills to save his countrymen.

Gal. Whether his countrymen be right or wrong?

Pyg. He don't go into that--it's quite enough
That there are enemies for him to kill:
He goes and kills them when his orders come.

Gal. How terrible! Why, my Pygmalion,
How many dreadful things thou teachest me!
Thou tellest me of death--that hideous doom
That all must fill; and having told me this--
Here is a man, whose business is to kill:
To filch from other men the priceless boon
That thou hast given me--the boon of life--
And thou defendest him!

Pyg. I have no time
To make these matters clear--but here he comes,
Talk to him--thou wilt find him kind and good,
Despite his terrible profession.

Gal. (_in great terror_). No!
I'll not be left with him, Pygmalion. Stay!
He is a murderer!

Pyg. Ridiculous!
Why, Galatea, he will harm thee not:
He is as good as brave. I'll not be long,
I'll soon return. Farewell! [_Exit._]

Gal. I will obey,
Since thou desirest it; but to be left
Alone with one whose mission is to kill!

Oh, it is terrible!

Enter LEUCIPPE, with a Fawn that he has shot.

Leuc. A splendid shot,
And one that I shall never make again!

Gal. Monster! Approach me not! (_Shrinking into corner._)

Leuc. Why, who is this?
Nay, I'll not hurt thee, maiden!

Gal. Spare me, sir!
I have not done thy country any wrong!
I am no enemy!

Leuc. I'll swear to that!
Were Athens' enemies as fair as thou,
She'd never be at loss for warriors.

Gal. Oh miserable man, repent! repent!
Ere the stern marble claim you once again.

Leuc. I don't quite understand--

Gal. Remember, sir,
The sculptor who designed you, little thought
That when he prayed the gods to give you life,
He turned a monster loose upon the world!
See, there is blood upon those cruel hands!
Oh touch me not!

Leuc. (_aside_). Poor crazy little girl!
Why--there's no cause for fear--I'll harm thee not--
As for the blood, this will account for it (_showing Fawn_).

Gal. What's that?

Leuc. A little fawn.

Gal. It does not move!

Leuc. No, for I wounded her.

Gal. Oh, horrible!

Leuc. Poor little thing! 'Twas almost accident;
I lay upon my back beneath a tree,
Whistling the lazy hours away--when lo!

I saw her bounding through a distant glade;
My bow was handy; in sheer wantonness
I aimed an arrow at her, and let fly,
Believing that at near a hundred yards
So small a being would be safe enough,
But, strange to tell, I hit her. Here she is;
She moves--poor little lady! Ah, she's dead!

Gal. Oh, horrible! oh, miserable man!
What have you done?--(_Takes Fawn into her arms_)--
 Why, you have murdered her!
Poor little thing! I know not what thou art;
Thy form is strange to me; but thou hadst life,
And he has robbed thee of it! (_Gives it back to LEUC._)
 Get you hence!
Ere vengeance overtake you!

Leuc. Well, in truth,
I have some apprehension on that score.
It was Myrine's--though I knew it not!
'Twould pain her much to know that it is dead;
So keep the matter carefully from her
Until I can replace it. [_Exit LEUCIPPE with Fawn._]

Gal. Get you hence;
I have no compact with a murderer!

Enter MYRINE.

Myr. Why, Galatea, what has frightened thee?

Gal. Myrine, I have that to say to thee
That thou must nerve thyself to hear. That man--
The man thou lovest--is a murderer!

Myr. Poor little maid! Pygmalion, ere he left,
Told me that by that name thou didst describe
The bravest soldier that our country owns!
He's no assassin, he's a warrior.

Gal. Then what is an assassin?

Myr. One who wars
Only with weak, defenseless creatures. One
Whose calling is to murder unawares.
My brave Leucippe is no murderer.

Gal. Thy brave Leucippe is no longer brave,
He is a mere assassin by thy showing.

I saw him with his victim in his arms,
His wicked hands dyed crimson with her blood!
There she lay, cold and stark--her gentle eyes
Glazed with the film of death. She moved but once,
She turned her head to him and tried to speak,
But ere she could articulate a word
Her head fell helplessly, and she was dead!

Myr. Why, you are raving, girl! Who told you this?

Gal. He owned it; and he gloried in the deed.
He told me how, in arrant wantonness,
He drew his bow, and smote her to the heart!

Myr. Leucippe did all this! Impossible!
You must be dreaming!

Gal. On my life, it's true.
See, here's a handkerchief which still is stained
With her life-blood--I stanch'd it with my hand.

Myr. Who was his victim?

Gal. Nay--I can not tell.
Her form was strange to me--but here he comes;
Oh, hide me from that wicked murderer!

Enter LEUCIPPE.

Myr. Leucippe, can this dreadful tale be true?

Leuc. (_ to GAL., aside).
Thou should have kept my secret. See, poor girl,
How it distresses her. (_ To MYR. _) It's true enough,
But Galatea should have kept it close,
I knew that it would pain thee grievously.

Myr. Some devil must have turned Leucippe's brain!
You did all this?

Leuc. Undoubtedly I did.
I saw my victim dancing happily
Across my field of view--I took my bow,
And, at the distance of a hundred yards,
I sent an arrow right into her heart.
There are few soldiers who could do as much.

Myr. Indeed, I hope that there are very few.
Oh, miserable man!

Leuc. That's rather hard.
Congratulate me rather on my aim,
Of which I have some reason now to boast;
As for my victim--why, one more or less,
What does it matter? There are plenty left!
And then reflect--indeed, I never thought
That I should hit her at so long a range;
My aim was truer than I thought it was,
And the poor little lady's dead!

Myr. Alas!
This is the calmness of insanity.
What shall we do? Go, hide yourself away--

Leuc. But--

Myr. Not a word--I will not hear thy voice,
I will not look upon thy face again;
Begone!

Gal. Go, sir, or I'll alarm the house!

Leuc. Well, this is sensibility, indeed!
Well, they are women--women judge these things
By some disjointed logic of their own,
That is not given to man to understand.
I'm off to Athens--when your reason comes
Send for me, if you will. Till then, farewell. [_Exit angrily.]

Myr. Oh, this must be a dream, and I shall wake
To happiness once more!

Gal. A dream! no doubt!
We both are dreaming, and we dream the same!
But by what sign, Myrine, can we tell
Whether we dream or wake?

Myr. There are some things
Too terrible for truth, and this is one.

Enter PYGMALION, with Fawn.

Pyg. Why, what's the matter with Leucippe, girl?
I saw him leave the house and mount his horse
With every show of anger.

Myr. He is mad,
And he hath done a deed I dare not name.

Did he say aught to thee before he left?

Pyg. Yes; when I asked him what had angered him
He threw me this (_showing Fawn_).

Gal. (_in extreme of horror_)--His victim! take it hence!
I can not look at it!

Myr. Why, what is this?

Gal. The being he destroyed in wantonness;
He robbed it of the life the gods had given.
Oh! take it hence, I dare not look on death!

Myr. Why, was this all he killed?

Gal. (_astonished_). All!!! And enough!

Myr. Why, girl--thou must be mad! Pygmalion--
She told me he had murdered somebody,
But knew not whom!

Pyg. The girl will drive us mad!
Bid them prepare my horse--I'll bring him back. [_Exit MYRINE._]

Gal. Have I done wrong? Indeed, I did not know:
Thou art not angry with me?

Pyg. Yes, I am;
I'm more than angry with thee--not content
With publishing thine unmasked love for me,
Thou hast estranged Leucippe from his love
Through thine unwarrantable foolishness.

Enter MIMOS.

Mim. Sir, Chrysos and his lady are without.

Pyg. I can not see them now. Stay--show them in. [_Exit MIMOS._]
(_To GAL._) Go, wait in there. I'll join thee very soon.
[_Exit GALATEA._]

Enter DAPHNE.

Daph. Where is Pygmalion?

Pyg. Pygmalion's here.

Daph. We called upon you many months ago,

But you were not at home--so being here,
We looked around us and we saw the stone
You keep so carefully behind that veil.

Pyg. That was a most outrageous liberty.

Daph. Sir! Do you know me?

Pyg. You are Chrysos' wife.
Has Chrysos come with you?

Daph. He waits without.
I am his herald to prepare you for
The honor he confers. Be civil, sir,
And he may buy that statue; if he does
Your fortune's made!

Pyg. (_ to MIMOS _). You'd better send him in. [_Exit MIMOS._

Enter CHRYSOS.

Chry. Well--is the young man's mind prepared?

Daph. It is;
He seems quite calm. Give money for the stone,
I've heard that it is far beyond all price,
But run it down; abuse it ere you buy.

Chry. (_ to PYG. _) Where is the statue that I saw last year?

Pyg. Sir--it's unfinished--it's a clumsy thing.
I am ashamed of it.

Chry. It isn't good.
There's want of tone; it's much too hard and thin;
Then the half distances are very crude--
Oh--very crude indeed--then it lacks air,
And wind and motion, massive light and shade;
It's very roughly scumbled; on my soul
The scumbling's damnable!

Daph. (_ aside to him _). Bethink yourself!
That's said of painting--this is sculpture!

Chry. Eh?
It's the same thing, the principle's the same;
Now for its price. Let's see--what will it weigh?

Daph. A ton, or thereabouts.

Chry. Suppose we say
A thousand drachmas?

Pyg. No, no, no, my lord!
The work is very crude and thin, and then
Remember, sir, the scumbling--

Chry. Damnable!
But never mind, although the thing is poor,
'Twill serve to hold a candle in my hall.

Pyg. Excuse me, sir; poor though that statue be,
I value it beyond all price.

Chry. Pooh, pooh!
I give a thousand drachmas for a stone
Which in the rough would not fetch half that sum!

Daph. Why bless my soul, young man, are you aware
We gave but fifteen hundred not long since
For an Apollo twice as big as that?

Pyg. But pardon me, a sculptor does not test
The beauty of a figure by its bulk.

Chry. Ah! then she does.

Daph. Young man, you'd best take care,
You are offending Chrysos! [Exit.

Chry. And his wife. (going.)

Pyg. I can not stay to enter into that
Sir, once for all, the statue's not for sale. [Exit.

Chry. Sir, once for all, I will not be denied;
Confound it--if a patron of the arts
Is thus to be dictated to _by_ art,
What comes of that art patron's patronage?
He must be taught a lesson--where's the stone?
 (_ Goes to pedestal and opens curtains._)
It's gone! (_ Enter GALATEA, he stares at her in astonishment._)
Hallo! What's this?

Gal. Are you unwell?

Chry. Oh, no--I fancied just at first--pooh, pooh!
Ridiculous. (*Aside*). And yet it's very like!

(_Aloud_). I know your face, haven't I seen you in--
In--in (_puzzling himself_).

Gal. In marble? Very probably.

Chry. Oh, now I understand. Why this must be
Pygmalion's model! Yes, of course it is.
A very bold-faced woman, I'll be bound.
These models always are. I'll speak with her.
Come hither, maiden.

Gal. (_who has been examining him in great wonder_).
Tell, me, what _are_ you?

Chry. What _am_ I?

Gal. Yes, I mean, are you a man?

Chry. Well, yes; I'm told so.

Gal. Then believe them not,
They've been deceiving you.

Chry. The deuce they have!

Gal. A man is very tall, and straight, and strong,
With big brave eyes, fair face, and tender voice.
I've seen one.

Chry. _Have_ you?

Gal. Yes, you are no man.

Chry. Does the young person take me for a woman?

Gal. A woman? No; a woman's soft and weak,
And fair, and exquisitely beautiful.
I am a woman; you are not like me.

Chry. The gods forbid that I should be like you,
And farm my features at so much an hour!

Gal. And yet I like you, for you make me laugh;
You are so round and red, your eyes so small,
Your mouth so large, your face so seared with lines,
And then you are so little and so fat!

Chry. (_aside_). This is a most extraordinary girl.

Gal. Oh, stay--I understand--Pygmalion's skill
Is the result of long experience.
The individual who modeled you
Was a beginner very probably?

Chry. (_puzzled_). No. I have seven elder brothers. Strange
That one so young should be so very bold.

Gal. This is not boldness, it is innocence;
Pygmalion says so, and he ought to know.

Chry. No doubt, but I was not born yesterday. (_Sits._)

Gal. Indeed!--_I was._ (_He beckons her to sit beside him._)
How awkwardly you sit.

Chry. I'm not aware that there is any thing
Extraordinary in my sitting down.
The nature of the seated attitude
Does not leave scope for much variety.

Gal. I never saw Pygmalion sit like that.

Chry. Don't he sit down like other men?

Gal. Of course!
He always puts his arm around my waist.

Chry. The deuce he does! Artistic reprobate!

Gal. But you do not. Perhaps you don't know how?

Chry. Oh yes; I _do_ know how!

Gal. Well, do it then!

Chry. It's a strange whim, but I will humor her.
You're sure it's innocence? (_Does so._)

Gal. Of course it is.
I tell you I was born but yesterday.

Chry. Who is your mother?

Gal. Mother! what is that?
I never had one. I'm Pygmalion's child;
Have people usually mothers?

Chry. Well,

That is the rule.

Gal. But then Pygmalion
Is cleverer than most men.

Chry. Yes, I've heard
That he has powers denied to other men,
And I'm beginning to believe it!

Enter DAPHNE.

Daph. Why
What's this? (_CHRY SOS quickly moves away from GAL._)

Chry. My wife!

Daph. Can I believe my eyes? (_GAL. rises._)

Chry. No!

Daph. Who's this woman? Why, how very like--

Chry. Like what?

Daph. That statue that we wished to buy.
The self-same face, the self-same drapery,
In every detail it's identical.
Why, one would almost think Pygmalion,
By some strange means, had brought the thing to life,
So marvelous her likeness to that stone!

Chry. (_aside._) A very good idea, and one that I
May well improve upon. It's rather rash,
But desperate ills need desperate remedies.
Now for a good one. Daphne, calm yourself.
You know the statue that we spoke of? Well,
The gods have worked a miracle on it,
And it has come to life. Behold it here!

Daph. Bah! Do you think me mad?

Gal. His tale is true.
I was a cold unfeeling block of stone,
Inanimate--insensible--until
Pygmalion, by the ardor of his prayers,
Kindled the spark of life within my frame,
And made me what I am!

Chry. (_aside to GAL._) That's very good;

Go on and keep it up.

Daph. You brazen girl,
I am his wife!

Gal. His wife? (_ To CHRYSOS._) Then get you hence.
I may not love you when your wife is here.

Daph. Why, what unknown audacity is this?

Chry. It's the audacity of innocence:
Don't judge her by the rules that govern you,
She was born yesterday, and you were _not_!

Enter MIMOS.

Mim. My lord, Pygmalion's here.

Chry. (_ aside _). He'll ruin all.

Daph. (_ to MIMOS _). Who is this woman?

Chry. Why, I've told you, she--

Daph. Stop, not a word! I'll have it from _his_ lips!

Gal. Why ask him when I tell you--?

Daph. Hold _your_ tongue!

(_ To MIMOS._) Who is this woman? If you tell a lie
I'll have you whipped.

Mim. Oh, I shall tell no lie!
That is a statue that has come to life.

Chry. (_ Aside to MIMOS _).
I'm very much obliged to you! (_ Gives him money._)

Enter MYRINE.

Myr. What's this?
Is any thing the matter?

Daph. Certainly.
This woman--

Myr. Is a statue come to life.

Chry. I'm very much obliged to _you_!

Enter PYGMALION.

Pyg. How now Chrysos?

Chry. The statue!--

Daph. Stop!

Chry. Let me explain.
The statue that I purchased--

Daph. Let me speak.
Chrysos--this girl, Myrine, and your slave,
Have all agreed to tell me she is--

Pyg. The statue, Galatea, come to life?
Undoubtedly she is!

Chry. It seems to me,
I'm very much obliged to every one!

Enter CYNISCA.

Cyn. Pygmalion, my love!

Pyg. Cynisca here!

Cyn. And even earlier than hoped to be.
(_Aside_). Why, who are these? (_Aloud._) I beg your pardon, sir,
I thought my husband was alone.

Daph. (_maliciously_). No doubt.
I also thought _my_ husband was alone:
We wives are too confiding.

Cyn. (_aside to PYGMALION_). Who are these?

Pyg. Why, this is Chrysos, this is Daphne. They
Have come--

Daph. On very different errands, sir.
Chrysos has come to see this brazen girl:
I have come after Chrysos--

Chry. As you keep
So strictly to the sequence of events
Add this--Pygmalion came after _you_!

Cyn. Who is this lady (_alluding to GALATEA_)? Why, impossible!

Daph. Oh, not at all!

Cyn. (_turning to pedestal_). And yet the statue's gone!

Pyg. Cynisca, miracles have taken place;
The gods have given Galatea life!

Cyn. Oh, marvelous! Is this indeed the form
That my Pygmalion fashioned with his hands?

Pyg. Indeed it is.

Cyn. Why, let me look at her!
Yes, it's the same fair face--the same fair form;
Clad in the same fair folds of drapery!

Gal. And dost thou know me then?

Cyn. Hear her! she speaks!
Our Galatea speaks aloud! Know thee?
Why I have sat for hours, and watched thee grow;
Sat--motionless as thou--wrapped in his work,
Save only that in very ecstasy
I hurried ever and anon to kiss
The glorious hands that made thee all thou art!
Come--let me kiss thee with a sister's love (_kisses her_).
See, she _can_ kiss!

Daph. Yes, I'll be bound she can!

Cyn. Why, my Pygmalion, where is the joy
That ought to animate that face of thine,
Now that the gods have crowned thy wondrous skill?

Chry. (_aside to PYG._)
Stick to our story; bold-faced though she be,
She's very young, and may perhaps repent;
It's terrible to have to tell a lie,
But if it must be told--why, tell it well!

Cyn. I see it all. I have returned too soon.

Daph. No, I'm afraid you have returned too late!
Cynisca, never leave that man again,
Or leave him altogether!

Cyn. (_astonished_). Why, what's this?

Gal. Oh, madam, bear with him, and blame him not;
Judge him not hastily; in every word,
In every thought he has obeyed thy wish.
Thou badst him speak to me as unto thee;
And he and I have sat as lovingly
As if thou hadst been present to behold
How faithfully thy wishes were obeyed!

Cyn. Pygmalion! What is this?

Pyg. (_to GAL._) Go, get thee hence;
Thou shouldst not see the fearful consequence
That must attend those heedless words of thine!

Gal. Judge him not hastily, he's not like this
When he and I are sitting here alone.
He has two voices, and two faces, madam,
One for the world, and one for him and me!

Cyn. Thy wife against thine eyes! those are the stakes!
Well, thou hast played thy game, and thou hast lost!

Pyg. Cynisca, hear me! In a cursed hour
I prayed for power to give that statue life.
My impious prayer aroused the outraged gods,
They are my judges, leave me in their hands;
I have been false to them, but not to thee!
Spare me!

Cyn. Oh, pitiful adventurer!
He dares to lose, but does not dare to pay!
Come, be a man! See, _I_ am brave enough,
And I have more to bear than thou! Behold!
I am alone, thou hast thy statue bride!
Oh, Artemis, my mistress, hear me now,
Ere I remember how I love that man,
And in that memory forget my shame!
If he in deed or thought hath been untrue,
Be just and let him pay the penalty!

(_PYGMALION, with an exclamation, covers his eyes with his
hands._)

Gal. Cynisca, pity him!

Cyn. I know no pity, woman; for the act
That thawed thee into flesh has hardened me

Into the cursed stone from which thou cam'st.
We have changed places; from this moment forth
Be _thou_ the wife and I the senseless stone!
(_Thrusts GALATEA from her._)

ACT III.

SCENE: _Same as Acts I. and II._

Enter DAPHNE.

Daph. It seems Pygmalion _has_ the fearful gift
Of bringing stone to life. I'll question him
And ascertain how far that power extends.

Enter MYRINE, weeping.

Myrine--and in tears! Why, what's amiss?

Myr. Oh, we were all so happy yesterday,
And now, within twelve miserable hours,
A blight has fallen upon all of us.
Pygmalion is blind as death itself,
Cynisca leaves his home this very day,
And my Leucippe hath deserted me!
I shall go mad with all this weight of grief!

Daph. All this is Galatea's work?

Myr. Yes, all.

Daph. But can't you stop her? Shut the creature up,
Dispose of her, or break her? Won't she chip?

Myr. No, I'm afraid not.

Daph. Ah, were I his wife,
I'd spoil her beauty! There'd be little chance
Of finding him and her alone again!

Myr. There's little need to take precautions now,
For he, alas! is blind!

Daph. Blind! What of that?
Man has five senses; if he loses one
The vital energy on which it fed
Goes to intensify the other four.
He had five arrows in his quiver; well,

He has shot one away, and four remain.
My dear, an enemy is not disarmed
Because he's lost one arrow out of five!

Myr. The punishment he undergoes might well
Content his wife!

Daph. A happy woman, that!

Myr. Cynisca happy?

Daph. To be sure she is;
She has the power to punish faithlessness,
And she has used it on her faithless spouse.
Had I Cynisca's privilege, I swear
I'd never let my Chrysos rest in peace,
Until he warranted my using it!
Pygmalion's wronged her, and she's punished him.
What more could woman want?

Enter CYNISCA.

Cyn. What more? Why, this!
The power to tame my tongue to speak the words
That would restore him to his former self!
The power to quell the fierce, unruly soul
That battles with my miserable heart!
The power to say, "Oh, my Pygmalion,
My love is thine to hold or cast away,
Do with it as thou wilt; it can not die!"
I'd barter half my miserable life
For power to say these few true words to him!

Myr. Why, then there's hope for him?

Cyn. There's none indeed!
This day I'll leave his home and hide away
Where I can brood upon my shame. I'll fan
The smoldering fire of jealousy until
It bursts into an all-devouring flame,
And pray that I may perish in its glow!

Daph. That's bravely said, Cynisca! Never fear;
Pygmalion will give thee wherewithal
To nurture it.

Cyn. (_passionately_). I need not wherewithal!
I carry wherewithal within my heart!
Oh, I can conjure up the scene at will

When he and she sit lovingly alone.
I know too well the devilish art he works,
And how his guilty passion shapes itself.
I follow him through every twist and turn
By which he wormed himself into _my_ heart;
I hear him breathing to the guilty girl
The fond familiar nothings of _our_ love;
I hear him whispering into _her_ ear
The tenderness that he rehearsed on me.
I follow him through all his well-known moods--
Now fierce and passionate, now fanciful;
And ever tuning his accursed tongue
To chime in with the passion at her heart:
Oh, never fear that I shall starve the flame!
When jealousy takes shelter in _my_ heart,
It does not die for lack of sustenance!

Daph. Come to my home, and thou shalt feed it there;
We'll play at widows, and we'll pass our time
Railing against the perfidy of man.

Cyn. But Chrysos?--

Daph. Chrysos? Oh, you won't see him.

Cyn. How so?

Daph. How so? I've turned him out of doors!
Why, does the girl consider jealousy
Her unassailable prerogative?
Thou hast thy vengeance on Pygmalion--
He can no longer feast upon _thy_ face.
Well, Chrysos can no longer feast on mine!
I can't _put out_ his eyes (I wish I could!)
But I can _shut_ them out, and that I've done.

Cyn. I thank you, madam, and I'll go with you.

Myr. No, no; thou shalt not leave Pygmalion;
He will not live if thou desertest him.
Add nothing to his pain--this second blow
Might well complete the work thou hast begun!

Cyn. Nay, let me go--I must not see his face;
For if I look on him I may relent.
Detain me not, Myrine--fare thee well!

[_Exit CYNISCA, MYRINE follows her._]

Daph. Well, there'll be pretty scenes in Athens now

That statues may be vivified at will. (_CHRY SOS enters unobserved._)
Why, I have daughters--all of them of age--
What chance is there for plain young women, now
That every man may take a block of stone
And carve a family to suit his tastes?

Chry. If every woman were a Daphne, man
Would never care to look on sculptured stone!
Oh, Daphne!

Daph. Monster--get you hence, away!
I'll hold no converse with you, get you gone.
(_Aside_) If I'd Cynisca's tongue I'd wither him!
(_Imitating CYNISCA_) "Oh, I can conjure up the scene at will
"Where you and she sit lovingly alone!
"Oh, never fear that I will starve the flame:
"When jealousy takes shelter in _my_ heart,
"It does not die for lack of sustenance!"

Chry. I'm sure of that! your hospitality
Is world-renowned. Extend it, love, to me!
Oh, take me home again!

Daph. Home? no, not I!
Why I've a gallery of goddesses,
Fifty at least--half-dressed bacchantes, too--
Dryads and water-nymphs of every kind;
Suppose I find, when I go home to-day,
That they've all taken it into _their_ heads
To come to life--what would become of them,
Or me, with Chrysos in the house? No--no,
They're bad enough in marble--but in flesh!!!
I'll sell the bold-faced hussies one and all,
But till I've sold them, Chrysos stops outside!

Chry. What _have_ I done?

Daph. What have you _not_ done sir?

Chry. I can not tell you--it would take too long!

Daph. I saw you sitting with that marble minx,
Your arm pressed lovingly around her waist.
Explain _that_ Chrysos.

Chry. It explains itself:
I am a zealous patron of the arts.
And I am very fond of statuary.

Daph. Bah--I've artistic tastes as well as you.
But still, you never saw _me_ sitting with
My arms around a stone Apollo's waist!
As for this "statue"--could I see her now,
I'd test your taste for fragments!

Chry. Spare the girl,
She's very young and very innocent;
She claims your pity.

Daph. Does _she_?

Chry. Yes, she does.
If I saw Daphne sitting with her arm
Round an Apollo, I should pity _him_.

Daph. (_relenting_). Would you?

Chry. I should, upon my word, I should.

Daph. Well, Chrysos, thou art pardoned. After all
The circumstances were exceptional.

Chry. (_aside_). Unhappily, they were!

Daph. Come home, but mind
I'll sell my gallery of goddesses;
No good can come of animating stone.

Chry. Oh, pardon me--why every soul on earth
Sprang from the stones Deucalion threw behind.

Daph. But then Deucalion only _threw_ the stones,
He left it to the gods to fashion them.

Chry. (_aside--looking at her_).
And we who've seen the work the gods turn out,
Would rather leave it to Pygmalion!

Daph. (_taking CHRYSOS' arm, who is looking at a statue of
Venus._) Come along, do! [_Exeunt._

Enter MYRINE, in great distress.

Myr. Pygmalion's heard that he must lose his wife,
And swears, by all the gods that reign above,
He will not live if she deserts him now!
What--what is to be done?

Enter GALATEA.

Gal. Myrine here!
Where is Pygmalion?

Myr. Oh, wretched girl!
Art thou not satisfied with all the ill
Thy heedlessness has worked, that thou art come
To gaze upon thy victim's misery?
Well, thou hast come in time!

Gal. What dost thou mean?

Myr. Why this is what I mean--he will not live
Now that Cynisca has deserted him.
Oh, girl, his blood will be upon thy head!

Gal. Pygmalion will not live! Pygmalion die!
And I, alas, the miserable cause!
Oh, what is to be done?

Myr. I do not know.
And yet there is one chance, but one alone;
I'll see Cynisca, and prevail on her
To meet Pygmalion but once again.

Gal. (_wildly_). But should she come too late? He may not live
Till she returns.

Myr. I'll send him now to thee,
And tell him that his wife awaits him here.
He'll take thee for Cynisca; when he speaks,
Answer thou him as if thou wast his wife.

Gal. Yes, yes, I understand.

Myr. Then I'll be gone.
The gods assist thee in this artifice! [_Exit MYRINE._

Gal. The gods will help me, for the gods are good.
Oh, Heaven, in this great grief I turn to thee.
Teach me to speak to him, as, ere I lived,
Cynisca spake to him. Oh, let my voice
Be to Pygmalion as Cynisca's voice,
And he will live--for her and not for me--
Yet he will live. I am the fountain head

Enter PYGMALION, unobserved, led by MYRINE.

Of all the horrors that surround him now,
And it is fit that I should suffer this;
Grant this, my first appeal--I do not ask
Pygmalion's love; I ask Pygmalion's life!

(_PYGMALION utters an exclamation of joy. She rushes to him and
seizes his hand._)

Pygmalion!

Pyg. I have no words in which
To tell the joy with which I heard that prayer.
Oh, take me to thine arms, my dearly loved!
And teach me once again how much I risked
In risking such a heaven-sent love as thine.

Gal. (_believing that he refers to her_).
Pygmalion! my love! Pygmalion!
Once more those words! again! say them again!
Tell me that thou forgivest me the ill
That I unwittingly have worked on thee!

Pyg. Forgive _thee_? Why, my wife, I did not dare
To ask _thy_ pardon, and thou askest mine,
The compact with thy mistress Artemis
Gave thee a heaven-sent right to punish me.
I've learnt to take whate'er the gods may send.

(_GALATEA, at first delighted, learns in the course of this
speech that PYGMALION takes her for CYNISCA, and expresses
extreme anguish._)

Gal. (_with an effort._) But then, this woman, Galatea--

Pyg. Well?

Gal. Thy love for her is dead?

Pyg. I had no love.

Gal. Thou hadst no love?

Pyg. No love. At first, in truth,
In mad amazement at the miracle
That crowned my handiwork, and brought to life
The fair creation of my sculptor's skill,
I yielded to her god-sent influence,
For I had worshiped her before she lived
Because she called Cynisca's face to me;

But when she lived--that love died, word by word.

Gal. That is well said; thou dost not love her then?
She is no more to thee than senseless stone?

Pyg. Speak not of her, Cynisca, for I swear

Enter CYNISCA, unobserved.

The unhewn marble of Pentelicus
Hath charms for me, which she, in all her glow
Of womanly perfection, could not match.

Gal. I'm very glad to hear that this is so.
Thou art forgiven! (_Kisses his forehead._)

Pyg. Thou hast pardoned me,
And though the law of Artemis declared
Thy pardon should restore to me the light
Thine anger took away, I would be blind,
I would not have mine eyes lest they should rest
On her who caused me all this bitterness!

Gal. Indeed, Pygmalion--'twere better thus--
If thou couldst look on Galatea now,
Thy love for her, perchance, might come again!

Pyg. No, no.

Gal. They say that she endureth pains
That mock the power of words!

Pyg. It should be so!

Gal. Hast thou _no_ pity for her?

Pyg. No, not I.
The ill that she hath worked on thee--on me--
And on Myrine--surely were enough
To make us curse the hour that gave her life.
She is not fit to live upon this world!

Gal. (_bitterly_). Upon this worthy world, thou sayest well,
The woman shall be seen of thee no more.
(_Takes CYNISCA'S hand and leads her to PYG._)
What wouldst thou with her now? _Thou hast thy wife!_

(_She substitutes CYNISCA, and retires, weeping. CYNISCA takes
him to her arms and kisses him. He recovers his sight._)

Pyg. Cynisca! see! the light of day is mine!
Once more I look upon thy well-loved face!

Enter MYRINE and LEUCIPPE.

Leu. Pygmalion! Thou hast thine eyes again!
Come--this is happiness indeed!

Pyg. And thou!
Myrine has recalled thee?

Leu. No, I came,
 But more in sorrow than in penitence;
 For I've a hardened and a blood-stained heart!
 I thought she would denounce me to the law,
 But time, I found, had worked a wondrous change;
 The very girl, who half-a-day ago
 Had cursed me for a ruthless murderer,
 Not only pardoned me my infamy,
 But absolutely hugged me with delight,
 When she, with hungry and unpitying eyes,
 Beheld my victim--at the kitchen fire!
 The little cannibal!

Enter GALATEA.

Pyg. Away from me,
Woman or statue! Thou the only blight
That ever fell upon my love--begone,
For thou hast been the curse of all who fell
Within the compass of thy waywardness!

Cyn. No, no--recall those words, Pygmalion,
Thou knowest not all.

Gal. Nay--let me go from him;
That curse--_his_ curse--still ringing in mine ears,
For life is bitterer to me than death.
(_ She mounts the steps of pedestal. _)
Farewell, Pygmalion! Farewell! Farewell!
(The curtains conceal her.)

Cyn. Thou art unjust to her as I to thee!
 Hers was the voice that pardoned thee--not mine.
 I knew no pity till she taught it me.
 I heard the words she spoke, and little thought
 That they would find an echo in my heart;
 But so it was. I took them for mine own,

And asking for thy pardon, pardoned thee!

Pyg. (_amazed_). Cynisca! Is this so?

Cyn. In truth it is!

Gal. (behind curtain). Farewell, Pygmalion! Farewell! Farewell!

(_PYGMALION rushes to the veil and tears it away, discovering
GALATEA as a statue on the pedestal, as in Act I._)

The Project Gutenberg EBook of Her Own Way, by Clyde Fitch

HER OWN WAY

ACT I. THE PLAYROOM.

Ten days elapse.

ACT II. THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Eight months elapse.

ACT III. GEORGIANA'S ROOM.

Four weeks elapse.

ACT IV. THE DRAWING-ROOM.

PLACE--NEW YORK.

THE PEOPLE IN THE PLAY

GEORGIANA CARLEY.

MRS. CARLEY Her step-mother.

MRS. STEVEN CARLEY Her sister-in-law, born "Coast,"
and daughter of Mrs. Carley by a former marriage.

PHILIP }

CHRISTOPHER } Children of Mr. and Mrs. Steven Carley.

TOOTS }

ELAINE From next door.

LIZZIE Mrs. Carley's maid.

MISS BELLA SHINDLE "The Lady Hair-dresser."
 LIEUTENANT RICHARD COLEMAN.
 SAM COAST Louise Carley's own cousin.
 STEVEN CARLEY Georgiana's brother.
 MOLES Butler to the Carleys.
 A FOOTMAN At the Carleys.

Produced at the Star Theatre, Buffalo, September 24, 1903, and on
 September 28, 1903, at the Garrick Theatre, New York, with the following
 cast:--

Georgiana Carley	Miss Maxine Elliott
Mrs. Carley	Miss Eva Vincent
Mrs. Steven Carley	Miss Nellie Thorne
Philip	Master Donald Gallaher
Christopher	Miss Beryl Morse
Toots	Miss Mollie King
Elaine	Miss Marie Hirsch
Lizzie	Miss Susanne Perry
Miss Bella Shindle	Miss Georgie Lawrence
Lieutenant Richard Coleman	Mr. Charles Cherry
Sam Coast	Mr. Arthur Byron
Steven Carley	Mr. R.C. Herz
Moles	Mr. Francklyn Hurleigh
Footman	Mr. B.M. Parmenter

Produced at the Lyric Theatre, London, in May, 1905, and afterward at
 the Savoy Theatre, London, with the following cast:--

Georgiana Carley	Miss Maxine Elliott
Mrs. Carley	Mrs. Fanny Addison Pitt
Mrs. Steven Carley	Miss Nellie Thorne
Philip	Master Donald Gallaher
Christopher	Miss Beryl Morse
Toots	Miss Mollie King
Elaine	Miss Marie Hirsch
Lizzie	Miss Susanne Perry
Miss Bella Shindle	Miss Georgie Lawrence
Lieutenant Richard Coleman	Mr. Charles Cherry
Sam Coast	Mr. James Carew
Steven Carley	Mr. R.C. Herz
Moles	Mr. Francklyn Hurleigh
Footman	Mr. B.M. Parmenter

ACT I

The nursery. Half-past two in the afternoon. A cool, delightful white room, with a frieze of children playing in the ocean spray; shelves of bright-colored books on the walls, and the months of a large calendar by Elizabeth Shippen Green framed underneath. There is a deep bow-window at the back; the principal door is at the Left, and a smaller one on the Right. Toys of all sizes, for all ages, are scattered about with a holiday air. There is a sofa on the Right and a hobby horse on the Left.

There are four charming though somewhat spoiled children, with intermittent manners, with napkins tied up under their chins, sitting around the table, which is a little to the right of the centre of the room.

_The FOOTMAN _is busy removing the plates; the butler, _MOLES, _who stands behind _PHILIP, _always takes _PHILIP'S _plate. It is _PHILIP'S _birthday. _LIZZIE _stands behind _ELAINE. _In the centre of the table is a large cake with seven candles burning on it._

PHILIP. What comes next?

CHRISTOPHER. Soup!

[LIZZIE _and_ MOLES _suppress smiles, exchanging looks of delighted appreciation of _CHRISTOPHER'S _humor._

TOOTS. Ice cream!

ELAINE. Don't be absurd, Christopher, we've _had_ soup.

CHRISTOPHER. I like it!

TOOTS. I like ice cream!

ELAINE. [_ To_ TOOTS.] Sh!

PHILIP. What comes next, Moles?

MOLES. I don't know, sir.

[_ He goes out._

ELAINE. T'ain't manners to ask, anyway, Phil.

PHILIP. Who cares! It's my birthday!

CHRISTOPHER. When will it be my birthday?

[_The_ FOOTMAN _reënters with plates, followed by_ MOLES, _with silver dish of croquettes._

PHILIP. Here it comes; what is it?

MOLES. Chicken croquettes, sir.

PHILIP. Left overs! Had chicken yesterday! Bring 'em here first!

MOLES. No, ladies first, sir.

[_Serves_ ELAINE.

LIZZIE. And besides, Miss Elaine is company.

[MOLES _serves_ CHRISTOPHER.

PHILIP. That's all right. S'long it's Elaine, everything goes!

ELAINE. Phil!

[_Sliding down from her chair, she runs to him and kisses him._

PHILIP. [_Hopelessly embarrassed._] Don't! not in front of everybody!

ELAINE. But I do love you, Phil, and you're my beau, and I'm so glad it's your birthday.

[_Goes back to her place unashamed and contented._

[MOLES _serves_ PHILIP.

LIZZIE. You oughtn't to talk about beaux at your age, Miss--ought Miss Elaine?

[_To_ MOLES _with a knowing glance._

MOLES. I ain't discussing the sex with you, Lizzie, but I will say all the girls I've known, began talking about beaux early and ended late.

CHRISTOPHER. I heard Lizzie and Moles talking about Aunt Georgiana's beau!

LIZZIE. Sh!

[FOOTMAN _goes out with the croquette dish._

ELAINE. Mr. Dick Coleman's Miss Carley's beau!

PHILIP. No, he isn't! Mr. Dick's known Aunt Georgiana always, they're just little boy and girl friends. Lizzie says she's Cousin Sammy Coast's sweetheart.

LIZZIE. [_Indignant, though convulsed._] I never did!

PHILIP. Yes, you did! To Maggie when you thought I wasn't paying attention.

[LIZZIE _and_ MOLES _exchange amused glances._

ELAINE. But Mr. Coast's your auntie's cousin; and your cousin can't be your beau.

PHILIP. He ain't any relation to Auntie Georgiana. Mamma said so. Mr. Coast's mamma's cousin, and grandma's nephew, but grandma isn't any real relation to auntie.

CHRISTOPHER. How?

PHILIP. I don't know how, only Aunt Georgiana had a different mamma, she didn't have grandma.

ELAINE. And the same papa!

PHILIP. Not all the time, mamma had another papa first.

CHRISTOPHER. It's sort of mixy, isn't it?

PHILIP. Yes, I guess mamma and Aunt Georgy are sort of divorced sisters!

ELAINE. Oh!

[_As if that explained it._

TOOTS. [_Beating the table._] Lemmlade! lemmlade!

[MOLES _crosses to pitcher and serves_ TOOTS _first, then the others._

PHILIP. Toots, you're getting tipsy!

[_The children laugh._

CHRISTOPHER. Cousin Sammy comes to see Aunt Georgiana nearly every day.

PHILIP. Yes--he's begun to bring toys just like some of the others did.

CHRISTOPHER. [_ With his mouth full._] Hobby horse! Hobby horse!

[_ Pointing to the hobby horse._]

LIZZIE. Don't talk with your mouth full, Mr. Christopher.

PHILIP. [_ Shouting._] He'll choke! He'll choke!

[_ All laugh, tremendously amused._]

MOLES. Mr. Coast is a very fine gentleman.

PHILIP. Oh, I know! I saw him give you a dollar the other day, when he came to see auntie, and you advised his waiting and said auntie'd be in by five.

LIZZIE. Isn't he a case!

MOLES. He certainly is.

[_ Returns pitcher to table on the Left._]

CHRISTOPHER. I like Mr. Dick best. He's always taking us places and things.

TOOTS. [_ Who has finished his croquette and is now ready for conversation._] Um! Circus!

PHILIP. And not just 'cause he's stuck on auntie.

MOLES. You oughtn't to use that expression, Mr. Philip.

PHILIP. Why not! you do. I heard you tell Lizzie you were stuck on her last Sunday.

LIZZIE. [_ Blushing._] Oh, my!

CHRISTOPHER. Mr. Dick's a soldier!

PHILIP. Yes, siree! He helped stop a strike of street cars in Brooklyn. His name was in the papers!

CHRISTOPHER. He was hurted bad, and if he was dead, he'd have a monnyment with "Hero" embroidered on it. Aunt Georgiana said so!

ELAINE. I should think Miss Georgiana was too old, anyway, to have beaux.

CHRISTOPHER. Oh, awful old!

LIZZIE. Oh! Miss Carley isn't so old!

PHILIP. Yes, she is, too! She's our old maid aunt.

ELAINE. If she wasn't old, she'd be married. It must be awful to be so old.

PHILIP. She's nearly thirty, I guess.

ALL THE CHILDREN. Oh!

[_Loud and long._]

CHRISTOPHER. You'll be deader soon after thirty, won't you?

TOOTS. [_Crying._] I don't want Auntie Georgiana to be a deader!

PHILIP. [_Bored._] Shut up!

LIZZIE. [_Comes to_ TOOTS _and comforts him_.] Toots, dear!

PHILIP. I'm glad Aunt Georgiana's an old maid, 'cause I don't want her to leave us.

[FOOTMAN _enters and stands at the Right_.]

She gave me my birthday party.

MOLES. Yes, and this whole house'd miss your aunt, I can tell you that, Mr. Philip. [_Takes away the plates._] She just keeps things going smooth with everybody.

PHILIP. I told her I saw you kiss Lizzie on the back stairs, Saturday.

MOLES. What!

[_Gives dishes to the_ FOOTMAN.

LIZZIE. He didn't! He didn't!

PHILIP. Yes, that's what Aunt Georgiana said, but I know better, and so does she, I guess!

LIZZIE. Isn't he a case!

[MOLES _goes out with the_ FOOTMAN.

PHILIP. Now what?

CHRISTOPHER. Soup!

PHILIP. Ice cream! I want ice cream!

LIZZIE. Sh!

ELAINE. My mamma don't let my brothers behave so at the table.

PHILIP. Neither don't we, 'cept our birthdays.

[MOLES _reënters with a tray and plates._

CHRISTOPHER. What is it?

PHILIP. [_Screams._] Eeh! Ice cream! It's ice cream!

LIZZIE. Sh!

PHILIP. Go ahead, dish it out!

[_Laughs._

[MOLES _serves ice cream to_ ELAINE, _then to_ PHILIP, TOOTS, _and_
CHRISTOPHER.

CHRISTOPHER. Mr. Dick Coleman is gooder as Cousin Sammy Coast.

ELAINE. Aunt Georgiana is goodest as him!

CHRISTOPHER. Aunt Georgiana is gooder as mamma!

TOOTS. And most goodest as grandma.

[LIZZIE _exchanges a glance with_ MOLES _and goes out Right._

PHILIP. Grandma! Rats!

MOLES. [_To_ PHILIP.] Sh!

PHILIP. [_Shouts._] Stop, Chris! He's taking too much ice cream!

ALL THE CHILDREN. Chris! Chris!

[_They keep up the clamor, laughing and shouting, till_ LIZZIE _comes

back._

LIZZIE. Children! here comes grandma.

PHILIP. [_ Disgusted._] Oh, pshaw!

CHRISTOPHER. Don't want grandma.

LIZZIE. Sh!

[MRS. CARLEY _comes in from the Right. She is a middle-aged woman, of faded prettiness and frivolous manner. Every line and bit of character has been massaged out of her face. There is a sudden, embarrassed, and gloomy silence on the part of the children._

MRS. CARLEY. Well, children, having a lovely party?

PHILIP. [_ Grudgingly._] Yes, ma'am!

ELAINE. [_ Politely._] Yes, ma'am.

CHRISTOPHER. Aunt Georgiana's party!

MRS. CARLEY. Yes, dear, it's too bad mamma is ill in bed. She says when you are all through, you may come up and say how do you do, while she kisses Phil. [_ Silence._] That will be nice, won't it?

PHILIP. [_ Grudgingly._] Yes, ma'am.

ELAINE. Yes, ma'am.

CHRISTOPHER. Yes, ma'am.

TOOTS. No!

MRS. CARLEY. We are glad you could come in, Elaine, and help celebrate Philip's birthday.

ELAINE. Thank you, ma'am!

[TOOTS _is mashing his ice cream strenuously with a spoon._

MRS. CARLEY. Toots! don't be naughty and don't mash your ice cream up like that.

TOOTS. I like it.

CHRISTOPHER. Me too--it makes soup!

[_ Copying_ TOOTS.

MRS. CARLEY. Your collar's crooked, Chris.

[_ Arranging it._

CHRISTOPHER. Ouch!

[_ Squirming._

MRS. CARLEY. Phil, shall grandma cut your cake for you?

PHILIP. No, ma'am, Auntie Georgiana's going to cut it.

MRS. CARLEY. Oh, very well. How's your mamma, Elaine? Is she going to the big ball to-morrow?

ELAINE. Yes, ma'am.

MRS. CARLEY. We feel dreadfully. Philip's mamma's illness prevents our going.

ELAINE. Mamma said you weren't invited.

MRS. CARLEY. [_ Pats_ PHILIP _on the head, to his great disgust and discomfort._] Your mamma had better mind! Your mamma is mistaken! Good-by, children, grandma is sorry she can't stay and have a good time with you. I am going to call, Elaine, on the Countess of Worling, Mrs. Tom Cooley's daughter. I don't think your mother knows them. Good-by, dears, enjoy yourselves.

[_ She goes out Left._

[_ Silence till the door is well shut behind grandma, and then the children break out with shouts, all of them, of "Good-by, Grandma. Good-by," repeated ad lib. Then they calm down._

PHILIP. Bully! Grandma's gone!

CHRISTOPHER. Ice cream!

ALL THE CHILDREN. More ice cream! Ice cream!

PHILIP. Let's see.

[MOLES _hands him the ice cream dish._

CHRISTOPHER. [_ To_ PHILIP.] Can I have some more, or will it make me sick?

PHILIP. [_Serves the children._] No, there's plenty. When there isn't enough, mamma always says it will make us sick.

CHRISTOPHER. And papa--when we have company unexpected, and there isn't enough of anything, papa always says F.H.B.

PHILIP. F.H.B.

ELAINE. Why?

CHRISTOPHER. He says it means Family Hold Back, and we all have to say "No, thank you," when it comes around! Do you like grandma, Phil?

PHILIP. Naw! Grandma's no good.

[MOLES _goes out with the empty ice cream dish._

TOOTS. No good, grandma!

[_A knock outside the door Left._

GEORGIANA. [_Outside._] Hello! Hello!

PHILIP. [_Delighted._] Aunt Georgiana!

ALL THE CHILDREN. Aunt Georgiana!

GEORGIANA. [_Outside._] Is this a private room at Sherry's, or may an old maid aunt come in?

ALL. No! Yes! Come in--come on in!

[_They clatter on the table with their spoons, and shout "Hurrah! Aunt Georgiana!" as_ GEORGIANA _enters. She is a beautiful creature, about thirty, and in the very height of health and spirits--an American Beauty rose the moment before it opens. She is flushed after her quick walk in the bracing, sunshiny winter's day. No wonder the children--and others--adore her!_

GEORGIANA. What a good time!

CHRISTOPHER. Oh, we're having the beautifulest time, Auntie!

PHILIP. Great!

ELAINE. Perfectly lovely!

TOOTS. Um! Ice cream! Lots!

GEORGIANA. That's good! Stuff all you can, Toots! Are you ready to cut the cake?

ALL THE CHILDREN. Yes! Yes!

PHILIP. We waited for you.

CHRISTOPHER. We wouldn't let grandma.

[GEORGIANA _drops her furs on the sofa and then comes to the table._

GEORGIANA. There's a ring in it. Whoever gets it will be married in a year.

[_ Starts to cut the cake._

TOOTS. I want the ring!

PHILIP. Hush up, you're only a baby!

[_ A loud knock on the door Left._

GEORGIANA. Oh, yes, I forgot. Cousin Sam wants to wish you many happy returns, Philip. May he come in?

PHILIP. Pshaw! Another man!

CHRISTOPHER. [_ In a "stagewhisper" to _ ELAINE.] He's the one--auntie's sweetheart!

GEORGIANA. [_ Amused._] Nonsense, Christopher, that's silly talk. Stop that for good! [_ Loud knocks repeated. To _ PHILIP.] May Cousin Sam come in? [PHILIP _nods_.] All right, he's got some presents! Come in, Mr. Coast.

[COAST _comes in and goes straight to _ PHILIP. SAM COAST _is a tall, slender, but strong-looking man, rather "raw-boned." He is dressed most fashionably and most expensively,--over-dressed, in fact, and yet not too vulgarly. A man of muscle and nerve, who makes his own code and keeps his own counsel._

COAST. Shake, Phil.

[_ Shakes his hand._

PHILIP. [_ His hand hurt._] Golly! He can squeeze, can't he, Aunt Georgiana?

GEORGIANA. Well, really! Miss Elaine Jackson--Mr. Coast.

ELAINE. [_ Embarrassed, rises, and curtseys._] How do you do?

COAST. Pleased to make your acquaintance. Hello, rest of you.

CHRISTOPHER and TOOTS. Hello!

CHRISTOPHER. Are you Auntie Georgiana's beau?

COAST. Yes!

GEORGIANA. Chris!

CHRISTOPHER. Lizzie says so!

LIZZIE. I never!

TOOTS, CHRISTOPHER, and PHILIP. Yes, you did! You did too! You did too!

LIZZIE. [_ To_ GEORGIANA.] I never did, miss!

PHILIP. Yes you did, you did too!

GEORGIANA. I hope you didn't, Lizzie. You may leave the children with me now.

LIZZIE. Yes, ma'am.

[LIZZIE, MOLES, _and_ FOOTMAN _go out at Right, each taking some plates, etc._

GEORGIANA. [_ To_ COAST.] I hope you don't mind.

COAST. Of course I don't. It's true as far as I'm concerned.

GEORGIANA. [_ Laughing._] It's not!

COAST. Listen, will you bet?

GEORGIANA. [_ Laughing._] Not before the children!

PHILIP. Come on, let's cut the cake!

GEORGIANA. Blow out the candles!

[_ All the children blow out the candles and then get down from the table._

COAST. And here's my contribution to the party.

[_Brings out six big German mottoes from his pocket, and goes to table with them._

GEORGIANA. [_In pretended excitement._] What? Mottoes!

ALL THE CHILDREN. [_In delighted chorus_.] Oh, mottoes!

PHILIP. Are those the silver mines?

COAST. No! Why?

[_Laughing and handing the mottoes around, while_ GEORGIANA _cuts the cake._

PHILIP. I heard grandma say the other day, you had pockets full of silver mines.

GEORGIANA. The cake's ready!

[_All take a piece of cake. The children line up and down Centre from Right to Left:_ ELAINE, TOOTS, PHILIP, CHRISTOPHER.

COAST. Your motto!

[_Handing one to_ GEORGIANA.

GEORGIANA. One for me too! Oh, thank you!

COAST. Certainly, because I want a bit of cake. I'm after that ring.

[_Goes up back of table for cake._

GEORGIANA. Don't anybody swallow the ring.

[_All eat the cake and now speak with their mouths full._

CHRISTOPHER. I haven't got it yet, Auntie.

ELAINE. Nor I.

GEORGIANA. Don't talk. Everybody eat till some one gets it!

TOOTS. [_Crying._] I can't eat my cake! I can't eat my cake!

GEORGIANA. Why not, dear?

TOOTS. 'Cause I haven't got no place! I haven't got no place to put it!

[_Crying._

PHILIP. He's full up!

GEORGIANA. Never mind, Toots, dear, you shall have a piece for supper.

TOOTS. Will I have room then?

CHRISTOPHER. [_A sudden loud and frightened cry._] Oh! Oh!

ALL. What's the matter?

[_All gather around_ CHRISTOPHER.

GEORGIANA. [_Frightened._] What is it, Chris?

CHRISTOPHER. [_Screaming._] Oh!

GEORGIANA. What is it, dear?

CHRISTOPHER. I've swallowed it!

ALL. What?

CHRISTOPHER. I've swallowed the ring!

ELAINE. That isn't fair!

PHILIP. Just like Chris, 'fraid some one else'd get it.

GEORGIANA. No, Chris, dear! [_To_ COAST.] What will we do?

COAST. Chris has made a mistake, here is the ring! [_Finding it in his own piece of cake._] There weren't two, were there?

GEORGIANA. No, that's the one!

CHRISTOPHER. [_Smiling and greatly relieved._] Oh! I guess I 'maged it, then.

GEORGIANA. [_Affectionately pretending to shake him._] Well, young man, you can imagine yourself spanked for giving us all a fright. Now, come along, the mottoes. [_To_ COAST.] Of course the ring wasn't meant for you. What are you going to do with it?

COAST. Keep it.

GEORGIANA. No, you mustn't; it's the children's!

COAST. Philip, may I keep the ring?

PHILIP. [_ On the hobby horse. _] Yes, sir.

COAST. And I'll give each one of you a ring in place of it. What kind will you have, Elaine?

[_ He makes movement towards each child as he asks the question. _

ELAINE. One big pearl with two great big rubies.

GEORGIANA. Mercy! Small order!

COAST. Very well. And you, Phil?

PHILIP. I don't want any ring. I want a watch and chain.

COAST. Good! And you, Chris, do you want a ring?

CHRISTOPHER. I want a gun!

COAST. All right. [_ Writing. _] And Toots?

TOOTS. Nanny goat!

[_ They all laugh. _ MOLES _and_ FOOTMAN _enter, answering the bell which_ GEORGIANA _has rung. _

GEORGIANA. The table, Moles.

MOLES. Yes, ma'am.

[_ Takes away small plates, etc.; he then goes out Right, followed by_ FOOTMAN, _who takes everything else from the table, leaving only the cover and a false nose left from the mottoes. _

PHILIP. [_ Crosses to_ GEORGIANA _at table. _] Grandma's been up and said we were all to go and see mamma.

GEORGIANA. Go in your mottoes; that will be great fun!

ALL THE CHILDREN. Oh, yes! Hurrah!

[_ Running off Left. _

GEORGIANA. Ssh! Don't shout so; remember poor mamma's headache!

[_ All repeat, "Remember poor mamma's headache" and take hands as they

tip-toe out, _ PHILIP _first, _ ELAINE _second_, CHRIS _third_, TOOTS _fourth, repeating "Poor mamma's headache" in a whisper till they are all out._

COAST. I can't get this damned thing on. Too bad Cousin Loo's ill.

GEORGIANA. Oh, she isn't really. Louise is never perfectly well and happy unless she has something the matter with her, especially if she has nothing else to do; she's bored to-day, so she's got a headache! To-night, when there's a big ball to which she is not invited, she'll be frightfully alarmed about herself for fear of appendicitis, but to-morrow, when we have smart company at luncheon, she'll recover like a shot! It's all right for Louise, but it's hard on my brother, who really adores her.

[_She sits beside the table._

COAST. Adores! Say! That's the word I want to use about you!

[_Follows _GEORGIANA _to table, moves chair to front, and sits._

GEORGIANA. Nonsense, Sam! Do you know anything about some stocks called United Copper?

COAST. Rotten! Don't touch it!

GEORGIANA. My brother had a tip this morning on United Copper and wanted me to give him some money to put in it.

COAST. Listen! don't you do it.

GEORGIANA. I wish you'd use your influence with Steven to help him.

COAST. How?

GEORGIANA. You must know how mad he is over speculation? But perhaps you don't know that he has gone through all his own money, and, if she'll let him, he'll go through his wife's next. [_Smiling._] Then I suppose it would be my turn!

COAST. Why doesn't he keep out of it?

GEORGIANA. He can't, we must keep it out of him! Out of his blood!

COAST. There's only one way.

GEORGIANA. What?

COAST. Ruin him!

GEORGIANA. That's too anarchistic! You speculate.

COAST. But I always win!

GEORGIANA. Can't you teach him?

COAST. Listen, if I could do that, I'd be the richest man in the world before I got through.

GEORGIANA. Can't you give Steve a tip on some sure things?

COAST. There ain't any sure things.

GEORGIANA. Why, other friends of Steve are always "putting him on to something good."

COAST. And what happens?

GEORGIANA. [_ Smiling distressfully._] Well, he does lose, usually.

COAST. I guess so!

GEORGIANA. But you must often have inside information.

COAST. And how much is that worth?

[_ Takes up the false nose from table._]

GEORGIANA. Well, it usually costs Steve all he has! But I thought you--

COAST. [_ Interrupting._] Miss Georgiana, you see this false nose?

GEORGIANA. Yes.

COAST. [_ Putting it on._] Well, now what do I look like?

GEORGIANA. [_ Laughing._] I shouldn't like to say!

COAST. Exactly! Well, see? That's what I'd be if I believed in tips and "inside information." If a man gives your brother a good tip, let him drop it like hot lead. People with a real good tip ain't giving it away. There's never enough to divide up and go around,--not in this world,--and inside information that gets told to a lamb like your brother is too damned outside information for me!

[_ He rises and moves away, half in irritation, half in humor._]

GEORGIANA. Oh! Oh!

COAST. Pardon.

GEORGIANA. Are you as rich as people say?

COAST. Richer!

GEORGIANA. How did you get it?

COAST. I started my dough with a mine.

GEORGIANA. Why can't you put Steve into a mine?

COAST. [_ Laughing. _] What's the use? he'll lose everything just as quick in Wall Street.

GEORGIANA. But I mean a good mine.

COAST. [_ Coming back to her. _] Listen! I worked right in our mine with my father when I was only eight years old! That's why I ain't better educated--I worked for ten years there down in the dirt and muck!

GEORGIANA. [_ Interrupting. _] And silver!

COAST. [_ Leaning on the back of the chair. _] Yes, and silver.
[_ Laughs. _] Father's out there working yet--don't have to now, but he likes it; he ain't comfortable on top of the earth--says there's too much room. If father'd been a man like Mackay, I guess he'd been just as rich as him to-day.

GEORGIANA. And still you won't help Steve?

COAST. T'ain't business. [_ He puts back his chair and leans toward _
GEORGIANA, _hand on table. _] If helping him, mind you, would get you, I might take it on. [_ Humorously. _] I'd pay even the price of Steve to buy you.

GEORGIANA. [_ Taking the false nose and putting it on. _] Well, I'm not for sale. [_ Rises. _] But I would like to dispose of Steven.

COAST. Go on, please take that blame thing off.

[_ Follows _ GEORGIANA _ across the room to the Left. _]

GEORGIANA. No, I like it! You must understand this about my brother.
[_ Taking off the nose. _] He is the dearest, best fellow in the world! kind-hearted and wouldn't do a thing that wasn't straightforward in business.

COAST. But you've got to be tricky if you want to succeed in our business. I don't mind telling you right out between us, I'm tricky!

GEORGIANA. I'm sorry to hear it.

COAST. Louise was a pretty good liar when she was a kid. She ought to help her husband along a little.

GEORGIANA. That's just it! if Steve had the right sort of wife,--but all Louise wants is social position and more money.

[_She sits on the hobby horse, amusedly._]

COAST. If Louise was like you!

[GEORGIANA _puts the nose on quickly and rocks._]

GEORGIANA. Heaven forbid! The only trouble with Steve is he's weak. He'd have been all right if he'd been a girl--or married to a president of Sorosis, or a daughter of the Present Revolution!

COAST. Miss Georgiana, take off that nose and let me ask you something.

GEORGIANA. Not at all, my dear Sammy. I know what it is you want to ask me! I'm much obliged and I won't.

COAST. You won't marry me!

GEORGIANA. No!

COAST. Why not?

GEORGIANA. Because I don't love you.

COAST. Who do you love?

GEORGIANA. That's not your business!

COAST. Do you love any one?

GEORGIANA. [_After a moment's hesitation, lies._] No!

COAST. [_With insinuation._] Why don't you get Dick Coleman to help Steven?

GEORGIANA. [_Taking off the nose._] Why do you ask me that now in that way?

COAST. Information!

GEORGIANA. Dick's a lawyer. What could he do for Steven?

COAST. That's not the information I wanted.

GEORGIANA. But it's all the information you'll get!

[_ Gets off the hobby horse and comes down a little. _

COAST. [_ Follows her. _] Georgiana, marry me, and I'll look after Steven all the rest of his life.

GEORGIANA. Sammy, you don't want me to marry you if I don't love you.

COAST. Yes, I do. Listen! I'd risk your not loving me; there's nothing on God's earth I wouldn't do to make you love me.

GEORGIANA. That's the trouble with you men, you think you can make a woman love you whether she wants to or not, but you can't!--neither can you keep her from loving you if she does, whether she wants to or not.

[_ Throws nose away; crossing to the Left, sits in the rocking chair there. _

COAST. I'd give you everything!

GEORGIANA. That you can buy!

COAST. Do you mean that you'd rather be dead poor than marry me?

GEORGIANA. No, I don't say that! When I've lost everything and Steven and Louise are bankrupt, and we haven't a penny--

COAST. Yes!

GEORGIANA. I might--I say I might--

COAST. Honest!

GEORGIANA. [_ Laughing. _] Oh, dear, no!

COAST. I take you at your word, anyhow.

[_ The children's voices are heard. _

CHILDREN. [_ Off Left. _] Come on back to our room and have some more fun.

GEORGIANA. Sh! Here come the children.

[_Rises._

COAST. Damn the children!

GEORGIANA. Sam!

[_She puts finger up,_ COAST _kisses it._

COAST. Pardon! But I don't give up! Understand--I'm going to marry you!

GEORGIANA. [_Teasing him._] When? When?

[_The children rush in screaming._

THE CHILDREN. Aunt Georgiana! Here's papa! Here's papa!

[_And_ STEVEN CARLEY _enters Left. He is a slender, smooth-shaven, young-old looking man, his voice and body almost vibrating with nerve; a personality that so often appeals to the tenderness in women, while it irritates men. He brings his hat and coat with him._

STEVEN. Hello, Sam!

COAST. Morning!

STEVEN. Many happy returns, Georgy.

GEORGIANA. Oh, no, thank you! It's not for me yet, thank goodness!

PHILIP. Now let's play hide and seek.

THE CHILDREN. Hide and seek!

LIZZIE. [_Entering Left._] Excuse me, please. Mrs. Jackson's maid is here for Miss Elaine.

PHILIP. Oh, pshaw!

CHRISTOPHER. Don't you go!

ELAINE. Oh, yes, I must! I'm sorry! [_She goes up stage with great diffidence to_ STEVEN _and shakes his hand as she curtseys._] Good-by, sir. [_To_ COAST _also._] Good-by, sir. [_To_ GEORGIANA._] Good-by, ma'am, I've had a perfectly lovely time. [_Aside to_ GEORGIANA._] Phil is my beau, but I like Mr. Coast awfully much too!

GEORGIANA. [_Laughing._] You're beginning early! Come along, children, we'll take Elaine down. Excuse me, everybody, please.

PHILIP. If you've got any good tips, papa, save some for little brother.

[_ The children go out Left with_ GEORGIANA.

STEVEN. [_ Putting his hat and coat down on the sofa._] He's on to his father early! Sam, any news?

COAST. No.

STEVEN. I've heard of a big thing, an absolutely straight tip,--inside information.

COAST. [_ Sitting in the rocker._] Well, don't tell it, or you'll spoil it.

STEVEN. The women are so down on my speculating, Georgiana especially.

[_ Sits on the table._

COAST. What do the women folks know about business? Why don't you keep what you do to yourself?

STEVEN. But you see my money's all gone, and I need more--only to recoup with.

COAST. [_ After a slight pause._] As I remember, you can do what you like with Louise's money.

STEVEN. But is it right?

COAST. You're too blamed afraid, that's why you always lose.

STEVEN. [_ Walking up and down._] I know it. And this is the biggest chance I've had yet. If I dared risk it, I'm sure I could make a fortune! Not in words! I know what I'm talking about, Sam. Louise would have everything she wanted--and the way she'd live then! She could drop the social chip off her shoulders, go anywhere, and receive everybody.

[_ Standing beside the table, he eats a little cake._

COAST. Well?

STEVEN. Do you advise me to risk it?

COAST. [_ Pretending indifference._] What?

STEVEN. Louise's money?

COAST. I ain't advising anything. If it went wrong, you'd blame me to the women.

STEVEN. Is that the kind of a man I am?

COAST. [_ Rises and goes to Steven and slaps him on the back._] No, Steve, I take it back. You take a licking better'n any feller I ever saw.

STEVEN. Experience! But this thing can't go wrong! The man who told me is the head and--I told Georgiana--didn't she give you a hint?

COAST. [_ After a slight pause._] No.

[_ Turns up to the window and stands there with his back to Steven._

STEVEN. My tip's a great one--safe! Now, shall I take it?

COAST. Of course, when I feel as you do about a thing, I do it.

STEVEN. And by George, I will too!

COAST. Why not?

[_ Turning and facing him._

STEVEN. Yes! what I make's for Louise, not for myself.

COAST. I wouldn't say anything to Louise about it.

[_ Comes down a little._

STEVEN. No, she'd be sure to talk it over with Georgiana.

[_ He sits by the table._

COAST. And, say, not a word, you know, about me in all this.

STEVEN. I give you my word, Sam.

COAST. Why not let the old lady in, too, Aunt Laura, if it's such a good thing?

[_ He gives a side look at_ STEVEN.

STEVEN. Didn't they tell you?

COAST. What?

STEVEN. I put mother into East Mexicos!

COAST. Gee!

[_ Whistles, crosses to the sofa Right, and sits on_ GEORGIANA'S _furs; jumps up quickly, moves the furs, and then sits again._

STEVEN. That was an extraordinary thing. No one knows how it happened, but she lost every cent.

COAST. But--

STEVEN. Dear old Georgiana pays the interest for me, and the old lady doesn't know.

COAST. Georgiana's a damn fine girl.

STEVEN. She is! I'll pay her back out of this coup, too, another good thing.

COAST. Fine!

STEVEN. I believe I'll go back down town now.

[_ Both rise and go Left as_ MOLES _comes in._

COAST. All right. Come on, we'll go together.

STEVEN. Good!

MOLES. Please, sir, may I speak to you a minute, Mr. Carley?

COAST. I'll wait downstairs, Steve.

[_ He goes out Left._

STEVEN. Yes, Moles?

MOLES. The champagne is out, sir.

STEVEN. Order another case.

MOLES. I did, three days ago, over the telephone, and I called them up yesterday to ask about it, and they said your bill was so long outstanding they'd please like it settled before filling any future orders.

STEVEN. Tell Mrs. Carley; the household bills are her affair, aren't they?

MOLES. She says there is some mistake. She gave you a check for the wine bill last month, sir.

STEVEN. Did she? Oh, of course she did. It was the day I heard about Alabama Rails and I bought a couple on margin! They're down just now. The wine people must wait.

[_ Dismissing him._]

MOLES. But we've a big luncheon, sir, to-morrow and no wine.

STEVEN. Very well, then, I'll get Miss Georgiana to give you a check. I don't want to bother Mrs. Carley, she's got a headache.

MOLES. The wages are due, sir, and the trades books weren't settled last month.

STEVEN. Well, I'll attend to it all to-morrow or next day, Moles. Give me my coat, will you? [MOLES _gets the coat from the sofa and hands it to_ STEVEN.] I've been short of ready money for a little while, but things are looking up. By the way, you're a good sort; I'd like to do you a good turn. I happen to be on to something, Moles, on to something down in Wall Street. Would you like to make a little money?

MOLES. [_Brightening visibly._] Indeed and I would, sir. I've got two thousand three hundred and sixteen dollars in my savings bank, and I've heard of how these Wall Street magnums made fortunes out of less'n that.

STEVEN. I'll double it for you! You get it for me, Moles, and I'll make it into five or six thousand for you, sure!

MOLES. Thank you, sir!

STEVEN. [_Writes in note book._] I'll put in an order to buy for you the first thing in the morning; and you have your money down at my office by ten o'clock, can you?

MOLES. Yes, sir, I can get off in the morning. I can't thank you enough, sir!

STEVEN. Oh, that's all right,--we'll be a rich household here before we get through, Moles. They'll be telephoning us to please send in some orders for champagne!

[_ Puts note-book away._]

MOLES. Oh, don't trouble about these bills, sir. I can hold off the people a little longer, and I'll order the wine in another place.

STEVEN. That's a good boy, Moles, then I won't have to bother my sister.

MOLES. Yes, sir.

[_He goes out as _GEORGIANA _and the children enter Left._

GEORGIANA. Here's papa! Come along, now, Steve, I've promised the children a game of hide and go seek!

STEVEN. All right, I knew father wanted to do something very much,--only couldn't think what. Of course, it was hide and seek!

GEORGIANA. Philip must be "it" first!

PHILIP. All right!

[PHILIP _goes into the corner Right, with his back to the others. All hide behind or under the different pieces of furniture _--GEORGIANA _under the table, _TOOTS _back of the rocker, _STEVEN _under the sofa, etc._

PHILIP. [_Impatient. _] Are you ready?

[_Pause._

CHRISTOPHER. Not yet!

[_Getting behind curtains Centre window._

PHILIP. Now are you ready?

[LIZZIE _comes in Left, as soon as _STEVEN _hides under sofa._

GEORGIANA. Not yet!

[_Getting under the table._

LIZZIE. Mr. Carley, please, sir!

STEVEN. [_Putting his head out from under the sofa. _] Yes, Lizzie?

CHRISTOPHER. Don't turn round, Phil, it's only Lizzie. Wait!

LIZZIE. Excuse me, but Mr. Coast sent me upstairs to see--

STEVEN. Oh, by George, yes! [_Coming out from the sofa. _] I forgot. I must go back down town.

PHILIP. Oh, pshaw!

[_About to turn._

GEORGIANA. Don't turn, Phil!

CHRISTOPHER. No, the rest of us is hid!

STEVEN. I'm sorry, children! Father'd a great deal rather play hide and seek, but he's got to go to work. It's just like when you'd rather play but have to study!

PHILIP. When I get growed, I shan't never do anything I don't want to.

GEORGIANA. Then you'd be the most wonderful person in the world, and they'd put you in wax in the Eden Musée!

STEVEN. [_Kissing_ PHIL, _then_ CHRIS, _then_ TOOTS.] Good-by, dears.

THE CHILDREN. [_Dolefully._] Good-by.

[STEVEN _crosses to the door Left._

GEORGIANA. Never mind, I'll finish with you. Don't turn around, Phil.

LIZZIE. [_At the door Left._] Beg pardon, sir, but Moles has been and told me what you was going to do for him, sir. Would you be considering it great impertinence if I asked you to take six hundred dollars what I've saved, sir, and do things with it?

STEVEN. Certainly, Lizzie, send it by Moles in the morning.

LIZZIE. [_Delighted._] Oh, thank you, sir!

STEVEN. I'm glad to do it; you've served us faithfully for some years now, Lizzie.

[_He goes out._

LIZZIE. He's gone, miss.

[_She goes out also._

GEORGIANA. [_Calls._] Ready!

[PHILIP _turns and looks about the room, then begins to look under things. He sees his_ AUNT GEORGIANA _first and is about to touch her, but she laughingly motions him not to and points out_ TOOTS'S _hiding place._

PHILIP. [_ Finding_ TOOTS, _ touches him. _] You're it!

TOOTS. [_ Very pleased. _] I'm it! I'm it!

[_ Jumps up and down. _]

CHRISTOPHER. [_ Disappointed. _] Somebody find me.

PHILIP. Oh, come on out from behind the curtain--you're--easy.

[CHRISTOPHER _ comes out. Meanwhile_ COLEMAN _ is heard calling, "Hello, Phil, Phil," outside as he comes up the stairs. _]

PHILIP. [_ By the hobby horse. _] It's Mr. Dick!

THE CHILDREN. It's Mr. Dick!

GEORGIANA. Oh!

[_ Starts to get out from under the table, but_ COLEMAN _ enters, so she crawls back. _]

[LIEUTENANT RICHARD COLEMAN _ is a handsome, finely built man of about thirty-two. He is a West Pointer, is a good oarsman, a crack shot, and a good fellow all around. No finicking about him, no nerves. Just a sane, healthy, fine fellow. _]

DICK. Hello! Many happy returns, Phil. [_ Shakes hands. _] Where's your Aunt Georgiana! [_ Silence. _] Is she out?

PHIL. No, she's under the table!

CHRISTOPHER AND TOOTS. [_ Delighted. _] She's under the table! She's under the table!

DICK. [_ Laughing. _] What!

PHILIP. Hide and seek.

[DICK _ looks under the table; he and_ GEORGIANA _ laugh. _]

DICK. Good morning, are you at home?

GEORGIANA. [_ Very embarrassed. _] Oh, mercy! Do go away so I can get out!

DICK. [_ Tremendously amused. _] Come on out!

GEORGIANA. No! I can't with you there. [_ Laughing _.] Please leave the

room for just one minute!

DICK. Not if I know it! Come on out!

GEORGIANA. Not for worlds! Go away, please! [DICK _shakes his head "No."_] Then I shall never come out.

DICK. Ah, but that's hardly fair, because I want to talk to you comfortably.

GEORGIANA. Well, then, come on under!

DICK. Is there room?

GEORGIANA. A cable car conductor who knew his business could seat four more people in here.

DICK. Still--I think I'm more comfortable up here.

GEORGIANA. Selfish! Go on away! [DICK _shakes his head._] Children, if you love your auntie, go for Mr. Dick with all your might and main and push him into the hall.

[_The children shout and rush toward_ DICK; _they catch hold of him._

THE CHILDREN. Go away!

DICK. [_With mock ferocity._] The first child I get hold of I'll _spank_!

[_The children laugh and shout and run away from him to behind the table._

THE CHILDREN. Spank!

GEORGIANA. Ogre! Very well! After all, I'm not vain! It would take Barnum's human snake to get out of this gracefully, anyway!

[_Coming out, arranging her dress and hair._

DICK. Have some help?

GEORGIANA. No, thank you. But still, what a horrid person you are, aren't you?

[_They both laugh._

DICK. _You_ aren't!

GEORGIANA. O dear me! Making up now with a compliment! Well, what do you think of my birthday antics? Playing hide and seek--or, perhaps, trained elephants--doesn't interest you!

CHRISTOPHER. Lelephants! Oh, Auntie! Is the _circus_ coming?

[_ The children give themselves up to transports._ PHIL _hugs_ TOOTS _and repeats "Circus." _

GEORGIANA. No, darling, but this circus is going--your old-maid aunt--to put herself to rights!

DICK. You couldn't improve on present appearances!

GEORGIANA. Really! Such fine speeches! But they don't go with your manners! Would you like to join in the game?

PHILIP. Oh, yes! Hurrah!

[_ Runs to _ DICK, _when _ MRS. CARLEY _comes in from the Left._

MRS. CARLEY. Well! What's going on?

PHILIP. Birthdays!

MRS. CARLEY. Not for me!

GEORGIANA. Don't you want to play hide and go seek, mother?

MRS. CARLEY. I'm playing it all the time with old age! That's enough!

GEORGIANA. Well, excuse me, please, while I repair damages.

[_ She goes out Right._

DICK. [_ Calls. _] Come back.

CHILDREN. [_ Calling. _] Come back!

MRS. CARLEY. I want the children for a few minutes.

THE CHILDREN. [_ Disappointed. _] Oh, Grannie!

[_ She goes to children and drives them off Left ahead of her._

THE CHILDREN. Oh, Grandma!

MRS. CARLEY. Mrs. Vale is downstairs with the twins, to wish Phil many happy returns.

[_ The children go out Left unwillingly. _ MRS. CARLEY _ comes back. _

DICK. Going to spoil our game, Grandma?

MRS. CARLEY. Don't you grandma me! You're old enough for me to marry you.

DICK. Help!

MRS. CARLEY. Don't worry! Having lost two good husbands, I'm not going to risk losing a third.

DICK. I breathe freely once more.

MRS. CARLEY. I thought Sammy Coast was here.

DICK. Not since I came. He seems a clever chap!

MRS. CARLEY. We think so, and we hope so. He adores Georgiana.

DICK. Oh!

MRS. CARLEY. Huh! huh! [DICK _ walks away. _] What do you say to that match?

DICK. You don't mean?--

[_ Turns to _ MRS. CARLEY.

MRS. CARLEY. Looks like it! It would be a fine thing for both of them. Sam could give her a fortune, and Georgiana give him a big position.

DICK. But--

MRS. CARLEY. He's crazy about her! Comes here every day--follows her like a dog.

DICK. But it isn't--

MRS. CARLEY. [_ Interrupting. _] Not yet, but we don't dare breathe! And we're on tiptoe for the final word.

DICK. What does Steven say?

MRS. CARLEY. Delighted, of course. [_ Walks away a little. _] I hope you haven't brought Steve any tips to-day.

DICK. [_ Laughing. _] No!

MRS. CARLEY. Thank goodness! He doesn't seem to have had any this week and the house has been fairly quiet! [GEORGIANA _comes back._] I must go to Mrs. Vale. [_Goes out._]

GEORGIANA. Mother looks pleased.

DICK. She's never very depressed, is she?

GEORGIANA. Yes, sometimes,--in the day-time! It's largely a matter of frocks and bonnets, and depends sometimes on the exact color of her hair.

DICK. I often wonder that you keep on living with Mrs. Carley and Louise. They can't help being beastly uncongenial to you.

GEORGIANA. But Mrs. Carley brought me up. She did her worst with the best intentions, and you mustn't forget Steve! [_She sits beside the table and_ DICK _leans against it to talk to her._] He's my own brother, you know, and I'm so afraid Louise will finally disillusion him and spoil his happiness. I'm standing on guard.

DICK. You think a lot of Steve.

GEORGIANA. I love him better than any one else in the world. [_She adds in a very low voice._] Almost!

[_A short pause._]

DICK. Steve comes second!

[_Pause._]

GEORGIANA. [_Low voice and looking away._] Perhaps.

DICK. I hope you don't mind my asking you these questions.

GEORGIANA. No, I like it.

DICK. I don't want you to tell me anything more than you care to.

GEORGIANA. [_Turning and half laughing._] That's very good of you.

DICK. But I _wish_ you'd tell me everything.

GEORGIANA. My dear Dick, there isn't anything more for me to tell.

DICK. Oh, very well, if you want to leave it that way.

[_Moving away._

GEORGIANA. Leave what?

DICK. I mean if that's all you want to tell me.

GEORGIANA. Why don't _you_ tell _me_ something.

DICK. That's what I've come to do.

GEORGIANA. Have you?

DICK. [_Turns and faces_ GEORGIANA.] Our regiment is ordered off to the Philippines.

GEORGIANA. Your regiment?

DICK. Yes.

GEORGIANA. [_Breathless._] Who's going?

DICK. Who? Why, we're going, of course.

GEORGIANA. All of you?

DICK. Yes, all of us. There are two insurrections on a couple of islands that must be put down, and they want some fresh men.

GEORGIANA. But it will be awful warfare out there, won't it, unfair, cruel, unlawful warfare?

DICK. I suppose that's what it's likely to be with the natives until we teach them a thorough lesson on every one of the infernal islands.

GEORGIANA. But--

[_Hesitates, rises; they are both in front of the table._

DICK. But what?

GEORGIANA. [_Pause._] But your business,--how can you leave your office?

DICK. There are plenty of people who'll be only too glad to take on my clients.

GEORGIANA. But when you come back?

DICK. If the worst comes to the worst, I'll have to begin all over again.

GEORGIANA. No! Don't go--Dick! Don't go!

DICK. Why not?

GEORGIANA. [_Humorously, to cover her emotion._] I don't want any one else to get your clients.

DICK. Oh, you were thinking of my career! That'll take care of itself if I come back--and if I don't--

GEORGIANA. Please!

DICK. They said we were a lot of dandies in the regiment, and that if it ever came to fighting, people'd see us back down!

GEORGIANA. But need you all go?

DICK. That's the glory of it! It's fine, Georgy. There isn't a single man who'll be left behind, not on any old excuse!

GEORGIANA. Splendid!

DICK. You do want me to go, then, don't you?

GEORGIANA. Yes, if it's like that, I want you to go--but--I want you to come back, too!

[_Almost breaking down._]

DICK. Hello! I believe you're crying.

GEORGIANA. I'm not!

DICK. [_Tenderly, scarcely believing._] Do you care so much as that, Georgy?

GEORGIANA. [_Proudly._] Of course I care!

DICK. It's funny, isn't it--think how long we've known each other.

GEORGIANA. [_Still with a choke and a tear._] I don't see why it's funny.

DICK. What I mean is, we're sentimental beasts--we people.

GEORGIANA. Thank you, I don't care for the way you put it.

DICK. [_Takes a long breath._] Well, I wish you joy, Georgiana.

GEORGIANA. Much obliged.

DICK. And good-by.

[_Shakes hands._]

GEORGIANA. [_Rises._] Not now, for good.

DICK. [_Laughing._] Oh, no, we aren't off for ten days yet. But I wanted to tell my old pal first.

GEORGIANA. That was good of you. And you'll come in often before you go, won't you, Dick?

DICK. You bet! Every chance I get.

[_Both go up to the window. He has meant to go, but she manoeuvres him to the big seat instead._]

GEORGIANA. And anything I can do for you?

[_She sits._]

DICK. [_Sitting beside her._] Oh, I don't think there can be anything.

GEORGIANA. Oh, yes, there is always something women can do for men who go away to fight. They make things! Let me make something for you.

DICK. Can't think of anything. Got everything I want.

GEORGIANA. You're a lucky man to have everything you want--and going off to the Philippines with a jolly crowd of friends and glad you're going! I take back all my sympathy, and I wouldn't make you anything now if you asked me to.

DICK. And, by George, just when I'd thought of something.

GEORGIANA. What?

DICK. [_Laughing._] A court-plaster case!

GEORGIANA. You can buy one in a drug store.

DICK. I ought to have some present to carry in my breast pocket; don't you know bullets are always ward off that way?

GEORGIANA. Oh, that was in the old romantic days of the nineteenth century, and then it was a prayer book or a bunch of love letters.

To-day it's much more apt to be a cigarette case!

[_ The children run in, led by_ PHILIP.

PHILIP. They've gone! Hurrah! They've gone!

[GEORGIANA _and_ DICK _rise._

CHRISTOPHER. They've gone! They've gone!

[TOOTS _hangs on to_ DICK.

PHILIP. [_ Taking hold of_ GEORGIANA.] Come on, now, our game, or we'll never have it!

CHRISTOPHER. Blindman's buff!

TOOTS. Yes, blindman's buff!

GEORGIANA. [_ To_ DICK.] Are you game?

DICK. Just one round, and then I must be off. I'll be blindfolded.

[_ Takes out his handkerchief._

TOOTS. I want to be blindfolded!

PHILIP. No! Let Mr. Dick!

DICK. [_ Giving his handkerchief to_ GEORGIANA.] Will you blindfold me?

GEORGIANA. [_ Binds his eyes._] To my faults?

DICK. That would be Love's Labour Lost.

GEORGIANA. How do you mean Love's Labour Lost?

PHILIP. Don't let him peek!

DICK. And whoever I catch, I kiss!

PHILIP. No, tell the name first!

DICK. No, I must play my own game, and that is to kiss her first, and tell the name afterwards!

GEORGIANA. Now, turn him around three times, Christopher. [CHRISTOPHER _does so, holding_ DICK _by the knees._] And keep away, everybody!

CHRISTOPHER. Ready!

[_All watch eagerly._ DICK _moves down stage, reaching his arms out as a blindfolded person does, but always with his arms too high to catch one of the children._

PHILIP. Put your arms lower!

CHRISTOPHER. Yes, you can only catch Aunt Georgiana that way!

[GEORGIANA, _happy, pinches_ CHRISTOPHER'S _arm playfully._ DICK _lowers his arms for a moment, but purposely catches no one. Then he lifts his arms a little towards_ GEORGIANA, _who cries out and moves, lifting_ TOOTS _on the table._ DICK _follows the sound of her voice and catches hold of_ TOOTS'S _head._

PHILIP. [_Excited._] Musn't move your hands!

DICK. Make her kiss me, then.

[GEORGIANA _leans over, holding_ TOOTS _to one side, and kisses_ DICK _herself._

PHILIP. [_Delighted, calls out._] Guess who! Guess who!

[GEORGIANA _motions to the children not to tell and moves away._

DICK. [_Hearing the voice from where he supposes the kiss came, he takes off the bandage. He sees_ TOOTS _and is disappointed._] Why--I thought it was Georgiana! Toots! You rascal!

CHRISTOPHER. [_Trying to tell._] But Mr. Dick, Mr. Dick!

[TOOTS _laughs and claps hands._ GEORGIANA _gets hold of_ CHRISTOPHER _and holds her hand over his mouth._ GEORGIANA _and_ CHRISTOPHER _follow_ DICK _to the door Left._

GEORGIANA. [_To_ CHRISTOPHER, _to stop his telling._] Sh! [_To_ DICK.] Good-by!

DICK. Good-by!

TOOTS. [_Wanting to tell._] But--

PHILIP. Good-by! Good-by!

GEORGIANA. Good-by Dick! Come soon again!

DICK. To-morrow!

GEORGIANA. I'll wait in all day!

CHRISTOPHER. But Mr. Dick, it was--

[GEORGIANA _hushes him with her hand over his mouth._

GEORGIANA. Good-by!

DICK. Good-by!

[_He goes out Left._

CHRISTOPHER, PHILIP, AND TOOTS. Good-by!

[GEORGIANA _bursts into tears and hugs_ TOOTS _on top of the table._

CHRISTOPHER. But it was you, Aunt Georgiana!

GEORGIANA. Don't any of you tell on auntie! You won't, will you? Let auntie have her own way.

THE CURTAIN FALLS

ACT II

The drawing-room at the Carleys'. A handsome room in dark wood, with tapestry on the walls and an old portrait built in over the mantle. The furniture is gilt, Louis XVI, covered with old crimson brocade. There is a warmth about the room, a profusion of flowers, some books and magazines. A piano in the upper left-hand corner, a window with a balcony at Left. Doors Right and Left. LOUISE _and_ MRS. CARLEY _are replacing the furniture, which has been disarranged. Out on the balcony_ MOLES _is seen, with_ PHILIP _and_ CHRISTOPHER, _arranging an American flag on the balcony balustrade._

LOUISE. Thank goodness, the luncheon's over!

MRS. CARLEY. Yes, I thought they'd never go, and I've got the Shindle woman coming to do my hair.

LOUISE. I noticed it was getting a little dark at the wrong end, mother.

MRS. CARLEY. What was it Steve said this morning? It was always darkest before blond! Well, it's lucky I'm good-natured so long as I live in this family and don't want to grow old.

LOUISE. What are they doing on the balcony?

MRS. CARLEY. Dick Coleman's regiment marches by here this afternoon.

[_ She sits by a table Right._]

LOUISE. Do they start for the Philippines to-day?

MRS. CARLEY. Yes, and the President is to receive them in front of the Plaza.

LOUISE. [_ Coming to her._] Have you noticed Steve?

MRS. CARLEY. No,--has he got a new suit?

LOUISE. No, something's troubling him. [_ Thoughtfully._] I believe he's been speculating again and has lost.

MRS. CARLEY. He couldn't; he hasn't got anything more to lose.

LOUISE. [_ Petulantly._] He hasn't played with the children for a week and he hates going out so lately,--wants to refuse every invitation! Even the ones you and I've been patting ourselves on the back for getting! I can't stand it.

MRS. CARLEY. Quite right, too--if one doesn't go out, where can one go, and if we don't go anywhere, what are we to do? We can't stay home. [_ Rising, she crosses to mirror on table Left._] I say, dear, what about having my hair a little redder?

LOUISE. Let me see! [MRS. CARLEY _faces her_--LOUISE _examines her critically._] I wouldn't much; if you do, people will say you _dye_ it.

MRS. CARLEY. I don't care what they say, so long as they don't say it to my face. Have you had yours massaged this morning?

LOUISE. Yes, why?

[_ Goes to mirror and, pushing_ MRS. CARLEY _out of the way, examines her face in the glass._]

MRS. CARLEY. Nothing, only I think you must have it done religiously, darling; the crow's feet are beginning to come.

[_Sits on sofa and begins to crochet on an afghan._

LOUISE. Oh, I'm worried to-day and besides, I think our masseuse is getting careless. [_Turns, goes up to_ MRS. CARLEY, _and sits on the sofa. _] I'm going to change her; she never tells you anything about anybody, anyway.

MRS. CARLEY. I told you that the first day she came. She was positively rude the way she refused to be pumped by me about the people next door. Do you know I'm worried too. [_Rises, gives_ LOUISE _her work, and again looks in the glass._] I think my hips are getting bigger.

LOUISE. Well, my dear mother, you must have hips sometime in your life, and you've done pretty well. Look at your friend, Mrs. Brint.

[FOOTMAN _enters with tray, goes to table Right, and collects the small cups and saucers._

MRS. CARLEY. My dear! when Sarah Brint was _married_ she looked like a widow! [LOUISE _laughs._] It made me so mad seeing the people eat everything the way they did.

LOUISE. Mamma, you're so amusing. Of course we do have good food; we must get people here somehow.

MRS. CARLEY. And I not daring to eat a thing! Why is it nice things are all fattening?

[_The_ FOOTMAN _goes out_.

LOUISE. [_Rises and comes to_ MRS. CARLEY.] Does it strike you that this dress of mine makes me look too short-waisted?

MRS. CARLEY. Turn round. [LOUISE _does so._] Yes! don't wear it again.

LOUISE. [_Irritated._] Why didn't you tell me before lunch?

MRS. CARLEY. I didn't notice it!

LOUISE. [_Angry. Turns to mirror and then to_ MRS. CARLEY.] That's just it! You don't care! You don't think of me ever! You only think of yourself!

MRS. CARLEY. [_Angry._] That's not true. I've sacrificed my life for you, and for what good?

LOUISE. What good! Good heavens, haven't Steve and I done everything for you, lugged you into the best position almost in New York?

MRS. CARLEY. Yes, that's just it, "_almost!_" Your husband hates me and you back him up--and keep me in the background!

LOUISE. I couldn't! You wouldn't stay there.

[_ With a disagreeable laugh._]

MRS. CARLEY. [_ Sits in chair left of the table._] That's it, insult me,--but I've had enough! I've made up my mind, anyway, to leave your house and live by myself.

[_ Whimpering._]

LOUISE. Oh, stop, mamma. You know I didn't mean anything. I'm sorry!

MRS. CARLEY. [_ Crying._] No, I'm in the way.

LOUISE. You're not in the way. You know I couldn't live without my darling pretty little mamma. Please stop crying and kiss me.

[_ Puts her arms around her._]

MRS. CARLEY. [_ Still crying._] I haven't anybody in the world but you.

LOUISE. Don't I know that, don't I know I couldn't get on without you! There! [_ Kisses her._] Now it's all right. Come on, darling, come up and get your hair dyed.

MRS. CARLEY. [_ Pleasantly._] Sh! don't _call_ it that!

LOUISE. I am irritable lately, I know it--but I see without our money even Steve couldn't get us a decent position. We might just as well face the truth. Certain people don't appreciate you and me, mamma. We aren't even acquired tastes.

MRS. CARLEY. No one ever appreciated me long. I was prettier than you were at your age, and my husbands both fell in love with me at first sight. But I never wore well.

[_ She takes a magazine from the table and begins to cut the pages._]

LOUISE. I wonder if Georgiana _will_ marry Sammy!

MRS. CARLEY. I wish to goodness she would.

LOUISE. I believe she's in love with Mr. Coleman.

MRS. CARLEY. No, they've always known each other.

LOUISE. Well, some people wear better than we do, that's all! and I believe she's in love with him, whether either of them know it or not.

[GEORGIANA _comes in Left with_ BELLA SHINDLE. MISS SHINDLE _is a florid, buxom young person, pleased with herself and all the world. She carries several packages._

GEORGIANA. Here's Bella, mother.

EVERYBODY. How are you, Bella?

GEORGIANA. All your guests gone?

[_She sits left of table._ MRS. CARLEY _goes back of table, and_ LOUISE _moves to the right._

MRS. CARLEY. Yes, thank goodness! You _might_ have been here.

GEORGIANA. You know I can't stand your would-be smart parties!

LOUISE. I think they're always angry when they don't see you.

GEORGIANA. Nonsense! Did you have a good time? Pick everybody else to pieces?

LOUISE. No, we all said nice things about Mrs. Lothman.

GEORGIANA. Mercy! What's the matter with her?

LOUISE. My dear, she's a perfect nonentity; she might just as well _not_ exist.

GEORGIANA. [_Amused._] Well, to tell the truth, I don't care much about her myself. She's one of those boring creatures who when you ask her how she is, really tells you!

MRS. CARLEY. _You_ with fancy work! What in the world are you doing?

GEORGIANA. I am knitting a tie for Dick!

MRS. CARLEY. Good gracious. Well, I'll go upstairs and get into something _loose_. I'll be ready in ten minutes.

[_She goes out Right._

LOUISE. I must see the children; I haven't seen them to-day.

[_She follows her mother out._

BELLA. Miss Carley.

GEORGIANA. Yes, Bella.

BELLA. Mr. Coleman, Lieutenant Coleman, is going to the Philippines to-day.

GEORGIANA. [_Sighing involuntarily._] Yes, Bella.

BELLA. I've got a friend going along.

GEORGIANA. In the company?

BELLA. Yes--well, I don't mind telling you--he's my young man, Miss Carley.

GEORGIANA. Why, Bella, I didn't know you were engaged?

BELLA. Well, I don't know as you'd call it exactly, yes I _would_ say as we _was_ engaged--though I haven't got a ring. But we're going to get married when he comes back, if hugging and kissing is binding, which I _guess_, with witnesses! He wanted to give me a ring of his mother's, but I said "No," I wouldn't take that, it was sacred and he'd always wore it. You see it was an old-fashioned-looking sort of onyx stone with oyster pearls, and not for me--I'd rather wait.

GEORGIANA. You have an eye out on the main chance, Bella.

BELLA. Well, I wasn't born yesterday. Say, all the girls was crazy about him. I met him to dancing school Tuesday evenings at Adelphi Hall and we started right in, every Sunday night to church and every Saturday to the theatre. He enjoyed Sundays best and I Saturdays, but I felt it was because church was cheapest. He's dreadful economical.

GEORGIANA. You get more attention than I do from my soldier. You at least have the consolation of knowing you're the girl he's left behind.

BELLA. 'Tain't much consolation if I get left for _good_! Say, will you ask Mr. Coleman to sort o' look after him? Ask him to please put him in the back row when there's fighting--and keep an eye on his health. I'm afraid it's dreadful _damp_ being a soldier; and do you know that man actually catches cold if he forgets his rubbers and it sprinkles?

GEORGIANA. I don't think he ought to go if he's so delicate; Mr. Coleman will take an interest in your friend, I know, if I ask him. What's his name?

BELLA. Mr. Gootch.

GEORGIANA. _Mr. Gootch!_ Yes, I can remember that. But, you see, if he's a soldier he must do his duty, whatever it is.

BELLA. There's no holding him back! He's jus' as likely as not to lose his position at Snipleys, Crabford & Snipleys, too, but he _will_ go! It's surprising to see a man with such a weak chest and delicate feet, so awful brave and persistent.

LOUISE. [_ Coming back. _] I bore the children to death, so I left them. What are all these bundles, Bella?

BELLA. Christmas presents. This is just the time of the year to buy, you know, you can get such bargains! and if there's one thing I think nicer'n anything else to get cheap, it's Christmas presents.

GEORGIANA. You should do like Mrs. Carley, Bella, save half of the things you get one year to give away the next.

[_ She sits by the table and goes on with her work. _]

LOUISE. I always do that. I get so many things I can't bear.

GEORGIANA. But you must be careful not to send them back to the same place they came from! That _has_ happened.

LOUISE. Georgiana!

[BELLA _laughs out loud and sits on the sofa._ LOUISE _sits opposite_ GEORGIANA.

GEORGIANA. What have you got? Sit down and tell us.

BELLA. Thank you, ma'am. [_ Delighted with the opportunity. Taking up the different parcels._] Well, I've got an elegant pair of scissors for mother, marked down because of a flaw in the steel, but she's near-sighted, and she don't want to use 'em anyway--it's just to feel she has another pair. Scissors is mother's fad--sort of born in her, I guess, for my mother's mother was a kind of dressmaker. She didn't have robes and mantucks over her door, you know,--she was too swell for that,--she went out by the day! And this is a real bronze Louis ink-stand for my sister's husband, only cost thirty-nine cents and hasn't got a thing the matter with it, so long as you don't see the others--if you see the others, you'll observe that there's a naked lady missing off the top part which I'm glad of anyway as I'm giving it to a gentleman, and he'll never see the others besides. And this is two boxes of writing paper; aren't they _huge_! _awful_ cheap with a lovely picture of an actress on top--Lillian Russell in _Mice and Men_, I think, on one, and Jean Duresk the Opera Singer in _Lonegrind_ on the other. The boxes 'av got false bottoms--so there ain't very much writing

material, but the rich effect's there all the same.

GEORGIANA. [_ Laughing._] Bella, you're a wonderful shopper!

BELLA. And this is a copy of Homer's _Iliad_ for my sister. Do you know it? Is it nice? Anything like Hall Caine's works, or Mary Corelli's? She's always been my sister's favorite writeress. You see they've got a whole counter of these beautifully bound in red and gold, and only nineteen cents. But it's so hard to decide which to buy. I've about decided now to take this back and change it for _Lucille_. Which do you think my sister'd like best, Homer's _Iliad_ or _Lucille_?

GEORGIANA. I believe she'd prefer _Lucille_, and besides half the fun in shopping is in the changing one's mind and taking things back, don't you think so?

BELLA. Yes, ma'am, I think so.

[MOLES _enters Left._

MOLES. Mr. Coast to see Miss Georgiana, please.

[BELLA _rises._

GEORGIANA. Did you say I was in?

MOLES. Yes, miss.

GEORGIANA. What a bore! Very well, Moles.

[_ He goes out._

BELLA. I'll be going up to Mrs. Carley, now.

[_ Goes toward the door Right._

GEORGIANA. Wait a minute, Bella. I want you to do something for me. Entertain Sammy, Louise, till I come back.

[_ She goes out with_ BELLA.

LOUISE. I never was able to entertain Sammy, but I'll do my best.

[COAST _enters, announced by_ MOLES, _who immediately exits._

COAST. Hello, Lou, how goes it?

LOUISE. Beastly!

COAST. Where's Miss Georgiana?

LOUISE. She'll be down in a minute. Sam, do you know what's the matter with Steve?

COAST. Probably he's been losing.

LOUISE. Whose money?

COAST. Everybody's.

LOUISE. But can't you help him?

COAST. No; it's not my business.

[_Sits on the sofa, putting the pillows out of his way._]

LOUISE. But he's my husband, and you're my cousin.

COAST. What's the difference? Twenty years ago, when your father was rich as Croesus and my guv'ner and I up a stump for--tobacco, anyway, if not for bread, did he lift a finger to help us? not on your life! That lets me out! Every man for himself--and listen, if I wanted to starve I could lose a real good fortune through Steve Carley, without any outside help.

LOUISE. I told mother you'd be like that.

COAST. We're all pretty much alike; she'd recognize the Coast family.

LOUISE. If you were married to Georgiana, you couldn't ignore her brother. She isn't like us.

COAST. Well, if I could get Georgiana, [_Going to_ LOUISE.] I'd be willing to do a good deal. She's the only woman I can see in this world my size.

LOUISE. So I guessed, but if Dick Coleman proposes before he goes to the Philippines, I wouldn't give much for your chances.

COAST. Listen, Lou; did you ever know me to lose anything I'd set my mind on getting.

LOUISE. No.

COAST. Well I mean to marry Georgiana, Dick Coleman or no Dick Coleman. No, I'll put it different from that. I mean to make her love me, because, by God, I love that woman so I'd do anything, commit a crime almost, to get her.

[STEVEN _enters Left and _ COAST _goes up to the mantel._

LOUISE. Steve, aren't you up town early?

STEVEN. A little.

[_Sits Left._ MOLES _enters._

MOLES. Beg pardon, sir.

LOUISE. What is it, Moles?

MOLES. [_To_ LOUISE.] Mr. Carley, m'm. [_To_ STEVEN.] Could I speak with you a few moments, sir?

STEVEN. I'm very busy to-day, Moles.

MOLES. But have you noticed sir, this morning, United Copper is lower.

STEVEN. It can't be helped--go about your business.

MOLES. But for heaven's sake, Mr. Carley--you said yesterday if it dropped another point and we couldn't give up any more money, Lizzie and me'd both lose everything we had.

STEVEN. I'm sorrier than I can say, but there are lots of others worse off than you.

[GEORGIANA _reënters Right._

COAST. [_Cynically to_ STEVEN.] You don't mean to say you've been speculating with Moles's money.

LOUISE. Moles!

STEVEN. It was for _himself_, not me, I put him in.

MOLES. And Lizzie, sir. And we'd counted it up, how if we made all you said, we could leave service soon, sir, and we could afford a small house in the country with say _four_ rooms and _one_ baby--Lizzie doing her own work.

LOUISE. Do you mean to say, Steve, that your own servants have lost their earnings through you?

MOLES. Yes, m'm.

STEVEN. [_Doggedly._] Put it that way if you like. I meant to do them a

good turn.

LOUISE. But we can't let that happen; we must pay them back!

COAST. [_Amused._] Bully for you, Louise! getting generous in your old age.

LOUISE. It would ruin us socially if it got out!

COAST. Oh, I see!

MOLES. Mr. Carley said it was _sure_, ma'am.

[COAST _laughs a rather coarse laugh._

STEVEN. For heaven's sake, Coast! Go away, Moles.

[MOLES _goes out Left._

COAST. [_To_ STEVEN.] Are they holding on for you?

STEVEN. They said they'd give me till to-morrow to put up more security.

[_Sits Right._

COAST. What do you need?

[_No answer._

LOUISE. How much more security, Steve?

[_Goes to_ STEVE.

STEVEN. Say a hundred and fifty thousand.

[COAST _whistles_.

LOUISE. He'd better hold on, Sam, hadn't he; what do you think of the stock?

COAST. Don't ask _me_.

LOUISE. We've got _to risk it_, anyway. Use some of my bonds, Steve.

STEVEN. Louise!

LOUISE. Yes, I mean it, we must.

STEVEN. You don't understand me--we can't use your security.

LOUISE. Why not?

STEVEN. [_ Rising and half turning away. _] Not--again.

LOUISE. How do you mean "again"?

STEVEN. Your money is all there, all, already buried in it!

LOUISE. _All_ my money? _All_ of it!

STEVEN. Yes, I wanted to win back your mother's, I wanted--

[_ Interrupted. _]

LOUISE. [_ Beside herself. _] You wanted! You wanted!! You wanted!!! To ruin us, that is what I should say you wanted to do!--Do you mean to say, behind my back, you've gambled away every cent I have, as well as all my mother's money!?!

GEORGIANA. No! it's not possible--Steve!

[_ Comes between _ STEVEN _ and _ LOUISE. _]

STEVEN. When did you come in, Georgy?

LOUISE. Georgy! [_ No answer; she continues hysterically. _] He can't deny it; it's true! And it's rank dishonesty, that's what it is! You've robbed me, you've robbed my mother, you've robbed your own children! The papers will call you a--

STEVEN. [_ Interrupting. _] That's not true! I had control of your money--to do with as I choose, and I did what I thought was for the best.

LOUISE. You've never done anything for me that wasn't for the worst!

[_ Walking up and down excitedly. _]

GEORGIANA. Louise!

LOUISE. It's true! If I can save a cent out of this ruin, I'll take it and the children away from you! I'll never live with you again! I'll show you up to all your smart friends who've snubbed me! I'll send you to state prison if I can!

[_ Sits in the arm-chair down Left. _]

COAST. Shut up, Lou! You'd better get a little legal advice before you

start on that track.

GEORGIANA. Louise!

[Goes to_ LOUISE.

LOUISE. Well, what have _you_ got to say? My mother brought _you_ up, was a second mother to your brother who ruined us, but you've got _your_ money, I suppose. You've been clever enough to keep _your_ money in your own hands,--you and he will always have enough!

[Crying hysterically._

GEORGIANA. _Will_ you listen to me and let me say what I'm trying to?

LOUISE. [Bursting into floods of tears, overwhelmed with sympathy for herself. _] He's broken my heart! That's what he's done; broken my heart!

GEORGIANA. [Going to_ LOUISE.] Oh, no, he hasn't, Louise, he's only broken your bank, and you don't know the difference. I want to say to you now,--that all Steve needed was real love, and the guiding hand of a true, sensible woman--

STEVEN. [Interrupting her, goes to_ GEORGIANA. GEORGIANA _turns to_ STEVE.] No, Georgy! You mustn't blame Louise! I love her and always will, just as she is. She doesn't mean all she says now--she's angry, and she has a right to be--I'm one of those men who never succeed--who never have any luck, and it's bad luck for her to have to share mine.

GEORGIANA. Well, what's done's done? But, as Louise says, my money's left.

STEVEN. Yes, but--

GEORGIANA. Mine must do for all of us.

COAST. [Strongly. _] Excuse me, but I'll see that Louise and her mother don't suffer; _you_ keep your money.

GEORGIANA. No, that's not the point, Sam. I asked you once to give my brother advice and you refused. You might have prevented this, and now we can get along without your money. Steve won't have to go out of his own family to make up as far as he can for what he's lost out of yours.

[SAM _turns away to the mantel._

STEVEN. Georgy! O Georgy! You're an angel! [Hugging her and kissing her in a transport of relief. _] I'll get out of it, you'll see! I'll cover myself to-morrow. I can do that with your Croton Bonds and your Mutual

Life and a couple of mortgages, and we'll win in the end, and Louise get hers back and mother too--! [_His arm about his wife._] It's _sure_ in the end, _it's got_ to be, Louise.

[_There is no response from_ LOUISE.

GEORGIANA. Steven, I have a condition about my money.

STEVEN. [_Crestfallen._] What?

GEORGIANA. It isn't to be used as you think. If I'm to help you, it must be in my own way.

STEVEN. How do you mean?

GEORGIANA. What's lost is _lost_. I have between five and six hundred thousand dollars, and we must all live on the income of that. And you must give your word of honor never to gamble in stocks again.

[SAM _comes back to front of table._

LOUISE. [_To_ STEVEN, _suddenly realizing it again._] You let _all_ my money go?

GEORGIANA. [_To_ LOUISE.] I will share what I have with you.

STEVEN. [_To_ GEORGIANA.] But you must let me try to get back--

GEORGIANA. [_Interrupting._] It would only be throwing good money after bad!

COAST. [_Sardonically._] How about Moles and Lizzie?

GEORGIANA. Don't _you_ worry about them! Moles and Lizzie shall have their money back, of course.

STEVEN. But I can't do it, Georgy. It's losing--why it's like losing a million to us!

GEORGIANA. Suppose you went on speculating with my money, and it went the same way as Louise's and her mother's?

COAST. And Lizzie's and Moles?

STEVEN. But it can't--it _can't!_

[STEVEN _sits on the sofa._ GEORGIANA _sits beside_ STEVEN. LOUISE _is still in the arm-chair Left._

GEORGIANA. O Steve! I've heard that so often. [_A pause._] You were always a straight boy, Steve, and you always kept your word. Your notion of honor, it seems to me, in little things hasn't been so strong lately, as this fever of speculation grew on you, but still you are the same Steve and you've never lied about your transactions; so I have faith in you. Now let's settle this once and for all and _my way_!

STEVEN. It's very hard, Georgiana.

LOUISE. We can never all of us live on your income--not as we're used to.

GEORGIANA. That's true. Come, Steve. Give me your word never to go into another speculation and let's throw it off for to-day. Dick's coming to say good-by. Let's give him happy memories of us, at least to take away with him. [_A moment's pause._] Come, Steve?

STEVEN. [_Low voice._] All right.

GEORGIANA. No more speculating; you'll give me your word--[STEVEN _rises_, GEORGIANA _rises._ STEVEN _nods his head._]--of honor, Steve?

STEVEN. Yes!

[_Nods his head._]

GEORGIANA. Then that's settled.

[_Gives_ SAM _a calm, defiant look._]

STEVEN. O Georgy! I don't seem grateful, but I am. I can't tell you! I can't say! But it's wonderful what you're doing! God bless you!

[_Puts his arms on_ GEORGIANA'S _shoulders._]

GEORGIANA. [_With emotion, almost breaking down._] That's all right, Steve. We'll begin all over again.

[_She kisses him._]

LOUISE. [_To_ GEORGIANA.] I suppose I ought to thank you too.

GEORGIANA. No, don't bother. Come upstairs and have your hair shampooed. Bella must have painted mother red enough by now; it'll rest you and do you good.

LOUISE. After all, you're no real relation of ours, and you've done a fine thing.

GEORGIANA. [_ Very simply. _] Don't talk about it. I wish it were more. I realize fully what it means to your mother and you to have all your money gone. But we'll put our shoulders to the wheel and make the best of it. Come, dear, come.

[_ She goes out Right. _ LOUISE _ is about to follow, but is stopped by _ STEVEN.

STEVEN. Louise, do you forgive me?

LOUISE. No, you ought to have asked my advice--let me know.

STEVEN. But when I used to talk to you about money matters, dear, you always begged me not to bother you.

LOUISE. I don't care, this is different. Sam!

[_ Nodding good-by. _

COAST. Do you mind my joining you to see the procession go by at five?

LOUISE. No!

[_ She goes out Right. _

STEVEN. What procession?

COAST. Coleman's regiment.

[_ He puts his feet upon small gilt chair beside the table. _

STEVEN. Oh, yes! Well--I've made a pretty big mess of things. I'm not fit to live, that's what's the trouble with me.

COAST. Oh, you must take everything in the day's work; but it's a pity she made you give her that promise.

STEVEN. Why?

COAST. [_ Goes to him. _] You all can't live on the income from five hundred thousand dollars. Now there'll be a _bust_ up sure!

STEVEN. Ss! that's all I need.

[_ Sits on the sofa. _

COAST. That promise of yours to Georgiana's binding, ain't it?

STEVEN. [_ Looks up. _] Of course. Why?

COAST. No why.

[_A pause._

STEVEN. You think United Copper will go up again?

COAST. If not, I know something that _will_.

STEVEN. Something you're in yourself?

COAST. Yes.

STEVEN. And you'd put me on?

COAST. Yep. I don't think there's any other way out of this for you all.

STEVEN. Sam!

[_He rises._

COAST. It's _absolutely safe_.

STEVEN. I could get it back? _Some_, anyway, of what I've lost?

COAST. Sure!--

STEVEN. But I gave Georgiana my word.

COAST. Of course she got that promise out of you because she thought you'd lose again.

STEVEN. Yes, but my word is _my_ word.

COAST. Do you suppose she'd mind, if you won, won back Louise's money, won back the girl's happiness?

STEVEN. Suppose I tell her what you can do and ask her to let me off this once?

COAST. No, women don't understand business. She wouldn't realize _I_ can _know_ I'd win, any more than _you feel sure_ and lose.

STEVEN. Yes, it would do no _good_ to ask her.

COAST. Too bad, because I'd guarantee you wouldn't lose, not this deal. Of course I wouldn't be responsible for any future transaction.

STEVEN. But I'd be satisfied with this one, if I got back my losses.

COAST. I don't say you'd get back _all_, in one deal, but a good start which might turn your luck.

STEVEN. It's always like that; I've known such cases over and over again. But I've never yet broken my word to Georgiana,--somehow or other I feel as if I did that once I wouldn't have any hold over myself.

COAST. I don't suppose you could get at her securities anyway this afternoon?

STEVEN. Oh, yes, I could. We have our deposit box together.

COAST. Don't you think she'd forgive you when it means such a lot to Louise and her mother?

STEVEN. Why shouldn't she?

COAST. Why don't you risk it? That promise was just to keep you from losing, and this time I'll see you don't lose--so why not?

STEVEN. By George, I will! Georgiana really can't blame me when there's so much at stake.

COAST. Can you get the stuff to-day?

STEVEN. [_ Looks at his watch. _] Yes, if I hurry.

COAST. All right, go ahead. I'll come to your office to-morrow at nine. Listen--I ain't supposed, of course, to have anything to do with this--and when you get it, don't go giving my tip to other chumps.

STEVEN. Oh, no.

COAST. What you do is on your own responsibility?

STEVEN. Exactly, only _you_ guarantee?

COAST. That you don't lose this time. [_ Looking at his watch. _] You'd better hurry.

STEVEN. Thank you, Sam.

[_ Shakes his hand. _]

COAST. Oh, that's all right. Say, I want to marry your sister. No objection on your part, is there?

STEVEN. Well, I should say not!

COAST. She don't seem to cotton to me.

STEVEN. She doesn't know you.

COAST. Do you think if she was up a tree for funds she'd look at me any kinder?

STEVEN. Not a bit.

COAST. Some women do.

STEVEN. Not Georgiana! Good-by.

COAST. [_ To_ STEVE.] So long.

[STEVEN _turns to go, but stops as_ MOLES _shows_ COLEMAN _into the room. The latter is dressed in his uniform of first lieutenant._

DICK. Hello, Steven! Hello, Coast!

COAST. We gates!

STEVEN. How are you, Dick? Excuse me, I'm in a hurry. You're off to-day?

DICK. Yes, I've come to shake hands.

STEVEN. Good-by, old man, and good luck--sorry to have to go! Good-by!

[_ Shakes hands warmly, with feeling._

DICK. Good-by.

[STEVEN _goes out Left._

COAST. [_ Sitting Right._] Oh, I guess she ain't so different.

DICK. Who?

COAST. Georgiana, she's _just a woman_!

DICK. No, take my word for it, she's not _a_ woman, she's _the_ woman.

[_ Sits on the piano bench._

COAST. 'Spose she likes money and nice things always about her?

DICK. She's always had them,--and always would if I could help give them to her.

COAST. Huh, huh! Well--say, Steve's got himself in a devil of a hole! Speculated with his wife's money--and they're broke.

DICK. Good God, what do you mean?

[_ Rises._]

COAST. What I say. Steve is one of those good-hearted gulls who's a blame slob on the money market, and he's gone under to the extent of Aunt Laura's and Louise's _spondulix_, that's all.

[_ He is rather amused._ DICK _goes back of table, puts his hat on it._]

DICK. What are they going to do?

COAST. Georgiana wants to pony up like a brick and keep the whole lot!

DICK. Just like her!

COAST. Oh, of course, I'll see Georgiana don't really lose by it in no way in the end.

DICK. You _will_?

COAST. Why of course!

DICK. She isn't going to let Steve speculate with her money, is she?

COAST. Can't say.

[_ A pause._]

DICK. Look here, I'd like to help Steve myself, if I thought I could protect Georgiana. I'll let Steve have some money. You needn't say anything to anybody. How much will see him through?

COAST. That's real good of you, but I couldn't let outsiders help 'em.

DICK. I'm not exactly an outsider; and the truth is, Coast, I'd give anything to have the right to help Georgiana. [_ A silence._] Look here. I'm going to ask you a question, straight out!

COAST. Fire ahead!

[_ Looks at _ DICK _with a perfectly blank face._]

DICK. Anything between you and Georgiana?

COAST. [_ After a short pause._] There is--

DICK. Mrs. Carley hinted as much.

COAST. [_ Unflinchingly._] I'm--er--I'm going to marry Georgiana.

[_ A pause._ COAST _looks_ DICK _in the eye, then away._

DICK. Congratulate you, Coast! [_ Shakes his hand._] She's worth even more than you can give her!

COAST. That's right!

[COAST _goes out on the balcony and whistles "Congo." _ DICK _walks away and turns his back._ DICK _goes to the mantel and takes up a picture of_ GEORGIANA, _looks at it, takes it out of the frame, and seeing that_ COAST _isn't observing, puts it in his breast pocket. He turns round with a pathetic sort of half-laughing exclamation to_ COAST.

DICK. I say, Coast. [COAST _comes in from the balcony._] I've been in love with Georgiana for years.

COAST. That don't surprise me!

[COAST _sits on the piano bench._

DICK. I never realized it until the other day, when I found I was going to leave her, and--perhaps--not coming back, and then I found boy friendship had sort of grown up into a man's love--I almost told her--[_ Pause._] I wonder if I'd found it out sooner--before you came along--

COAST. No use shutting the stable door _after_ the horse is swiped!

DICK. I shan't be able to say exactly what I wanted to to Georgiana--but that's--your luck--I guess the quicker I can say good-by and get out, the better for me--

COAST. Listen--don't say anything to Georgiana about her and me, will you, unless of course she tells you--we're not talking about it yet.

DICK. _I_ don't care mentioning it, thank you.

[MRS. CARLEY _and_ GEORGIANA _come in Right and meet_ DICK.

MRS. CARLEY. We're so sorry to say good-by, Dick--will you have some tea?

DICK. No, thanks.

COAST. Hello, Auntie.

[MRS. CARLEY _goes to the sofa and sits with her crocheting._

GEORGIANA. Dick!

[_Shaking his hand--a second long. They look into each other's eyes._

MRS. CARLEY. Isn't he fine in his uniform?

DICK. [_Embarrassed._] I hadn't time to change before we start.

MRS. CARLEY. Louise asks me to give her farewells; she's got a bad headache and is being shampooed--she's _too_ disappointed not to see you.

DICK. I'm sorry she's in her usual health.

MRS. CARLEY. Got it from her father; we didn't expect him to live a year when I married him, but he surprised us all--and I tell Louise she'll outlive me yet. How are you, Sammy?

[_Drops her worsted;_ COAST _picks it up and gives it to her._

COAST. All right, only I need a shave.

[_He sits Left._

MRS. CARLEY. Well, you shouldn't talk about it! You need a lot of coaching.

GEORGIANA. [_Aside to_ DICK.] Stay; I want to speak to you alone.

DICK. All right, old girl, I think I know why.

MRS. CARLEY. Why don't you all sit down?

GEORGIANA. He hasn't much time.

DICK. I haven't long to stay. I must be at the armory by a quarter to four.

GEORGIANA. You march by here at four, don't you, on your way to the 42d St. Station?

DICK. Yes, rather a bore; but the Governor insists, and Roosevelt comes on to receive us at 59th St.

GEORGIANA. We oughtn't to keep Dick, then, mother; we ought to say good-by at once.

[They all rise._

MRS. CARLEY. Very well, speed the parting guest! Good-by, Dick, we'll watch the papers to see what brave things you do, and don't fall in love with any of the _décolleté_ young nigger ladies we read about.

DICK. Good-by, Mrs. Carley. [They wait for_ GEORGIANA _to say good-by. A pause._] Good-by, Coast!

[Crosses to_ COAST, _who rises and shakes hands with_ DICK.

COAST. Good-by! Good luck--

GEORGIANA. [Pointedly._] Good-by, Sam.

COAST. Oh, I'm not going.

[A pause._

DICK. [To_ GEORGIANA.] Good-by.

GEORGIANA. Good-by! [Shakes his hand and adds under her breath to him._] Don't go. Don't go.

[A pause; all wait._

MRS. CARLEY. He isn't in a hurry, after all, Georgiana; let's all sit down again.

[They all sit._

GEORGIANA. [Laughing, embarrassed._] Of course I don't want to urge you off, Dick.

DICK. [Rising._] No, but really, after all, I think I _must_ go.

[All rise again._

GEORGIANA. No! Mother, I want to speak with Dick alone, before he goes; you won't mind leaving us, will you, you and Sam?

[Sam rises._

MRS. CARLEY. [Unwilling._] Oh, no--Come along, Sam. We'll be on the balcony when you pass, Dick; be sure to look up. Good-by.

[_ Going. _

DICK. [_ Shaking her hand. _] I'll look up.

COAST. [_ At the door Right. _] I'll go up and see the kids.

[COAST _ looks at Dick and goes out very slowly with _ MRS. CARLEY.

GEORGIANA. I couldn't say good-bye to you like that--I couldn't share my good-bye with mother; you understand that, don't you, Dick.

DICK. Yes, old girl, though if I had my way I wouldn't say good-bye to _you_ at all--I hate good-bys to people I care about.

GEORGIANA. Sit down just a few minutes.

[_ They sit down by the table. _

DICK. [_ Sees the tie in her hands. _] Busy making reins for Toots? What an ugly color!

GEORGIANA. Is it? Well, it's a tie for you!

DICK. Oh--I mean it's ugly for reins, but perfectly lovely for a tie--I'll take it with me.

[_ Puts it in his pocket. _

GEORGIANA. I wish I could go with you.

DICK. Don't you think you're needed here just at this moment?

GEORGIANA. Has Steve told you?

DICK. No, Coast did.

GEORGIANA. Don't you think I'm doing right?

DICK. If you love him, of course, old girl, you're doing right. I think I must go now. [_ Rises. _] Good-bye.

GEORGIANA. No, don't go yet, please. I can't bear to have you go.

DICK. It's good of you to care so much. [_ Leans against the table. _] You know only yesterday I woke up and suddenly began to hope--

GEORGIANA. What--

DICK. Nothing; I don't hope it any more, anyway! I say, Georgiana,

you'll go around and see mother and father once in a while, won't you?

GEORGIANA. Of course I will--

DICK. It'll cheer them up a lot, you know--they feel so badly; it's pretty tough on them, my leaving.

GEORGIANA. _I_ feel badly too--

DICK. That's jolly good of you.

GEORGIANA. And isn't it just a little _tough_ to leave me? Your oldest friend almost, you know.

[_She adds this latter to cover up the sentiment which was coming too near the surface._]

DICK. Of course it is.

GEORGIANA. You haven't said so.

DICK. Still waters run deep, Georgy, and I--[_He moves away._] really, I must be going.

GEORGIANA. [_Rising._] No, _don't_ go.

DICK. [_Looking at his watch._] I must.

GEORGIANA. No, let me see your watch. Yes, you have got three more minutes. Please--sit down--

[_She persuades him to sit down again, and she reseats herself._]

DICK. Have your own way!

GEORGIANA. Will there be fighting?

DICK. I hope so!

GEORGIANA. Oh, but what fighting! I've read, I know--ambushes and tortures--their war is murder.

DICK. Yes, and that's why we're going out there to put an end to it.

GEORGIANA. Why need _you_?

DICK. Some one must, I as well as another; in fact, just now, I _better_ than any other.

GEORGIANA. Why _you_ better?

DICK. Because I want to go--I've got a restless fit, Georgiana--and want to get away from here--I want to get away from everybody.

GEORGIANA. From _me_?

DICK. Yes, even from _you_!

GEORGIANA. [_Hurt._] Thank you.

DICK. I should think your woman's instinct would teach you why.

GEORGIANA. Well, it doesn't! and I really should be very much obliged to you if you would help my woman's instinct out.

DICK. Of course it's all right what you're going to do, only--well, I don't want to be here to see it.

GEORGIANA. But, Dick, I'm perfectly happy in what I'm doing.

DICK. Of course! but that doesn't make it any the pleasanter for me.
[_Rises._] Good-by.

GEORGIANA. [_Rising._] And that's all, just good-by?

DICK. No, I wish you all kinds of happiness in the future and the happiest marriage in the world.

GEORGIANA. Oh, thank you very much.

DICK. [_With great effort._] I wish you everything that's good, Georgy, old girl!

GEORGIANA. Well, I'm sure no one could ask for more; and what shall I wish you?

DICK. Wish me a big fight, and an exciting one! Wish me a chance to do something! Wish me--oh, what does it matter--wish me--"Good-by."

GEORGIANA. What does it matter? Good-by! No!

[_They shake hands; she follows him to the door._]

DICK. I must. I'll be late.

GEORGIANA. _Be_ late.

DICK. [_Looking at her a moment._] _I am_ --too late. Good-by.

[_ He is going out again and she stops him. _ Good-by. [_ Light-heartedly. _

[_ He goes out. She stands where he leaves her, facing the door. A pause. _

GEORGIANA. "What does it matter"--"wish me good-by."

[_ She turns, looking straight ahead of her, gazing into space, realizing what it means to her. Slowly the emotion creeps into her face, she falters where she stands, and turns about to burst into tears, when _ COAST _ comes back into the room _.

COAST. I heard Coleman go--can I talk with you a little?

GEORGIANA. [_ Sitting on the sofa. _] No, Sam, I don't feel like it!

[_ She cannot keep her tears back. _

COAST. [_ Going to her. _] Georgy, don't--don't--I love you.

GEORGIANA. No! I don't want you to.

COAST. It don't make any difference if you want me to or not; I do, got to, it's so strong in me--won't you have me?

GEORGIANA. No! Won't you leave me alone a little?

COAST. No, I can't. Listen; I know I'm not refined enough for you--but I can get over that in time. Sure! I can get over everything for you, if you'll only love me.

GEORGIANA. No! now go away from me.

[_ He kneels beside her a little awkwardly, trying to make her look at him. _

COAST. There isn't a thing in this world that money can buy I won't give you.

GEORGIANA. There are some things money can't buy.

COAST. No, there ain't--not _my_ money! You'll have everything a woman can hanker after in this world--the best there is, and Steve shall have it, too, for your sake.

GEORGIANA. I can never love you.

COAST. Listen! I'll make my wife the biggest woman in the city--I'll

make her--

GEORGIANA. [_ Interrupting._] Sam, stop! [_ He rises._] I can't hear any more!

[_ A pause--she sobs; he waits._

COAST. I won't stop, not till you say you'll marry me! If I let up to-day, I'll begin again to-morrow, and when I stop to-morrow it'll be to go ahead the day after! I've never failed yet in getting anything I've set after, and this is the biggest thing I've ever made up my mind to.

GEORGIANA. And this time you _will_ lose. Because I can never love you. [_ He tries to interrupt._] No, let me finish. I'll tell you why I can't love you. I'll tell you, only just you, Sam, remember that. I could never love you because I love now, with every bit of love there is in me, the man who has just left this house, who has gone to fight and perhaps will never come back.

COAST. Has he asked you to be his wife?

GEORGIANA. I love him all the same!

COAST. And I love you the same way you love him--ain't you a little sorry for me?

GEORGIANA. Yes--

COAST. That'll do to go on with--

GEORGIANA. [_ Laughs hysterically._] Oh--Sam, can't I make you understand?

COAST. No, nor make me give up. I'm coming to see you again to-morrow; when will you be in?

GEORGIANA. Not at all.

[_ She moves about the room._

COAST. What time in the afternoon?

GEORGIANA. I shall be out all afternoon.

COAST. I'll call at five.

GEORGIANA. Very well! You'll find Louise and mother.

COAST. _Coleman_ thinks you'll have me!

GEORGIANA. He couldn't! Why should he?

COAST. He congratulated me, when he was here just now!

GEORGIANA. For what?

COAST. For you!

GEORGIANA. Oh! [_Laughing hysterically._] That's what he meant by his happy marriage--

[_Laughing and crying._]

COAST. If he mentioned marriage, that's what he meant.

GEORGIANA. But didn't you tell him he was wrong?

COAST. No.

GEORGIANA. But why not?

COAST. I wanted him to think it!

GEORGIANA. But it was wrong of you--it can never be true, and I don't want him to go away believing it. [_Music of a military band is heard in the distance._] Here they come! [_Going to the balcony, he follows._] No, please don't come out with me! Sam--I don't want him to see me standing there with you. [SAM _starts towards_ GEORGIANA.] Let me go out on the balcony _alone_, Sam! Please, alone!

[_He looks at her a moment and then deliberately goes past her out on to the balcony._]

MRS. CARLEY. [_Hurrying in from the Right._] They're coming! I've told the children.

[_She goes out on balcony. The children run in._]

ALL THE CHILDREN. The soldiers are coming! Auntie, the soldiers are coming!

[_They rush out on the balcony._]

COAST. [_In the window, picking up_ PHIL _in his arms._] Come on, Georgy. What does it matter?

GEORGIANA. That's true, go on! What does it matter, it's good-by!

[COAST _goes on the balcony. _ MRS. CARLEY, _on balcony, calls, "Here comes _ DICK!" GEORGIANA _hesitates and then goes close to the window. She stands in a chair so as to see over the others' heads, hidden behind the curtain of the half-open window, and watches. The music is louder as they pass under the balcony; a flag is seen almost on level with the balcony floor. Those on the balcony wave and shout, and shouts are heard in the street. _ GEORGIANA _stands still, wiping the tears from her eyes every moment with a tiny wad of a handkerchief, and as the music passes, growing less loud, _

THE CURTAIN FALLS

ACT III

_ Eight months later. _ GEORGIANA'S _room, an octagonal room with dark panel walnut woodwork and panels of yellow brocade, with furniture to match. All in the simplest style of Louis XV. There is a fireplace on the Left, and doors Right and Left. Two windows at the back. At right of the Centre is a very large dressing table covered with massive silver toilet articles, a big mirror, candelabra, etc., and a silver-framed, photograph of _ DICK COLEMAN. _ There is a low bench before the table, tables and chairs about the room, and a most comfortable, roomy sofa, on the Left, piled with embroidered pillows. It is after seven and the lamps are lit. _ STEVEN _enters from Left and sits on the sofa. He is haggard, his clothes mussed, his linen rumpled and soiled. He is painfully nervous and agitated; he cannot keep still; as soon as he sits down he gets up; he goes from one place in the room to another, taking up a picture without looking at it, sitting down and getting up again. Twice he half whispers, half groans, "Good God!" He takes out a pistol from his pocket, looks at it, and puts it away again as _ LIZZIE _enters Right. _

LIZZIE. Miss Carley says she'll be in as soon as she can.

STEVEN. [_ Rising and going to the dressing table. _] Is she dressing for the ball now?

LIZZIE. No, sir, she's wearing a tea gown for dinner; it'll be a grand sight, the ball, sir!

STEVEN. I suppose so.

LIZZIE. Pity _we_ couldn't 'ave got the Grand Duke here, sir, to dinner.

STEVEN. [_Moving about._] We couldn't afford to entertain a Russian prince, Lizzie,--don't tell your mistress,--but I've been speculating again and we're hard up.

LIZZIE. Oh, I am so sorry, sir--I know how to sympathize with you, though we did get our money back! Perhaps you'll get yours.

STEVEN. How about you and Moles?

[_ Comes to _ LIZZIE.

LIZZIE. Well, sir, last Tuesday we counted up, we're about two years off, or fourteen hundred dollars distance, so to speak. We've calculated then we could marry and settle down if we'd be satisfied with two rooms and no children.

[_ There is a knock on door Left. _ Yes? [_ Going to the door, opens it. _]
Oh, come in, sir. [_ Moves away. _] Mr. Carley is here.

COAST. [_ Entering. _] Where's Miss Georgiana?

LIZZIE. She's dressing, sir. She'll be down in five or ten minutes.

[_ Goes out Right. _

COAST. How are you?

[_ The two men nod a surly greeting. _

STEVEN. I've been looking for you all afternoon!

COAST. Didn't you know I was coming here and going with your folks to the ball?

STEVEN. I forgot!

[_ After a pause, both men look at each other. _

Well, Sam, I'm done! I'm done for good this time!

COAST. Sorry, but you can't blame me.

[_ He sits in an arm-chair near the sofa. _

STEVEN. I do. You told me you were going into this last business, but you didn't tell me you were going to get right out again.

COAST. 'Twasn't my business to tell you that--I didn't advise _you_ to go in!

STEVEN. No, but you put me up to it all the same!

COAST. Not a bit! The only time I advised you was some months ago, when you'd just lost Louise's money,--then I put you on to something, so you shouldn't lose Georgiana's. Did you win?

STEVEN. Yes, and broke my word to Georgiana.

COAST. Well, that's her and your business, but it let me out! From that time on you were on your own hook.

STEVEN. You were always throwing out hints that you meant me to take.

COAST. Listen. [_ Rises and goes to_ STEVEN.] You can't prove that!

STEVEN. You know you led me into it, you know you did. You tempted me in the first place to break my word of honor to my sister. Whether you meant to or not, you did it, damn you--and you're a rich man, you've got millions, and can help me out! Will you?

COAST. [_ Quietly._] No.

[_ Moves a little away toward the Left._]

STEVE. You're my wife's own cousin, and she's a pauper and through no fault of her own. Will you help me for her sake?

COAST. [_ Still quietly._] No.

STEVEN. You're in love with my sister, and she's not got a cent of her own to-night _through me_. Will you help me for her sake?

COAST. [_ Still quietly._] No!

STEVEN. [_ Going to him._] No?

COAST. No!

[_ Strong._]

STEVEN. Then damn you for a dirty blackguard!

COAST. [_ Laughs._] That's pretty talk; I guess you got that from _me_ too!

STEVEN. [_Doggedly._] I'll do more than talk!

[_Turns away and goes up stage._

COAST. What?

STEVEN. Wait and see.

COAST. Listen! if one thing happens, I'll help you.

STEVEN. [_Turning._] You mean Georgiana!

COAST. Yes, if she'll marry me, I'll make up to you every damn cent of hers you've got rid of.

STEVEN. And if she won't?

COAST. I'll make up every penny of Louise's you've lost, if Georgiana'll marry me. Listen--[SAM _puts his arm around_ STEVEN _and brings him down to the sofa and they sit._] she loves you, you're the kind that always has influence with women; use yours for me, Steve, it'll be worth your while.

STEVEN. [_Half laughs._] You want me to try and persuade her to marry you against her own desire even?

COAST. That's the figure.

STEVEN. When I know you're, in your way, just as dishonorable a man as I am, and hard and heartless, [STEVE _rises_.] I wouldn't risk my sister's happiness with you, if it would save me twice over. Even if she loved you, I'd say what I could against it.

COAST. [_Quick._] She'll never know you broke your word to her if I help you.

STEVEN. Yes, she will, because I mean to tell her to-night.

COAST. All right!

STEVEN. That's what I've come for, to make a clean breast of everything.

COAST. You're a damned fool! [_He rises and moves away._] However, each way plays more or less into my hands.

GEORGINA. [_Outside of door Right._] If you are telling secrets, look out--I'm coming!

COAST. Come on!

[GEORGIANA _comes in, dressed in graceful negligée tea gown._

GEORGIANA. Good evening, Sam! Steve, you're not dressed yet?

STEVEN. I forgot about the ball.

GEORGIANA. I can tell you one person who hasn't, and that's mother!

COAST. [_Laughing._] Is she going to be corking?

GEORGIANA. [_Sitting in the arm-chair by the sofa._] If the Grand Duke were a bachelor and mother had designs upon him, she couldn't possibly take more pains! She's going to be beyond all words. She's got every jewel she owns and can borrow draped about her, till she looks like Tiffany's exhibit at the St. Louis Fair. And as for her hair, she's had Bella Shindle working on it all afternoon, till it's the Titianest Titian that ever flamed on human head!

COAST. Sounds great!

[_Sitting on the bench._ STEVEN _sits on the sofa._

GEORGIANA. Wait! She's built her tiara up with a breastpin and an aigrette off my winter hat, and it was all I could do to keep her from wearing the three feathers in which she was presented to the Queen in A.D. '73.

[_They all laugh good-naturedly._

COAST. Aunt Laura's a corker!

GEORGIANA. Well, no one will miss her! She'll get the Grand Duke's eye if no one else does! I tell her she'll go through the ballroom like a search-light!

COAST. Is she all dressed now?

GEORGIANA. Not yet. I'm judging by her dress rehearsal! I left her in a state of terrible indecision as to whether she should arch her eyebrows "just a little" with a burnt match!

[_All laugh again good-naturedly._

COAST. Smart old girl!

GEORGIANA. She's all the happier for being silly, and she's a good soul and does her best! What's _your_ news, Steve?

[_Turning to_ STEVEN.

STEVEN. Sam, would you mind?

[_Motions to_ COAST _to leave the room._

COAST. Oh, no! [_Rises._] See you later! I'll go and take a squint at auntie.

[_He goes out Right._

GEORGIANA. Steve, you look troubled--what's gone wrong?

[_She goes to_ STEVEN _on the sofa and sits beside him._

STEVEN. _I_ have!

GEORGIANA. How do you mean? You and Louise haven't quarrelled?

STEVEN. If it was only that!

GEORGIANA. What then?

STEVEN. I've gone wrong, I tell you, all wrong.

GEORGIANA. How? In what way, Steve?

STEVEN. Your money's lost, it's all lost.

[GEORGIANA _rises. A pause._

GEORGIANA. How do you mean?

STEVEN. And that isn't the worst of it, either. I've broken my word to you! I know I've killed your faith in me. I've lost faith in myself.

GEORGIANA. [_Still standing, very strong._] Steve!

STEVEN. I've speculated!

GEORGIANA. _No_, Steve!

STEVEN. [_Rises and goes to the mantel._] Yes, I've been speculating since the very day I said I wouldn't. I won a lot at first, and of course I thought I'd get all back; and then, of course, what I did get back was my old cursed luck!

GEORGIANA. Oh, Steve! And I believed in you so thoroughly, I never had a doubt!

STEVEN. I know it! I know it! I'm rotten all through, Georgy. [_ Bursting into tears. _] I'm not worth being forgiven--[_ He falls on his knees, in a paroxysm of sobs and tears. _] I'm _rotten_! Oh--I'm rotten--

[_ He sobs uncontrollably. _

[GEORGIANA _watches him a little while in silence. Then she goes to him and puts her hand on his shoulder._

GEORGIANA. Steve!

STEVEN. [_ Sobbing. _] Yes!

GEORGIANA. I forgive you!

STEVEN. No! No!

GEORGIANA. And I'll trust you again if I have a chance.

STEVEN. [_ Looking up. _] Georgy, what do you mean?

[_ Beginning to control his sobs. _

GEORGIANA. I mean, though it's been a pretty big blow, my faith in you isn't altogether gone yet.

STEVEN. Oh, I can't bear it! I can't bear it! But you don't mean it! No, you can't mean it! How could you? Forgive me? Trust me again? No, no! You couldn't--it's all over! I've thrown away my own money first, then my wife's and her mother's--that ought to have been enough,--but I had to go and break my word of honor to you, and lose every penny of yours! There's no excuse for me, nor reason to forgive.

GEORGIANA. [_ After a moment, very quietly, with her eyes filling. _] There's _love_, Steve!

STEVEN. Not for a man like me. I'm not worth it. [_ He rises. _] Not deserving it! There's only one thing for such as me, and that is to end it all with a bullet.

GEORGIANA. Now you're talking wildly!

STEVEN. [_ In a lowered voice. _] No, Georgy, I mean it! It's better for all of you to have me out of the way; I tried to do it to-day--only, _I was afraid_!

GEORGIANA. That would be worse than anything you have done yet. That I would never forgive--anything but that!

[_She goes to him._

STEVEN. But the shame of my life now, the degradation, the _rot_ of it!

[_A moment's pause._

GEORGIANA. [_The idea comes to her._] Steve, I told you I'd trust you again if I had the chance! Here is the first one, and I take it! Promise me you'll never again even think of taking your life.

STEVEN. What's the good of my promising?

GEORGIANA. If you tell me, I'll believe you.

[_A short pause._

[STEVEN, _not looking at her, puts his hand in the pocket where the pistol is, then takes his hand away, still not looking at her._

Look me straight in the face, Steve, and say, "I promise."

[_He hesitates only a moment, and then does so._

STEVEN. I promise.

[_He turns a little away from her, takes the pistol from his pocket, and gives it to her._

GEORGIANA. [_Bursting into tears._] Oh, Steve!

[_She turns away and puts the pistol on the table between the windows._

STEVEN. Forgive me, Georgy, forgive me! This promise I'll keep. Only forgive me for breaking your heart like this!

COAST. [_Entering Right._] I've been sent up to bring you down to dinner.

[_He takes in the situation. A pause._

GEORGIANA. Do you know what Steve has just told me?

STEVEN. [_Bitterly._] Yes, he knows.

COAST. Just what?

GEORGIANA. Steve has gone on speculating, and my money's followed the rest.

COAST. Yes, I knew that.

GEORGIANA. Couldn't you have saved him?

COAST. I offered to once, but you refused.

GEORGIANA. And now?

[_ Short pause._]

COAST. [_ He goes to_ GEORGIANA, _who is on the sofa._] My offer is still open to the same tune.

STEVEN. No, Georgy, no!

GEORGIANA. For Steve's own sake, won't you do something for him? Get him some position so that he can take care of Louise. I'll look after myself.

COAST. I'll do all and more, _if you'll_ marry me.

GEORGIANA. You know I can't marry you.

COAST. What does Steve say?

STEVEN. What Georgy says, I say.

COAST. How are you going to get out of this without me?

STEVEN. I don't know.

COAST. And there's something else. [_ Steps towards_ STEVEN.] Perhaps you don't know that unless some one does get you out of this, it won't be only a money smash-up for Georgiana, but disgrace too!

GEORGIANA. That can't be true! I shall say my brother had control of my money to do what he liked with it.

COAST. But any lawyer would take up the case of criminal mismanagement for my aunt and cousin's affairs.

GEORGIANA. But _they_ wouldn't allow it.

COAST. Well, what do you think?

STEVEN. Louise--never!

COAST. Leave it to me!

STEVEN. Ah! your true colors! You heard him, Georgy?

COAST. Well, let that pass. But you know that you've overdrawn at your bank, that you've overdrawn at your brokers, and that you can no more get out of the muddle you've got yourself into without one of the biggest public scandals there's been in the street for years!

GEORGIANA. But _you_ can spare us that?

STEVEN. [_ Very low. _] Good God!

[_ He moves away. _]

COAST. [_ To _ GEORGIANA. _] That's what I can.

GEORGIANA. And you love me?

COAST. I certainly do!

GEORGIANA. Then you _will_ spare us!

COAST. If you'll marry me.

STEVEN. No! [_ Comes down to her. _] Georgy, you mustn't! [COAST _ walks away. _] Don't you see what a selfish brute Sam is? Of course it was _my_ fault that I gambled, but he tempted me, he led me into it when he _knew_ I _couldn't_ resist_. The very day and hour I gave you my promise, he gave me a tip and guaranteed I shouldn't lose!

GEORGIANA. Sam! Oh!

[_ She turns to the bench before her dressing table and sinks upon it. _]

COAST. [_ Speaks to her across the table. _] It's true! And I led him to speculate more, I tricked him first with winning and then let him go! I knew he'd soon do for himself alone, and he did! Yes--I ruined him purposely and you through him, so as to get you to be my wife. I did it purposely and I'd do it again! Of course I meant all along to make it up in the end when I'd got you.

GEORGIANA. And did you really think you _could_ get me that way?

COAST. Why, you've got to marry me. You needn't be afraid of what I won't do for you. I love you, you know that. Everything--I've told you that before. You shall have _everything_ on God's earth you want, and Louise and her mother shall live in style as they always have, and Steve have his own money back, with a brother-in-law to help him take care of it! And what's the other side of the picture? Nothing for you or Louise

or anybody--and disgrace for Steve into the bargain. Why, you've _got_ to _marry_ me! [GEORGIANA _rises, _ COAST _follows her._] Don't you see? Anyway [_ Smiling._] it was only a trick to make you, because, Georgy, I love you so! [_ A pause; she stands looking at him._] Well?

GEORGIANA. I'm trying to realize--to understand it all.

[MOLES _enters Left._

MOLES. Please, miss, Mrs. Carley says your soup is all cold and they're on with the fish.

GEORGIANA. Tell Mrs. Carley not to wait for Mr. Carley and me, we're not coming down; but Mr. Coast will join them in a moment.

[COAST _looks up surprised._

MOLES. Yes, miss.

[_ He goes out. A moment's pause._

COAST. What do you mean by that?

[_ Another pause._

GEORGIANA. [_ Slowly._] Not to save myself, not even to save my brother, and from even worse than we have to face, would I marry you.

COAST. Don't say that, Georgy!

GEORGY. Why, every word you've said, and everything you've done to make me love you, makes me instead--yes--and for what you've done with Steve [_ Looks at _ STEVE.], _I do hate_ you.

[_ Goes to the sofa, _ COAST _follows._

COAST. I only said it because I love you, Georgiana.

GEORGIANA. Oh, Sam Coast, you don't know what love is! Love doesn't make beasts of men, it makes men of beasts. It doesn't take all for itself--it sacrifices all for another. Love isn't an enemy that lays traps and makes ambushes,--love is a friend whose heart is a divine magnet! Real love makes an angel of a woman and a hero of a man, but love such as you have--oh, the happiness in this world that's been lost through it!

COAST. You don't know me!

GEORGIANA. I didn't, but I do! You've dragged down my brother,

sacrificed him and my belief in him, almost, for your own selfish end, tried to trap me into marrying you when you know I didn't love you.

COAST. But you would--

GEORGIANA. Once perhaps, though I can't imagine it! But not now! No! I'd starve and suffer and die now before I could ever love you.

[_A pause;_ COAST _goes to the table and stands half shamefaced a moment, then he pulls himself up and turns._

COAST. Well, face the music for a while, and then see!

GEORGIANA. They're waiting for you at dinner; please join them and tell them what you like.

COAST. I'll tell them nothing. I'll let you and Steve think things over a little.

STEVEN. [_Rises, and goes to meet_ COAST.] You will have something to settle with me outside of money matters!

COAST. [_With a jeer._] Please yourself.

[_He goes out._

GEORGIANA. [_To_ STEVEN.] I believe I can influence Louise to do nothing for the sake of the children, and she loves you in her way.

STEVEN. But the bank?

[_He sits on sofa beside her._

GEORGIANA. Oh, we can take care of the bank; after all, we've friends, we've jewels, we've this house.

STEVEN. That's true, and the brokers?

GEORGIANA. Who are they?

STEVEN. Caldwell and Hovey.

GEORGIANA. Mr. Caldwell will be at the ball to-night?

STEVEN. Probably.

GEORGIANA. I'll see him. We've always been good friends,--and so were his father and your father. He won't let his firm make a scandal if he can help it, especially as they can gain nothing and we should lose so

much! Steve, we'll get out of this yet, with your name all right!

BELLA. [_ Entering Right. _] May I come in?

GEORGIANA. Yes, Bella.

BELLA. Oh, good evening, Mr. Carley, it's a pleasant evening!

STEVEN. Good evening, Miss Shindle.

BELLA. What I come to ask is if I shall do you now, and Mrs. Wishings around the corner afterwards?

GEORGIANA. I think I'd rather you went to Mrs. Wishings first if you don't mind.

BELLA. Oh, it's all the same to me! Mrs. Wishings ain't really in the smart set and they say her husband ain't so rich, and she's horrid to her servants--don't give them cake. I don't care if I lost her head to do! I'm like that, as you know, particular when I'm particular, but--well--just supercilious and negligée when it don't count! Good gracious! [_ Laughing. _] Oh, here's a letter for you I brought up for Lizzie. It's from the Phillypeenys and has a special delivery on. [GEORGIANA _takes letter and opens it and reads it._] That's how it come at this hour. Some folks do have luck, as the saying is! I've got to wait till to-morrow morning for mine if I get one, and if there's a Phillypeenys post and I don't get one, well, I pity the ladies' hair I dress to-morrow, that's all! [_ To _ STEVEN.] Mr. Carley, you've got lovely soft hair, haven't you? I know you have a lovely disposition, I can tell it from your hair. Yes, indeed, they always go together, it's a certain sign! Now Mrs. Wishings' hair is just like a horse's tail! what there is of it. I often feel like asking her which she'd rather I done it, on or off! [_ Laughs heartily. _] I must have my little joke, but nobody minds me--good-by.

STEVEN. Good-by.

[BELLA _goes out Left._]

GEORGIANA. [_ Looking up, bursting with happiness and reading as she speaks. _] Oh, Steve! Steve! Such _good_ news! I can hardly wait to tell you, but just let me finish it.

STEVEN. Finish anything that means good news, Georgy, and then for heaven's sake tell me what it is.

GEORGIANA. [_ Closing the letter. _] It's finished!

[_ She looks up radiant and forgetful of him for a moment. _]

STEVEN. Well!

[_ Rises and goes to _ GEORGIANA.

GEORGIANA. [_ Softly. _] _ Dick _ loves me!

STEVEN. Dick Coleman?

GEORGIANA. He loves me, he's always loved me!

STEVEN. But why--? I don't understand--

GEORGIANA. No, I didn't know it. I thought--there were reasons why I thought he didn't love me. But I understand now. Listen; I'll read you a part of his letter-- _ a part of it! _ Oh, this makes up for everything, Steve. [_ She reads. _] "My dear--[_ She stops and improvises the next three words. _] my dear Georgy: [_ She looks up slyly to see if Steven noticed the change; he didn't. _] Each steamer brings me letters from home, but never a word of your engagement to Coast, never a word of your marriage. Is that broken off--" How do you suppose he got the impression I was going to marry Sam?

STEVEN. Why everybody has seen, who cared to look, that Sam was dead in love with you.

GEORGIANA. Yes, but--well--never mind, listen--"Well, however it is, we're starting off to-morrow out of reach of letters and everything else, except an ugly band of natives that we came here to do for. The chances are pretty big against many of us getting back, and anyway I'm going to take this chance to tell you that I love you better than anything and everything and everybody in the world. And in case I never come back, somehow or other, I don't know why, I want you to know it. I was a little late in finding it out,--all of a sudden I knew you were the only woman for me, and that the only thing I seemed to want in the world was you for _ a wife _ . And there was Coast ahead of me! I don't know if it would have made any difference if you loved Coast and not me, perhaps you never would have cared for me, but I'd have done my best, for, Georgy--I love you"--[_ She reads ahead to herself, murmuring so he cannot understand. _] "I don't know why I must tell you all this, but I must"--[_ She reads ahead again in silence, skipping the passages which are too loving and too precious to read aloud. _] I think that's all--[_ She looks up and smiles, and adds softly. _] that I care to read aloud! Oh, Steve!

[_ She puts her arms around his neck and hugs him. _

STEVEN. I'm so glad, old girl, so glad!

[_ Tightening his arm about her._

GEORGIANA. Steve, I'm so happy! I don't want to seem selfish, and really I'm not forgetting you, but I can't help it. I'm _so_ happy.

[STEVEN _kisses her. A short pause._

GEORGIANA. [_ Softly, thoughtfully._] Can one cable to the Philippines?

STEVEN. Yes!

[_ Smiling and again giving her a little squeeze._

GEORGIANA. [_ Going to the sofa._] So far as I'm concerned, my money now doesn't count a rap. Dick has plenty and doesn't want mine. So now it's only Louise and mother you must think of, and you can take care of them well, you know you can, if they'll only accept the different conditions. And Dick and I'll help--

STEVEN. [_ Interrupting._] I hate to say it, Georgiana, but suppose--

[_ Very serious._

GEORGIANA. What?

STEVEN. Well, you know why Dick wrote that letter,--because he was going into dangerous fighting.

GEORGIANA. Oh, he will come back, he _must_ come back! So few of our men have been lost in the Philippines, Dick can't be one of the few. After all, life nowadays isn't so tragic as that.

STEVEN. Yes, of course Dick'll come back, Georgy [_ Short pause._], but won't he despise me?

GEORGIANA. No, you're _my_ brother. And oh, Steven, forgive me, but I'm so _happy_. [_ Hugging the pillows on the sofa and burying her face in them._] Don't let me be silly--don't let me forget I'm an old maid,--and there's no fool like an old fool! I mustn't forget there's probably an orange or two among the blossoms for my hair!

[MRS. CARLEY _and_ LOUISE _come into the room from the Right without speaking. They look from_ GEORGIANA _to_ STEVEN. _They are under the strain of violent emotion almost too much for words. Their appearance is tragic._] _There is a pause._

STEVEN. Sam has told you?

LOUISE. It isn't _true_ what he says?

MRS. CARLEY. [_ Bursting out, as the strain breaks._] That everything's gone? _Everything!_

[MRS. CARLEY _comes to_ STEVEN.

STEVEN. Yes, it's _true_!--

[_ He moves up._

MRS. CARLEY. _We haven't a cent? _--not a _penny_! for car fare! for theatre tickets! nothing for our wash bills, or to go away with in the summer!

LOUISE. Georgiana's money gone too--now, Steve?

MRS. CARLEY. As well as _Louise's_ and _mine_?

GEORGIANA. Yes, mine's gone too now, but I'm going to take it just as sensibly as Louise did before me.

MRS. CARLEY. She had yours to fall back on.

GEORGIANA. And I'm going to take myself off your hands, and Steve is perfectly capable of getting some dignified position and taking care of you and Louise.

MRS. CARLEY. Yes, I can imagine what that means! A flat with rooms like a string of buttons, mantelpiece beds and divans! and all your friends trying to get into the bathroom when they are looking for the hall door to get out!

[COAST _comes in from the Right. They all look at_ SAM.

GEORGIANA. Do you think Sam has a place here in what we may say now?

LOUISE. Why not? He's my cousin.

MRS. CARLEY. Yes. And the only one of us now anyway who has a cent.

LOUISE. I don't think we can expect much help from Sam as to money.

COAST. That shows you don't know me.

LOUISE. [_ Going to_ COAST.] You'll help us?

COAST. I've offered to make up every cent Steve's lost; ask Georgiana.

GEORGIANA. Yes, Sam offered to make a "trade" with me--

MRS. CARLEY. How?

[_ Looks at_ GEORGIANA.

GEORGIANA. To make up Steve's losses if I'd marry him.

MRS. CARLEY. [_ Quietly to_ COAST.] Sam! It's too good to be true.

COAST. So Georgiana thinks.

LOUISE. [_ Angrily._] You won't do it?

GEORGIANA. No, I don't love your cousin.

MRS. CARLEY. Don't love him! What do you owe us? Louise loved Steve and what good did it do her? You've got the chance to make up for your brother!

STEVEN. That's not Georgiana's _duty_,--to make up for me.

MRS. CARLEY. You can't do it yourself, and you don't want your wife to starve, do you.

GEORGIANA. Louise _won't_ starve.

LOUISE. [_ To_ GEORGIANA.] You could save us and you won't!

GEORGIANA. I don't love Sam.

MRS. CARLEY. Don't "love"? Did Molly Packer from Toledo love the Duke of Birmingham? and isn't she happy now?

GEORGIANA. I don't know, I have my doubts.

MRS. CARLEY. Doubts! Oh, _doubts_!

GEORGIANA. That's not the point, mother. I'm not going to marry Sam.

MRS. CARLEY. Oh, very well, then, have your way.

GEORGIANA. I will, mother.

MRS. CARLEY. [_ Going to the sofa._] Don't consider my way at all.

GEORGIANA. I won't, mother, since you ask me not to.

MRS. CARLEY. But I'll tell you this, Georgiana, you're just as bad as Steve! We must shake off both of you. Louise must get a divorce and

marry again. Look what other widows have done before her.

[_ Louise goes to her mother and takes her hand._

GEORGIANA. Mother! Louise!

LOUISE. Well, why not?

MRS. CARLEY. Certainly!

GEORGIANA. [_ Goes to them._] _No!_ Listen! You must stand by Steve, both of you. You ought to do it out of affection, for, after all, whatever you've got of friends and position and the things you value he gave you! But never mind that! You ought to stand by him out of loyalty,--but never mind that! You've _got_ to stand by him because if you ruin him you'll ruin yourselves. You and mother could never hold up your heads again in our world--in the world you love--if you left Steve. After all, though our world may be careless sometimes of what it does itself, it is very particular about what those people do who are _its guests_! Of course, Louise, it does come hardest on you, for yourself and for the children--but still you've got to stand by Steve.

MRS. CARLEY. Sam!

[_ Going to_ SAM _for help._

LOUISE. Oh, I suppose I'll forgive him, I always do, but I don't know about forgiving you.

GEORGIANA. _Me?_

LOUISE. If you don't marry Sam! You can make everything all right, and Sam loves you--you can make mother happy and me happy and Steve happy....

STEVEN. [_ Interrupting._] No, leave me out!

[_ He goes up behind the sofa._

LOUISE. Our life would go on just the same,--Steve will make no more mistakes. I think you're heartless to refuse!

GEORGIANA. But, Louise, you ask me to give up entirely my own happiness.

LOUISE. Not at all! There's no one else in love with you but Sam, and this isn't your first year out, you know.

MRS. CARLEY. And anyway it would be _five_ happy against _one_ unhappy, there's no arguing about that.

COAST. [_ To_ LOUISE.] You and your mother both think she ought to accept me, don't you?

LOUISE. Certainly.

COAST. [_ To_ GEORGIANA.] I told you.

GEORGIANA. Yes, Sam, you win!--but Louise! I love some one else.

LOUISE. Dick Coleman?

GEORGIANA. Yes, and I'm going to marry him.

COAST. [_ Turning quickly._] Has he asked you?

GEORGIANA. Yes! To-day!

[_ Showing her letter._ MRS. CARLEY _sits on the sofa._

COAST. [_ Angry, to_ LOUISE.] Then you bring suit against Steve and I'll back you up,--I'll bet you I'll get your case!

LOUISE. But Steve hasn't any money.

COAST. No, but you can show him up! You can blackguard his name for him! You can disgrace him in the papers!

LOUISE. But I don't want to do that! It would only make things worse.

GEORGIANA. Good, Louise!

COAST. I'll bet the bank and Steve's brokers won't be so soft-hearted.

GEORGIANA. There's this house for the bank.

MRS. CARLEY. [_ Crying._] _This house!_ I shall die!

[GEORGIANA _goes to her._

GEORGIANA. Oh, no, you won't; you'll live very happily in a nice little flat, with two servants and a polite elevator boy in buttons.

MRS. CARLEY. [_ Pitifully._] Louise!

GEORGIANA. And Mr. Caldwell I am going to see at the ball to-night. I believe he will help us if he can.

LOUISE. You're going to the ball? In spite of everything?

GEORGIANA. Yes, we must. Let's have as little talk about the whole thing as possible. Steve's had bad luck! The people mustn't think there's anything we're ashamed of. There isn't anything.

COAST. Oh, isn't there?

GEORGIANA. No.

[LOUISE _gets the smelling salts from the table for_ MRS. CARLEY.

MRS. CARLEY. It's true; so long as we've lost everything else, I don't see why she should lose the ball too!

[_ Using the smelling salts._

LOUISE. And I suppose we really ought to be seen there, or lots of people will _never_ believe we were asked.

COAST. Well, I guess this is where I get out. I'll strike one of those musical comedies! I think ragtime will be good enough for me to-night, instead of a neck and arm circus. You won't want me for escort after all this?

LOUISE. You can please yourself, Sam.

COAST. Not exactly; I guess this is the day I try sour grapes. [_ Goes to door Left,--he turns._] When's Coleman coming back, Georgiana?

GEORGIANA. I don't know.

COAST. Oh! [_ Goes to_ STEVEN _at mantel._] Steve--listen--how long are they holding that rotten stock of yours for you?

STEVEN. [_ Laughs._] Ha! till to-morrow noon.

COAST. Well, cheer up, I'll send her up ten points for you by eleven. [_ Slaps him on the back._] See you all later, maybe, if my show's dull.

[_ And with a side glance at_ GEORGIANA _he goes out Left._

MRS. CARLEY. [_ Rises._] I only wish to heaven Sam Coast wanted to marry _me_!

LOUISE. Mother! Come, let's finish dressing.

MRS. CARLEY. I don't know whether to go to the ball or stay home and have a good cry.

GEORGIANA. Do whichever gives you the most pleasure, mother.

[LIZZIE _enters Right and stands behind the dressing table._

MRS. CARLEY. What? [_Looking at herself in the glass._] It's all very well for them to give us women a new front, I wish they'd give us new backs too.

[_She goes out Right._

LIZZIE. You must start dressing, miss--Miss Shindle will be back.

GEORGIANA. [_Absent-mindedly._] Yes, yes, Lizzie.

[LIZZIE _goes out._]

Louise, I'm so glad you will stand by Steve; and try and be glad a little for me.

[_Placing her arm about_ LOUISE.

LOUISE. Yes, I don't blame you, Georgy, so long as Dick's proposed. I'd do just as you've done, and I will be glad for you by to-morrow,--I am _glad now_.

[_Kisses her impulsively._

GEORGIANA. Thank you, Louise, dear.

[_She goes out Right._

STEVEN. Louise!

LOUISE. [_Comes to_ STEVE.] Steve. [LOUISE _touches_ STEVE _on the arm._] I don't want to be horrid, but do you think you will be able to get anything decent to do?

STEVEN. I'm sure I will.

LOUISE. But will we have enough money to hold our own?

STEVEN. I'll do my best. Louise, I appreciate your not making more of a row!

[_With his arm around her._

LOUISE. Oh, Steve, I know it's just as hard for you--and I do love you and I want to be nice about it, but--[_She cries._ STEVEN _kisses her again, in his arms._] I mustn't give way like this. I'll be a sight at

the ball. Don't let me cry, dear.

STEVEN. All right. Come on upstairs now, and make yourself beautiful.

[_ They go toward the door Right._

BELLA. [_ Reëntering Left._] Good evening again, is Miss Georgiana ready for me?

LOUISE. She must be,--is my hair all right?

BELLA. Oh, yes, that's one thing about my hair dressing, though I do say it as shouldn't, it _has_ a lasting quality.

[LOUISE _goes out Right._

GEORGIANA. [_ Calls from inside._] Is that you, Bella?

BELLA. Yes, ma'am.

GEORGIANA. I'll be there in a minute--be quick, Lizzie.

BELLA. [_ Lower voice._] Mr. Carley, have you seen the evening papers?

STEVEN. No!

BELLA. I just bought one and it's got an article about the 91st regiment.

STEVEN. What about it?

[_ Looks to see if door is closed._

BELLA. [_ Same voice._] They say it may 'a' been wiped out of existence: it's three weeks now since news of it was due, and the paper's afraid they've met with an ambyscade or something like that.

STEVEN. Oh, when the newspapers are hard up for news they get up something about the Philippines! It's the modern sea-serpent. When there's absolutely nothing else to print--no girl suicide in Brooklyn, or cyclone in Kansas, or joke on Chicago, then they give the Philippines a paragraph or an insurrection. Don't you worry, Miss Shindle.

[_ He sits in the arm-chair near the sofa._

BELLA. But it says the island they went against was the heathenest of the lot, and that there's no good reason why if they'd hadn't no fight with the natives, we shouldn't 'a' had news from them.

STEVEN. The whole question of news in a case like this is too uncertain to make so much alarm about. The men's idea is not to send picture postal cards of daily movements home to America, but to lick the natives into shape!

BELLA. I'm sure you do comfort me. Don't know as Miss Georgiana told you, but my young man's out there, with Mr.--Lieutenant Coleman.

STEVEN. Well, don't worry. You just make up your mind the papers are short of news to-night.

BELLA. Goodness, they won't be to-morrow with all they're going to print about this ball! Say, I've a friend whose sister's a literary lady and writes for the Sunday papers in Buffalo. She's got an article in my line, called the "Heads of the Smart Set which was Set at the Grand Duke." Ain't that a cute name for an article? And it don't mean their heads either; it means their coffyures, as she says--she speaks French. She was born and raised in Niagara Falls, near to Canada, where the language comes natural,--over the water, as it were!

STEVEN. [_ Going to her. _] I wouldn't mention this newspaper report to Miss Carley--it would only needlessly alarm her, perhaps, and spoil her evening.

BELLA. Oh, I wouldn't for worlds.

[_ She moves to the dressing table as _ GEORGIANA _ comes in. _]

GEORGIANA. Here I am'. Oh, my dear Steve! You'll be late. You're not dressed yet.

STEVEN. All right. I'm going now--I was entertaining Miss Shindle till you were ready.

[_ With, a bow to _ MISS SHINDLE, STEVEN _ goes out Right. _]

BELLA. [_ Taking her bottles, etc., from a little bag which she carries. _] He _is_ a _perfect_ gentleman!

GEORGIANA. [_ Sitting before the dressing table. _] Now come along, Bella! I only want you to brush my hair; I've had a trying evening here, and I've a splitting headache. See if you can take it away and make me look as if I'd never had one.

BELLA. [_ Tying apron about _ GEORGIANA'S _ neck. _] I'll do my best; but I can tell you most of the ladies I know'd be willing to have a headache every blessed minute of their lives if they could look as you do now!

GEORGIANA. Oh, what blarney, Bella! I don't know, somehow I want to be

beautiful to-night.

BELLA. For the Dook?

[_ Beginning to brush her hair._]

GEORGIANA. No!

BELLA. For him?

[_ Pointing at _ COLEMAN'S _ photograph with her hair-brush._]

GEORGIANA. Yes. [_ Drawing the picture toward her. _] It was a dear letter I had from him to-night, Bella! I hope you'll have as nice a one from Mr. Gootch to-morrow morning.

BELLA. Well, if I don't--

[_ Shutting her teeth, she unconsciously pulls _ GEORGIANA'S _ hair._]

GEORGIANA. Oh, oh!

BELLA. Oh, I beg your pardon!

GEORGIANA. Don't take it out on me, wait till Mr. Gootch gets back!

BELLA. [_ Combing. _] I don't know as you're the jealous kind. Judging from your hair you ain't. It usually goes with blonde or red, or else crimp, and what I dislike about red hair is the freckles--you can almost count on 'em! You've got sort of trusting hair. But besides, Mr. Coleman wasn't a floor walker in a shop with over a hundred lady clerks--I think that's apt to make a gentleman flightier; and he being _ bald _ , has me to a disadvantage, so to speak. I can't judge by my customary signs.

GEORGIANA. [_ Looking at _ COLEMAN'S _ photograph. _] Bella, I should say Lieutenant Coleman has splendid, straight, honest hair, shouldn't you?

BELLA. I can't say as I've ever really had any experience of his hair, ma'am.

GEORGIANA. But do you think him an awfully handsome man, Bella, or am I prejudiced?

BELLA. No, indeed, I never seen a handsomer gentleman, not even in the pictures of gentlemen's clothes in tailor store windows. [_ Puts comb down, and takes brush and brushes again. _] But what continues to make me nervous about Mr. Gootch is that he's right there among all those black creatures, whose manners is very free, I'm told, and whose style of

dressing is peculiar, the least you say! Mr. Gootch always did favor dark-complexioned people, and if that letter don't come to-morrow--

[_ Getting excited, she again pulls _ GEORGIANA'S _ hair. _

GEORGIANA. Ouch! [_ Laughing, holds up her hand, and catches her hair to ward off another pull. _] Be careful!

BELLA. Excuse me! in my art, there's no use talking, you oughtn't let your mind wander from the subject in hand--does your head feel better?

GEORGIANA. I don't know, Bella, if it does or not! Your treatment is very heroic.

BELLA. [_ Spraying her hair. _] You don't feel worried about something happening to them way out there, do you, Miss Georgiana?

GEORGIANA. I daren't think of it. Oh, Bella, I've had lots of trouble to-day, and I've a serious time ahead of me--but all the same I am such a happy woman. [_ Turning to look at _ BELLA, _ she disarranges her hair, much to _ BELLA'S _ disapproval. _] Do you love Mr. Gootch tremendously, Bella?

BELLA. Why, love isn't the word! my feeling for Mr. Gootch is a positive worship. When I get to thinking of him in the underground I always go by my station, sometimes two.

GEORGIANA. Be grateful for your love, Bella; it's a wonderful thing.

BELLA. [_ Finishing the dressing of the hair. _] You know I've just done Mrs. Wishings, she puts too much on!

GEORGIANA. Does she rouge?

BELLA. No, hair. I don't mind a switch or two for foundation, and a couple of puffs for ornament, with a tight curl or two for style,--especially if you've got one of those new undilated fronts, but I think that's all you can expect to have any hair dresser make look as if it grewed there. There! How's that?

[_ Puts hairpin in _ GEORGIANA'S _ hair. _

GEORGIANA. [_ Holding up _ DICK'S _ photograph. _] How's that, Dick--is it all right?

BELLA. [_ Delighted. _] Ain't that a cute idea?

GEORGIANA. We both trust you, Bella, to make me all right.

BELLA. What ornaments?

[_ Taking off the apron, she walks around to Right of the table._

GEORGIANA. Would you wear any?

BELLA. Oh, yes, for such an occasion! Of course, for maidens only feathers is correct; for wives and widows, tiaras and feathers.

[_ Putting away her things._ MRS. CARLEY _enters in a flurry of excitement, superbly dressed, and too youthfully._

MRS. CARLEY. Here I am; I've hurried so I don't feel half dressed.

GEORGIANA. [_ Smiling._] That's almost the way you _look_, mother.

MRS. CARLEY. Well, I always did have shoulders, and I don't intend to hide them under a bushel; but what do you think of the dress, is it a success?

GEORGIANA. From your point of view--perfect!

MRS. CARLEY. Yes, but what's the difference about your point of view about it and mine?

GEORGIANA. Well, I should think about thirty years, darling!

MRS. CARLEY. Oh, Georgiana, you really are unkind. When I don't know how on earth it's ever going to be paid for now, I think you might be serious, and let me feel anyway it's a success.

GEORGIANA. Mother dear, it's a triumph. Really, I never saw you look better!

MRS. CARLEY. Really! and how is my hair?

GEORGIANA. Redder!

BELLA. Oh, Miss Georgiana, it isn't too red a bit.

GEORGIANA. It's very fine, Bella, but I think I'd take off a little. You don't want Mrs. Carley to rival Mrs. Wishings and look as if she'd cornered the hair market.

BELLA. She's just teasing you.

[GEORGIANA _has risen._

MRS. CARLEY. You are lovely, Georgiana.

GEORGIANA. That's because my thoughts are lovely.

MRS. CARLEY. I'm awfully proud of you, dear, and wish you were my own daughter.

GEORGIANA. Thank you, mother.

MRS. CARLEY. The Grand Duke will surely notice you. Aren't you going to put something in your hair?

BELLA. [_ Handing it to _ GEORGIANA.] A rose with glass dewdrops.

[_ Newsboy's voice heard in the street--calling,
"Extra--Extra--Terrible"--the rest is indistinct._

GEORGIANA. What's that?

MRS. CARLEY. A newsboy with an extra.

[_ Man's voice outside, "Extra--Extra--Terrible"--the rest is still
indistinct._ LOUISE _ enters, beautifully dressed._

BELLA. Oh!

GEORGIANA. Lovely, Louise!

LOUISE. I've got a splitting headache. [_ Man's voice outside,
"Extra--Extra." _] What can the extra be? [_ Enter _ STEVEN.] Steve, do you
know what the extra is?

STEVEN. Oh, they're never anything you know.

[_ In distance are heard several voices at once at different distances,
all calling, "Extra--Extra--Terrible"--etc._

MRS. CARLEY. Yes, they're always so disappointing, generally a railway
accident out west! or a bomb thrown in Europe. Are you ready, Georgiana?

[_ The "Extras" are louder._

STEVEN. Yes, if we're going we ought to go.

[_ "Extra--Extra," called underneath the window._

GEORGIANA. Listen, what did he say?

[_ Voice shouts outside, "Terrible fight in the Philippines; an entire
regiment wiped out!" _

BELLA. [_ Frightened._] I heard "Philippines."

[_ Goes to the window._

GEORGIANA. And a terrible fight! Some one must get the paper!

STEVEN. We haven't time now, Georgy.

MRS. CARLEY. Yes, we must be there before the Grand Duke arrives.

[_ Outside, "Extra--Extra!"_

GEORGIANA. I must see that paper, Steve.

MRS. CARLEY. Georgiana, I think you are too thoughtless.

[_ Outside, "Entire regiment wiped out!"_

GEORGIANA. Steve, do you hear that! Will you get the paper or shall I call to the man?

STEVEN. I'll get it. [_ Goes to a window and opens it, pulling aside the curtain. He calls down to the boy in the street._] Here! Hi! Extra!

[_ Voice outside, "Here you are, boss!"_

STEVEN. Ring the bell.

[_ He comes back into the room. One "Extra" is heard louder than before, and then the cries gradually die away._

MRS. CARLEY. The carriage has already been here nearly an hour.

GEORGIANA. It if should be Dick's fight, if it should be Dick's regiment!

LOUISE. Make up your mind, mother, to be a little late. We can't go till we see the paper.

GEORGIANA. [_ At the door Right._] Lizzie! Where is she? Didn't he go to the door with the paper, Steve?

BELLA. I'll see, miss.

[_ She goes out Right._

STEVEN. Yes. I saw him. But, Georgy, it won't be Dick's regiment.

MRS. CARLEY. [_ By the sofa. _] Louise, I'll tell you what we'll do, let's go down and be getting on our wraps.

LOUISE. No, mother, wait.

GEORGIANA. No, Louise, go down, please, with mother. I'd rather.

MRS. CARLEY. [_ Going out Left. _] Yes, come along.

[LOUISE _looks at_ GEORGIANA, _who nods her head "Yes" to go. _

LOUISE. I'll come back.

[_ She follows_ MRS. CARLEY _out. _ LIZZIE _enters Right with the paper. _
GEORGIANA _takes the paper from_ LIZZIE, _who immediately goes out
Right. _

STEVEN. Shall I look?

GEORGIANA. [_ Standing by the sofa. _] No, I will. Here it is--"Battle with Ladrones. The 91st Regiment of New York, which went out under Captain H.S. Miller to subdue the bandits in the Island of Orla, met an ambushade of the Ladrones and were annihilated almost to a man." [_ She looks up dazed, not able at once to realize what it means. Rereads, skipping some lines. _] "Captain H.S. Miller who went out under--to subdue the bandits in the--met an ambushade of the Ladrones and was annihilated almost to a man." Steve! his regiment,--do you think it's true? Do you think it can be true?

STEVEN. [_ Beside her. _] No, let me read it.

GEORGIANA. [_ She sinks down on the end of the sofa. _] No, I will! [_ She reads on. _] "News was brought by private--private--[_ Her eyes hurrying on. _] the sole survivors. Privates--" [_ Her eyes run along the printed lines again. _] Steve, I can't see his name. Isn't it there? Can't _you_ see it?

STEVEN. [_ Looking. _] No.

GEORGIANA. [_ Almost whispers. _] It means--?

STEVEN. [_ Striving to hide his own emotion and to encourage her. _] The news is too meagre to be true.

MRS. CARLEY. [_ In hall Left. _] Georgiana! We must go.

GEORGIANA. [_ Starts. To _ STEVEN. _] _Don't_ let mother come in, please.

LOUISE. [_ Just outside the door. _] Georgiana, we must go.

GEORGIANA. [_ To_ STEVEN.] Say I'm coming.

STEVEN. I can't leave you alone. [_ Going to the door._] Georgy's coming.

LOUISE. [_ Outside._] Good! Hurry!

STEVEN. [_ Coming back to her._] But I can't leave you.

GEORGIANA. You must. And anyway I want you to. I want to be alone.

[STEVEN _hesitates. He comes and takes her hand and is about to kiss her, but something keeps him back; he presses her hand and she gives a grateful look. She crosses to the dressing table and sits before it, dazed. Slowly she takes the flowers from her hair, the pearls from her neck. The front door slams, she lifts her head, and leaning her arm toward_ DICK'S _picture, draws it toward her, gazing at it. Then, crying, "Dick, Dick," she bursts into tears and drops her head upon her arms outstretched on the table as_

THE CURTAIN FALLS

ACT IV

Seven weeks later. The drawing-room as in Act II. GEORGIANA, _in a clinging black lace dress, is at the piano, playing "Traumerei." The sunshine pours in through the windows._ MOLES _comes in apologetically from the Left._

MOLES. Mr. Coast wants to know if you will see him, miss.

GEORGIANA. [_ Who continues playing._] Very well, Moles.

MOLES. Shall I show him up?

[GEORGIANA _nods her head._ MOLES _goes out._ GEORGIANA _continues playing. In a few seconds_ MOLES _reënters with_ COAST.

COAST. Good morning, Georgiana.

[GEORGIANA, _half smiling, bows very impersonally, and continues playing till she finishes the music._ COAST _leans against the piano, facing her, and watches her and waits._

GEORGIANA. [_ When she has finished._] How long is it since you and I

have been friends?

COAST. It's five weeks and a couple of days--but it wasn't my fault.

GEORGIANA. Wasn't it? Well? What is it? Why do you want to see me?

COAST. Same reason as ever!

GEORGIANA. No,--you wouldn't ask me that now!

COAST. Yes, I would!

GEORGIANA. No, Sam! Love isn't a game with all women, if you lose with one hand, to try another. Do you mean you think because Dick is dead, it would be any more possible for me to care for you? I don't respect you, Sam, and I don't like you,--and that's putting it very politely,--for many reasons; but one's enough--_Steve_!

[COAST _looks away._

COAST. [_After a second's pause._] I've let you go on because I know I deserve all I get; and I've caught on to the fact that you won't ever care about me the way I want. Well, it's funny, it don't seem to make much difference in my feelings for you all the same! [_Half laughs._] I ain't exactly ashamed of what I've done, but I'm sort of _sorry_--for _you_.

GEORGIANA. [_Rising._] I don't want your sympathy, Sam.

[_She comes away from the piano and he follows her._

COAST. Well, you've got to get it, anyway! That you can't help, and if you can help loving me, you can't help my loving you! Anyway, I don't want you to have to get out o' this house.

GEORGIANA. That is all settled now; we can't afford to live here, of course.

COAST. Yes, you can.

GEORGIANA. No, no--Steve's salary--

COAST. Steve's leaving that job; he don't need that money any longer.

[_He looks at her, she looks in his face--a short pause; then--_

GEORGIANA. You don't mean you've given Steve--

COAST. Don't worry, I'm giving away nothing. Steve's got a new job.

GEORGIANA. What?

COAST. I'm going home--leastways so far's Denver--and Steve's going to look after my interests here.

GEORGIANA. But--

COAST. [_ Interrupting her. _] Oh, don't worry--he can't act without my advice--and that's just the kind of a man I want! I don't want none of these here fellers who's got judgment o' their own! Steve's knows he's a fool in business, and he'll obey me implicitly.

GEORGIANA. [_ Sitting by the table Left. _] And Steve is willing to accept from _you_--

COAST. [_ Interrupting. _] Oh, I guess he considers I _owe_ him that much anyway.

GEORGIANA. You couldn't repay what you owe Steve.

COAST. That's how _you_ look at it! Then there's Coleman's money.

GEORGIANA. Don't speak about that, please.

COAST. Why not? he's left it to you, everybody knows it, and it must be a good deal.

GEORGIANA. I can't and won't discuss that with you.

COAST. [_ Goes to _ GEORGIANA. _] I wish you didn't feel so hard against me, Georgy!

GEORGIANA. To tell you the truth, Sam, I don't think I feel anything about you.

COAST. Oh, Lord, that's worse! I guess I won't stop at Denver,--I'll go away out to the mine for a while and join father.--Good-by.

GEORGIANA. Good-by.

[_ Rises. _]

COAST. I swore off a lot of things when I thought I was going to get you, Georgiana!

GEORGIANA. [_ Without any feeling. _] I'm glad!

COAST. But I don't want to put on any bluff. I've sworn 'em all on

again.

[_ Going Left. _

GEORGIANA. [_ Same voice, without feeling. _] I'm sorry.

COAST. [_ Turning quickly and with an absurd ray of hope. _] Are you
_ really _ ?

GEORGIANA. [_ Looking at him a second. _] No, Sam, I suppose, if I tell
the truth, I don't really care. You see, somehow or other, I don't care
very much about anything.

COAST. [_ Discouraged. _] Good-by.

GEORGIANA. Good-by, a pleasant journey.

[_ She turns away. Coast is about to go when he meets _ LOUISE, _ who
enters Left. _

LOUISE. Good morning, Sam. Where are you off to?

[_ Going to the sofa. _

COAST. Chicago first, Lou, and then Denver, and eventually--hell, I
guess!

[_ With a little gulp in his throat he goes out quickly. _

LOUISE. What's the matter with him--he hasn't proposed to you again?

GEORGIANA. He's going away, and he's made Steve--

LOUISE. [_ Interrupting. _] I've just seen Steve, he's told me. Steve's
coming uptown soon--to see you--

GEORGIANA. [_ Sitting on the sofa beside _ LOUISE. _] To see me--why?

LOUISE. He'll tell you better than I--I feel happy, Georgiana.

GEORGIANA. I'm glad.

LOUISE. And I believe you'll be happy again.

GEORGIANA. Thank you, Louise!

[MRS. CARLEY _ enters Right and sits by the table. _

MRS. CARLEY. You back, Louise! I'm that tired, shopping. I'm buying

everything I can think of we'll be likely to need for months. There'll be _no_ pleasure buying things when, instead of having them sent to 2 East 71st Street, we have to say 329 West 143rd!

GEORGIANA. [_ Rises and goes back of the table._] Mother, dear, you may not have to leave here after all!

MRS. CARLEY. What do you mean?

GEORGIANA. Louise will tell you. I've promised to sit through lunch with the children this morning if you don't mind, and it's their hour.

MRS. CARLEY. But, Georgiana--

[_ She is interrupted by a gesture and a glance from_ LOUISE _to let_ GEORGIANA _go._

GEORGIANA. [_ Sweetly._] Yes? Do you want me for anything, dear?

[LOUISE _repeats the gesture, unnoticed by_ GEORGIANA.

MRS. CARLEY. Oh, no.

GEORGIANA. If you want me--

MRS. CARLEY. No.

GEORGIANA. Louise, I told Bella Shindle I'd help her get up an article this morning on the drawing-room and dining room for her sister,--you know--who has a friend who writes for the weekly papers. You don't mind, do you?

LOUISE. No.

GEORGIANA. Of course, if you _do_ mind--

LOUISE. But I don't, not the least in the world.

GEORGIANA. [_ Smiling._] Bella says it will be a great thing for her sister's reputation--what she calls such a "select" house as ours--and buy her a new hat besides. So I thought we'd better.

[_ She goes out Right._

MRS. CARLEY. Did you ever know any one so changed? She hasn't been horrid to me once since he died. It makes me feel perfectly dreadful to have her treat me so nice.

[_ Almost crying, crosses to Left._

LOUISE. Mother, you know Mrs. Coleman sent for me just now.

MRS. CARLEY. Yes?

LOUISE. Well, why, do you suppose?

MRS. CARLEY. I don't know, but I hope you'll tell me that, too, sometime--what about Steve?

LOUISE. That must wait, mother--Dick Coleman--

MRS. CARLEY. What? Don't tell me he made another will, and didn't leave Georgiana his money.

LOUISE. No, it's good news for Georgiana. I'm almost as afraid to tell you as to tell her. [_ Whispers. _] Dick Coleman may be alive, after all.

MRS. CARLEY. Louise!

LOUISE. It is possible he was one of the three men who arrived at San Francisco nearly a week ago.

MRS. CARLEY. Who were taken prisoners by the Ladrones and escaped?

LOUISE. Yes! The three men who got away from Cebú in a boat and were picked up by a German steamer. It seems more than probable. They got one name wrong in the despatches, making it "_Richard Cotten_"--who was also missing--instead of "_Richard Coleman_."

MRS. CARLEY. But how did you find out all this?

LOUISE. From Mrs. Coleman. And it's all in the morning paper, and we never took the trouble to look!

MRS. CARLEY. I read the society notes--it wasn't in there.

LOUISE. Well, the Colemans saw it and telegraphed at once to Washington for confirmation.

MRS. CARLEY. Did they get it?

LOUISE. Not yet. But we're all in the greatest hopes!

MRS. CARLEY. But if Dick Coleman was with those other men in San Francisco, why didn't he telegraph home?

LOUISE. That's the one thing that makes still a dreadful doubt. [_ Rises and rings the bell. _] The Colemans are nearly mad waiting for their

reply from Washington.

MRS. CARLEY. Shall you tell Georgiana?

[_She rises._]

LOUISE. Not till we are a little more certain. It would be dreadful to open the wound of her grief again for nothing. Oh, if it's only true!

MRS. CARLEY. And you've seen Steve?

LOUISE. Yes, he went off at once to the newspaper to see how authentic their information was, and then he was going on to the Colemans. [MOLES _enters Left in answer to the bell._] Moles, bring me the morning paper.

MOLES. [_Unable to suppress his excitement._] I've read it, m'm! We're all nearly crazy over it downstairs. Lizzie's took to crying and can't answer her bells.--Is it true, Mrs. Carley?

LOUISE. Yes, we hope it's true, Moles.

MOLES. Thank God, m'm, if you'll excuse me!

LOUISE. But we're not sure yet, and you mustn't let anything drop before Miss Georgiana till we are certain.

MOLES. No, m'm.

[_He goes out._]

MRS. CARLEY. Oughtn't we to give Georgiana a hint to prepare her in some way?

LOUISE. Perhaps, if we do it very carefully.

MRS. CARLEY. It seems awful to me not to tell her right out. Of course we won't have Dick Coleman's money to help live on now, if he's back.

LOUISE. Never mind that, mother.

[MOLES _returns with the paper._]

MOLES. Here is the paper, m'm, and Miss Shindle is come--she says to interview the drawing-room.

LOUISE. Very well--tell Miss Georgiana.

MOLES. Yes, m'm.

[_ Goes out Right. _ LOUISE _looks through the paper. _ MOLES _brings in _ BELLA. BELLA _shows signs of suppressed excitement. _

BELLA. Oh, Mrs. Carley, have you seen the papers--isn't it splendid?

LOUISE. Yes, if it's only true. We're trying to make sure!

[LOUISE _finds the place in the paper. _

MRS. CARLEY. [_ Rising. _] She doesn't know yet.

BELLA. Oh, Mrs. Carley!

LOUISE. We're waiting to be _sure_, and that we may be almost any minute.

BELLA. Mercy! I don't see how you can keep it to yourself.

MRS. CARLEY. You might give her a little hint, Bella, if you get a chance.

BELLA. I wouldn't dare. If I opened my mouth wide enough to give her a hint, I know it would all burst out!

LOUISE. As soon as Mr. Carley comes, make an excuse to leave her, won't you? We expect him to bring us some definite news?

BELLA. Yes, indeed!

[MRS. CARLEY _and_ LOUISE _go out Left, as_ GEORGIANA _comes in. _

GEORGIANA. [_ Pleasantly. _] Good morning, Bella.

[_ She sits by the table. _

BELLA. Good morning, ain't it a fine morning?

GEORGIANA. Is it? I haven't been out.

BELLA. I'm scared to death. [_ Laughing nervously. _] I ain't going to write the article myself, you know. It's my sister's husband's friend--she's real literary enough! She's got a typewriter.

GEORGIANA. One can't do everything in this world, Bella, and you must be content with being a real _artiste_ in your own profession.

BELLA. Yes, I will say without boasting, so to speak, I don't believe there's a soul in New York who can make hair go further and wear less, than me! [_ Laughs heartily. _] What's this room? Of course it's one of

them Louis, I suppose, ain't it? [_ Looks around the room._] Let me see, is it Louis Eleventimes? I saw Henry Irving in that, it was fine!

GEORGIANA. No, Bella, Henry Irving has never been in this room, and it's Louis XVI.

BELLA. Oh, of course! [_ Writing._] How well you're looking, Miss Georgiana. Look to me kinder as if you thought good news was in the wind!

[_ She glances at her surreptitiously, but down again quickly, frightened._]

GEORGIANA. Why, Bella?

BELLA. Oh, that's just my idea, that's all. What might this picture be? Shall we say--er--er--Michael Ange?

GEORGIANA. [_ Suppressing a smile._] No, that is a Van Dyck.

BELLA. Of course! I might have known! [_ Writing._] This entire room is a fine bit, ain't it? All Louis--[_ She looks back in her book._] 16, as a piece, I suppose?

GEORGIANA. Yes.

BELLA. So I see! My! How I love all this kind of thing. I couldn't live without a lot o' bric-a-brah lying around sort of careless like and undusted. These tapestries are real, I presume?

GEORGIANA. Yes.

BELLA. I thought so! I got a beautiful piece of tapestry over my washstand, hand-painted, and all the faces and clothes outlined in chenille cross-stitch by the Singer Sewing Machine--but it's not quite the same as yours.

GEORGIANA. It must be very pretty.

BELLA. Oh, it adds a touch! Mr. Gootch gave it to me for an engagement present.

GEORGIANA. Does Mr. Gootch ever speak of Mr. Coleman?

BELLA. He worships him--naturally, as Mr. Coleman got wounded in both arms carrying him to a safe place! Mr. Gootch says as there wasn't a man in the regiment braver or as popular as Mr. Coleman. Don't you think, perhaps, sometimes, maybe, Miss Georgiana--

[_ She stops near _ GEORGIANA.

GEORGIANA. Maybe what--?

BELLA. Oh, I dunno--I--

GEORGIANA. [_ Rising and going to the sofa. _] Come, Bella, we must get on with your article.

[_ A pause. _

BELLA. [_ Looking about. _] Why, you haven't got a cosy corner, have you? And yet you seem to go in for the real artistic! I don't know what my sister 'n' I'd do without our cosy corner! It is draped with a fish net, and has paper butterflies and beetles in it! Very artistic! And she's got--well, really now, I believe she's got at least _eleven pillars_ ; counting the two ticking ones that has their covers come off at night for our bed!

GEORGIANA. [_ Rising nervously. _] Bella, I have some colored dresses I'd like to give you for your trousseau, if you care to take them. They've not been worn very much.

BELLA. Oh, Miss Georgiana, of course I'd take 'em--only, I don't know, I sort of feel it in my bones you'll wear 'em yourself.

[STEVEN _ enters Left suddenly. He tries to conceal his great excitement. _ MOLES _ is with him. _

STEVEN. [_ To _ MOLES.] Tell Mrs. Carley I want to see her here, please.

MOLES. Yes, sir.

[_ He goes out Right. _

STEVEN. Hello, Georgy!

GEORGIANA. Steve!

STEVEN. Good morning, Miss Shindle.

BELLA. Good morning, Mr. Carley. I must be going now, Miss Georgiana.

GEORGIANA. But have you got enough for the article?

BELLA. Oh, yes, miss--Louise furniture, the Van Wyck picture, tapestry effects--etcetra. Thank you ever so much. Good-by!

GEORGIANA. Wait, I'll tell you about the dining room.

[_She goes out with_ BELLA _Left, and_ LOUISE _enters._

STEVEN. Louise, it's true!

LOUISE. Oh, Steve!

STEVEN. It was a press telegram and has been verified by private wire. Besides, Mrs. Coleman has a telegram from Dick himself.

LOUISE. From where?

STEVEN. From San Francisco, when the Colemans were at Palm Beach. Their servants foolishly _mailed_ the telegram to them, and before it arrived in Florida, they were on their way North, coming by easy stages.

LOUISE. [_Rises._] And the message only just caught up with them! Who will tell her?

[MOLES _comes in Left with a note._

MOLES. A note just come for you, sir, by Mr. Coleman's man.

STEVEN. We must break it very gently, prepare her a little for it if we can. [_To_ MOLES.] Thanks. [_Takes note, opens it, and reads it hurriedly._] He's there! With his father and mother!

MOLES. [_Forgetting himself._] Oh, sir--I'm so glad! Excuse me, sir, but we're all so glad, sir--any answer sir?

[_His eyes fill up._

STEVEN. No, only tell Miss Georgiana I want to see her.

MOLES. [_Who has to swallow a lump in his throat before he can speak._] Yes, sir.

[_He goes out Right._

LOUISE. [_Wiping her eyes, goes to_ STEVEN.] What does it say?

STEVEN. [_Reads the note._] "Dick and the answer from Washington arrived together!" He'll be over here at once--they won't keep him.

LOUISE. We must tell her before he gets here.

STEVEN. Yes.

LOUISE. We must do it very carefully.

STEVEN. But we mustn't lose any time.

[GEORGIANA _comes in during this last speech, overhearing it. A movement is made by others on_ GEORGIANA'S _entrance._

GEORGIANA. "Losing time!" Am I keeping you from anything? I'm very sorry!

LOUISE. [_ Very tenderly, and hiding her emotion._] No, you're not keeping us, Georgy, we only wanted to see you, that's all.

GEORGIANA. [_ Going to her._] Why?

STEVEN. [_ Also very tenderly._] Do we have to have a reason to want to see you, isn't that we love you enough?

GEORGIANA. Yes, but why do you speak to me like this?--it's very kind of you--only--what does it mean?

[_ Smiling a little nervously, they hesitate._

LOUISE. Steve has news for you, Georgy.

GEORGIANA. I know about it, Coast told me.

STEVEN. It isn't that, Georgy.

GEORGIANA. What is it, then? How serious you both look.

[_ She becomes frightened._

STEVEN. This is _good_ news.

GEORGIANA. _Good_ news!

LOUISE. Yes.

STEVEN. The best in the world!

GEORGIANA. For me?

STEVEN. For you!

GEORGIANA. [_ A second's pause, she speaks then in a low voice._] No, it can't be! It can't be!

STEVEN. Yes, it _is_, Georgy!

GEORGIANA. No!

STEVEN. Georgy! It _is_!

[MOLES _enters Left._

MOLES. [_ With voice full of happy emotion which he cannot disguise._]
Please, sir--

[_ He hesitates._

STEVEN. Show him here, Moles.

[MOLES _lowers his head and goes out._

GEORGIANA. Dick--?

[_ She looks from_ STEVEN _to_ LOUISE. _They all show her by their faces
and movements that it is true._

GEORGIANA. [_ Whispers._] Dick!

[_ She stands waiting, breathless._ STEVEN _steals out with his arm
about_ LOUISE.

GEORGIANA. [_ Excitedly, to herself._] _Come!_ No, no! It can't be true!
It can't be true! They killed him, those brutes out there! You told me
so! Every one believed it! I believed it! And so you want me to believe
he's alive! That he's here! In this house, coming into this room--that I
shall see--

[_ She stops suddenly, looking up. The door-knob of the door Left turns.
Every nerve in_ GEORGIANA'S _body grows tense._ MOLES _opens the door
and lets_ DICK _pass in and closes the door behind him._

GEORGIANA. [_ Cries out._] Dick!

[DICK _goes towards her, but stops. She starts towards him, stops a
moment, and they look at each other, unable to speak,--then she goes on
slowly, almost fearfully, till she reaches him._

DICK. [_ Moving to her._] Georgy!

[_ He stands before her with both arms bandaged in a sling._

GEORGIANA. [_ Whispers._] Dick! [_ Looks him straight in the eyes--he
looks back. She cries out._] Dick!

[_ Holding out her arms toward him._

DICK. Georgy! [_He looks down at his arms._] My arms--I can't--

GEORGIANA. Oh, Dick!

[_And putting her arms tenderly about his neck, she holds him close, as he leans down his head and kisses her, and_]

THE CURTAIN FALLS

WOMAN'S HONOR

by Susan Glaspell

from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Plays (Vol 2)*

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

* * * * *

First Performed by the Provincetown Players, April 26, 1918

MR. FOSTER, _The Lawyer_ JUSTUS SHEFFIELD
GORDON WALLACE, _The Prisoner_ CLARK BRANYON
BOY MURRAY COOPER
THE SHIELDED ONE } { MARJORY LACEY
THE MOTHERLY ONE } { DOROTHY UPJOHN
THE SCORNFUL ONE } The { IDA RAUH
THE SILLY ONE } Women { NORMA MILLAY
THE MERCENARY ONE } { ALICE MACDOUGAL
THE CHEATED ONE } { SUSAN GASPELL

WOMAN'S HONOR

SCENE: _A room in the sheriff's house which is used for conferences.
At the rear is a door into the hall, at the left a door leads to
an adjoining room. There is also a door at the right, going to the
corridor which connects this house with the jail._

_LAWYER and PRISONER are found in heated conversation. The prisoner,
an attractive young man, is seated, and has just turned away from the
LAWYER, irritated._

LAWYER

Do you know that murder is no laughing matter?

PRISONER

Well, was I laughing?

LAWYER

[_ Shoots it at him._] Where were you on the night of October 25?
[_ PRISONER sits like one who never means to speak again._] Your silence shields a woman's honor. Do you know what's going to be said of you? You're going to be called old-fashioned! [_ A worried look flits over the prisoner's face._] A man will not tell where he is because it involves a woman's honor! How quaint! [_ In a different voice._] Say, do you think she's worth it?

[_ PRISONER rises angrily._]

Yes, get red in the face, I should think you would. Blush. Blush for shame. Shame of having loved a woman who'd let a man face death to shield her own honor!

PRISONER

You don't know what you're talking about.

LAWYER

It's just like a woman, the cowards. That's what I most despise in women. Afraid they won't be looked upon as the pure noble sensitive souls they spend their lives trying to make us believe they are. Sickening!

PRISONER

There are things you don't understand.

LAWYER

Oh, yes, I do. I suppose she's got a husband. I suppose he'd divorce her. Then she wouldn't be asked out to tea quite so often. Good Lord--die for something real!

PRISONER

You and I have different ideals, Mr. Foster. There are things we don't discuss.

LAWYER

There are things we have to discuss. If you insist upon this romantic course, then at least we will have to get something out of _that_.

PRISONER

What do you mean?

LAWYER

Simply that public feeling has got to swing toward you or the jury will say you murdered Erwalt. If we can't have an alibi, let us by all means have a hero!

PRISONER

[_Outraged._] Have you given out a story to the newspapers?

LAWYER

[_Drawing paper from his pocket._] Very delicately done. "A life for a life." Isn't that moving? "While Gordon Wallace languishes in his cell, some woman is safe in a shielded home. Charged with the murder of John Erwalt, young Wallace fails to cut his chain of circumstantial evidence with an alibi. Where was Gordon Wallace on the night of October 25? He maintains a dogged silence. Behind that silence rests a woman's honor"--and so on, at some length.

PRISONER

You had no right to give out a story without my consent!

LAWYER

Oh, yes, I have. If I can't get your consent for saving your life, then, my young friend, I shall save it without your consent. Pardon my rudeness.

PRISONER

How will this save it?

LAWYER

How little romantic young men know the romantic sex. Wives--including, I hope, jurors' wives--will cry, "Don't let that chivalrous young man die!" Women just love to have their honor shielded. It is very

touching to them.

PRISONER

Mr. Foster, I tell you again, I dislike your attitude toward women! Laugh at me if you will, but I have respect and reverence for women. I believe it is perfectly true that men must guard them. Call me a romantic young fool if it pleases you, but I have had a mother--a sister--sweetheart. Yes, I am ready to die to shield a woman's honor!

[_As he says this the door slowly opens and a woman steps in._

SHIELDED ONE

No! You shall not!

[_Quite taken aback, the men stand looking at her. She has breeding, poise--obviously she has stepped out of a world where women are shielded. She maintains a front of her usual composure, but there is an intensity--an excitement--which indicates she is feeling some big new thing. LAWYER looks from her to the PRISONER, who is staring at the WOMAN._

LAWYER

[_To WOMAN._] Oh--you've come?

SHIELDED ONE

[_Firmly, but with emotion._] I have come.

PRISONER

I don't understand.

LAWYER

You were not willing to let him die?

SHIELDED ONE

No.

LAWYER

Good. This young man--[_He pauses, embarrassed, for it does not seem a thing to say to this lady_] was with you on the night of October 25?

SHIELDED ONE

Yes.

PRISONER

Why, no I wasn't.

LAWYER

There is no use, Gordon, in trying to keep the lady from doing what she has apparently determined to do.

SHIELDED ONE

No. You cannot keep me from doing what I have determined to do.

LAWYER

For my part, I respect you for it. Then you are prepared to testify that on the night of October 25 Gordon Wallace was with you from twelve o'clock midnight till eight next morning?

SHIELDED ONE

[_A little falteringly, yet fervent. _] Yes.

LAWYER

Was with you--continuously?

SHIELDED ONE

Yes.

LAWYER

Your name is--?

[_He takes out his note-book. _

PRISONER

[_In distress. _] Don't give him your name! He'll use it! I tell you this is all a mistake. I don't know this lady. I never saw her before.
[_To the WOMAN. _] You mustn't do this!

SHIELDED ONE

[_Proudly, and with relief. _] I _have_ done it!

LAWYER

And as I said, madam, I greatly respect you for doing it. You are, if I may say so, unlike most of your sex. Now--your name?

SHIELDED ONE

[_ This is not easy for her. _] Mrs. Oscar Duncan.

LAWYER

And Mrs. Duncan you live at--? [_ A noise in the hall. _] I fear some one is coming in. Will you just step in here?

[_ He shows her into the room at the left. They hear the corridor door open and turn. A woman is coming in--rather plump, middle-aged--a pleasant, motherly looking woman. She looks from the LAWYER to the PRISONER, moves to get a better look at the young man, who becomes nervous under this scrutiny; then she seems to have it straight in her mind, nods pleasantly. _]

MOTHERLY ONE

[_ Cheerily. _] Good morning.

LAWYER

Good morning.

MOTHERLY ONE

[_ To PRISONER. _] Good morning.

PRISONER

[_ Not cheerily. _] Good morning.

MOTHERLY ONE

There was no one out there, so I just walked right in. [_ LAWYER nods. _]
I thought you might be glad to see me.

LAWYER

Oh--we are. [_ To GORDON. _] Aren't we?

MOTHERLY ONE

I suppose I am in the right place.

LAWYER

Well, it is the right place for some things.

MOTHERLY ONE

Is it the place to tell the truth about Gordon Wallace?

LAWYER

It seems to be.

MOTHERLY ONE

[_ Very cheerfully._] Well, then, on the night of October 25 that young man--[_ Steps for a better look at the PRISONER_] _this_ young man--was with me.

LAWYER

From twelve o'clock midnight until eight next morning?

MOTHERLY ONE

[_ Placidly._] From twelve o'clock midnight till eight next morning.

[_ She takes a muffler from her bag and sits down and begins to knit._

LAWYER

Was with you--continuously?

MOTHERLY ONE

Oh, certainly--continuously.

[_ She knits serenely on._

LAWYER

Well--Gordon.

MOTHERLY ONE

[_ Pleasantly._] It seems that mufflers get longer and longer. [_ Looking up at LAWYER._] Doesn't it?

LAWYER

Why--perhaps they do. But--you are willing to leave your name and address?

MOTHERLY ONE

Certainly, I'm willing to leave my name and address. What else would I be here for? Oh--but could I use the telephone first. [_Rises._] It will be better to let them know that I'll probably be late getting home for lunch.

LAWYER

[_Is about to open door of the room in which the SHIELDED ONE is waiting._] No--there's some one in there. Here [_Going to the door at the other side of the room_] I'll show you how to get through to the jail phone.

MOTHERLY ONE

The jail! But we'll soon have you out of jail.

[_She goes, giving the young man an encouraging smile. The LAWYER steps out with her. The young man hears the rear door opening--this door into the hall has a slight squeak--starts nervously, looks around to see a young woman come in. In a keen, cool amused way she is staring at him. He turns away, petulantly hitching his chair. She moves where she can see him better, takes from her bag a newspaper picture, looks from it to him. He turns, sees what she is doing; she smiles at him. He looks like one at bay. Enter LAWYER. Sees what is going on, smiles._]

LAWYER

On the night of October 25--?

SCORNFUL ONE

[_To LAWYER._] I understand that down here a man is about to die for a woman's honor.

LAWYER

He had some such thing in mind.

SCORNFUL ONE

[_To LAWYER._] Now you can't get away with that. Sorry to upset your

plans, but the death seems uncalled for. On the night of October 25--Gordon Wallace was with me.

LAWYER

From twelve o'clock midnight till eight next morning?

SCORNFUL ONE

From twelve o'clock midnight until eight next morning.

LAWYER

[_ Rather feebly. _] Con-tinuously?

SCORNFUL ONE

[_ In an offhand voice. _] Continuously.

LAWYER

Well--well, Gordon, I begin to understand why you hesitated to tell the truth about that momentous night. Rise and thank the lady, Gordon; it would seem the least you could do would be to rise and--

[_ As he is saying this to GORDON, in rushes a fussily dressed hysterical woman and throws her arms around the LAWYER'S neck. _]

SILLY ONE

Darling! I cannot let you die for me!

LAWYER

[_ Trying to free himself. _] Pardon me, madam, but--

SILLY ONE

Gordon! You call me madam after that night together. Oh my beloved, when I think of those hours I lay in your arms--

LAWYER

Pardon me, but you never lay in--

SILLY ONE

I know. Ah--I understand. You pretend not to know me. You would die to shield me--but you shall not! You cannot escape me!

LAWYER

[_ Still unsuccessful in freeing himself. _] Apparently not. But permit me to tell you, you are making a mistake.

SILLY ONE

No! I am _not_ making a mistake! You shall not die for me.

LAWYER

I really don't intend to--if I can help it.

SILLY ONE

Love is so beautiful. So ennobling! [_ Overcome with emotion, loosens her hold. _] When I think of that night--October 25--

[_ Sinks into a chair. _]

LAWYER

[_ After settling his collar. _] Well, Gordon, have you a choice?
[_ Pause. _] You see you didn't understand women as well as you thought.

PRISONER

[_ Fiercely. _] Neither did you!

[_ The SHERIFF'S BOY comes in. _]

BOY

While I was over at the bank, women came.

LAWYER

Yes, I know.

BOY

[_ Looking at the two women in the room. _] But more women. [_ PRISONER starts in terror. _] Six women are out there.

PRISONER

Don't let them in!

LAWYER

Tell the ladies we shall not need them. Thank them for coming. [_BOY goes out. To PRISONER._] Well, come now. What shall we do with this embarrassment of--generosity? You see dying for a woman's honor isn't as easy as you might think. It even looks as though there were a sort of conspiracy against it.

PRISONER

I'm not going to be made a fool of.

LAWYER

Are you sure you can help it?

[_The BOY comes back, looking worried._

BOY

Some of those women won't go away. I don't know what to do with them.

LAWYER

No, it's not a matter the young can cope with.

[_He goes out with the BOY. The amused young WOMAN sits looking the PRISONER over, to his embarrassment and final irritation._

SCORNFUL ONE

So you were thinking of dying for a woman's honor. [_He says nothing._] Now do you think that's a very nice way to treat the lady? [_He turns away petulantly._] Seems to me you should think of _her_ feelings. Have you a right to ruin her life?

PRISONER

[_Startled into speech._] _Ruin_ her life?

SCORNFUL ONE

Why certainly. A life that somebody has died for is practically a ruined life. For how are you going to think of it as anything but--a life that somebody has died for? [_She pulls her chair to a more confidential angle._] Did it ever strike you as funny that woman's honor is only about one thing, and that man's honor is about everything but that thing? [_After waiting for the answer which does not come._] Now woman's honor means woman's virtue. But this lady for whom you

propose to die has no virtue.

PRISONER

[_Springing up._] Please be careful what you say.

SCORNFUL ONE

I'm being very careful. I'm thinking it out just as carefully as I can. The night of October 25, or at some time previous to that, she lost her virtue, and you propose to die to keep us from knowing about this loss. Now, it _has_ happened, hasn't it? On the night of October 25, from twelve o'clock midnight till eight next morning continuously she lost her virtue. You aren't dying to keep her virtuous. I fancy few lives have been laid upon that altar. But you're dying to keep us from knowing she is what she is. Dear me, it seems rather sad.

SILLY ONE

[_Controlling her tears._] It is noble beyond words.

SCORNFUL ONE

There's where you're going to get your approbation.

[_The MOTHERLY ONE now returns from her telephoning. She looks at the SILLY WOMAN, then at the SCORNFUL ONE--these two stand looking one another up and down._]

SCORNFUL ONE

[_In her amused manner._] Can it be that we are two souls with but a single thought?

MOTHERLY ONE

[_In her mothering voice._] Perhaps we are two hearts that beat as one.

[_They stand there a moment not knowing what to do; then, still uncertainly, they sit down, stealing glances at one another. Finally the SCORNFUL ONE smiles._]

SCORNFUL ONE

We might draw lots.

SILLY ONE

Love conquereth all things.

SCORNFUL ONE

Even the female brain.

MOTHERLY ONE

I wonder why you others came.

SCORNFUL ONE

Why did you come?

MOTHERLY ONE

Oh, I have children of my own. I thought, he's just a nice boy, and probably she's just some nice girl afraid of her mother. And I thought--well, now what an awful pity to let him die, or even spend a lot of time in prison. I said to myself, it would be just like a lot of men to fuss around about a woman's honor and really let it hurt somebody. So I decided--well, I'll go. What harm can it do me? [_Resumes her knitting._] You see, I'm in the habit of trying to save lives. I do nursing--practical nursing--and I didn't happen to be on a case just now, so I thought--well, I'll just take this case. Some of the folks I nurse for may be shocked--but good sensible nurses aren't so easy to get. Of course my children may be upset about it--but they're awful nice children, and when they're a little older probably they'll be pleased to think their mother didn't want a nice boy to die. [_Drops her knitting._] I wonder if _she_ will come.

[_Looks at the other two with new interest._]

SCORNFUL ONE

I wonder.

SILLY ONE

"She" is here.

SCORNFUL ONE

Oh, it's not you. You thought it was the lawyer you were with. Anyway, people who do things don't make so much fuss about them.

MOTHERLY ONE

[_Whose interest has not been diverted._] I think she will have to come.

[_The door of the room into which the SHIELDED ONE was shown opens quietly and without the others being aware of it the SHIELDED ONE is standing in the doorway, bringing with her that sense of the ordered protected life out of which she has stepped._

SCORNFUL ONE

I'm sure I don't see how she could ever think of staying away. I hate a coward.

MOTHERLY ONE

Some women think a great deal about their honor. I think usually it's women who aren't very well--or who haven't much else to take up their time.

[_Impulsively the SHIELDED ONE steps forward as if to speak. Hearing her, they turn, and in their interest rise and stand looking at her._

MOTHERLY ONE

Oh--you've come?

[_The PRISONER, who to get away from the women gives the impression of being crowded into a corner, also turns and rises._

PRISONER

[_To SHIELDED ONE, rather crossly._] Please go _away_!

SCORNFUL ONE

O-h.

PRISONER

Can't you see there is no need for your staying?

SHIELDED ONE

[_Quietly._] There _is_ need of it.

[_She sits down, the other women still surveying her._

MOTHERLY ONE

It's true we aren't all needed. Who will be best--? [_To SCORNFUL ONE._] Tell me, why are you here?

SCORNFUL ONE

Well, you see for myself I haven't any honor to worry about, and haven't had for some time. So I thought, if the sacrifice of a woman's honor is going to save, a man's life, let me, who have none, nobly sacrifice mine.

MOTHERLY ONE

What do you mean, you haven't had any honor for some time?

SCORNFUL ONE

Oh, I haven't had my honor around with me since I was seventeen.

MOTHERLY ONE

[_Kindly._] Do you miss it?

SCORNFUL ONE

Well--yes; sometimes when I'm tired I might like to slump back into it. You see honor camouflages so many things--stupidity, selfishness--greed, lust, avarice, gluttony. So without it you're almost forced to be a decent sort--and that's sometimes wearing. [_In another voice._] But I'll tell you why I'm really here! When men begin to sob around about woman's honor they get my goat. That lawyer--he thought he was going to get away with it. Why, woman's honor would have died out long ago if it hadn't been for men's talk about it.

MOTHERLY ONE

I suppose it really has to be kept up, as long as it gives men such noble feelings.

SCORNFUL ONE

That man--the one when I was seventeen-- _he's_ that sort. He would be of course. Why, this instant his eyes would become "pools of feeling" if any one were to talk about saving a woman's honor. [_Under her breath._] Gee!

MOTHERLY ONE

[_With a diffident glance at the SHIELDED ONE._] If she _is_ here, she must be feeling quite upset. If she cares enough about her honor to have held back this long--it can't be easy to let it go.

SCORNFUL ONE

She'll be better off without it.

MOTHERLY ONE

I don't know. You see, she's had it quite a while. She's used to it. I was thinking--

[_ The door opens and a brisk young woman dressed in cheap, up-to-the-minute clothes darts in. All turn and look at her, continue to stare. Something in this scrutiny becomes disconcerting._

MERCENARY ONE

While he was busy with the other women--I just slipped by. Is this--?

[_ Sees the young man, now huddled in terror._

SCORNFUL ONE

Sit down and wait your turn.

MERCENARY ONE

Are all of you ahead of me?

SCORNFUL ONE

Your number seems to be five.

[_ Number five sits down; a pause in which they continue to look at her in this unusual way--she finally rather indignantly settles her coat, her hat, assuring herself nothing is the matter with her._

MOTHERLY ONE

You look young for this.

MERCENARY ONE

Well, if you'll excuse my saying so, the same objection can't be made to some of you.

SCORNFUL ONE

What are you here for?

MERCENARY ONE

Oh, I guess I'm here for about the same reason all of you are here.

MOTHERLY ONE

But we are here for different reasons.

MERCENARY ONE

Say, what are you tryin' to put over on me? Suppose I think you're here for your health? Or out of kindness? Or to show your great beauty? Hard-ly. Anybody not feeble-minded could dope out why you're sitting here like owls.

SCORNFUL ONE

Well--why?

MERCENARY ONE

Oh, not for money, of course.

[She has horrified them all.

MOTHERLY ONE

I'm sorry you said that.

SILLY ONE

How sordid! How desecrating!

MERCENARY ONE

Say--I don't like the atmosphere of this place.

SCORNFUL ONE

We don't like it as well as we did.

MERCENARY ONE

A business proposition is a business proposition. What a man needs and can pay for--

SILLY ONE

[Rising and wringing her hands.] I really must ask you--Love is so

beautiful!

MERCENARY ONE

Well, suppose it is? What's that got to do with it?

MOTHERLY ONE

You seem hard for one so young.

MERCENARY ONE

I may be hard, but I'm not a nut.

SCORNFUL ONE

Woman's honor doesn't play much part in your young life, does it? Or woman's self-respect, either.

MERCENARY ONE

[_ Rising. _] Say, you think you can sit there and insult me? I don't know what you are, but I'll have you know I'm an honest working girl! I heard they were going to take on another stenographer down here, but I don't like the _atmosphere_ of this place.

[_ She leaves. _]

SILLY ONE

[_ Settling herself with relief. _] It was a misunderstanding. Ah, life is paved with misunderstanding.

MOTHERLY ONE

It _will_ be said we did this for money.

SCORNFUL ONE

Oh, a great deal will be said. If you care about what's said you'd better follow the honest working girl out that door.

MOTHERLY ONE

What's said makes an awful difference in some people's lives.

[_ Her eyes turn toward the SHIELDED ONE. _]

SCORNFUL ONE

They don't know how much difference until they've heard it said.

[_ She too looks at the SHIELDED ONE._

MOTHERLY ONE

You get made into one thing and then it's not easy to be another. And as the honest working girl hinted, some of us aren't as young as--we'd like to be.

SCORNFUL ONE

Age shouldn't discourage one. It's never too late to mend.

[_ The door swings, the women look expectantly around; the unfortunate young man, whose face has been buried in his hands, looks round in terror. They wait a moment but no one comes in._

MOTHERLY ONE

If "she" is here, and really minds losing her honor--well, she could just go home. [_ SILLY ONE rises, simpers, sits down again._] We can't all lose our honor. It might do the young man more harm than good. It's different with you--[_ To SCORNFUL ONE_] you had an early start. And then you've got character. You don't need honor to lean on.

SHIELDED ONE

[_ Breaking her silence with simple intensity._] What _is_ woman's honor?

SCORNFUL ONE

A thing men talk about.

MOTHERLY ONE

A safe corner.

SILLY ONE

A star to guide them!

SHIELDED ONE

[_ Very earnestly._] Guide them where?

SCORNFUL ONE

Yes, where? Many a woman who's guided hasn't guided anywhere.

SHIELDED ONE

[_ Passionately. _] Aren't we something more than things to be noble about?

SCORNFUL ONE

Of course what we've really been is kind. We have not deprived them of the pleasures of being noble. If we do it now, it will leave them in a bleak world.

SHIELDED ONE

[_ Troubled but determined. _] Can't we put something in its place, so they won't be too desolate and yet we won't be so--

SCORNFUL ONE

Bored.

MOTHERLY ONE

If we could only get them noble about something else. I should really hate to take it from them entirely. It's like giving up smoking or drinking. You have to do it gradually, and there should be something to put in its place.

SCORNFUL ONE

If we could only think up a new vice for them.

MOTHERLY ONE

They have all those.

SHIELDED ONE

Oh, I hope you women can work out some way to free us from men's noble feelings about it! I speak for all the women of my--[_ Hesitates _] under-world, all those others smothered under men's lofty sentiments toward them! I wish I could paint for you the horrors of the shielded life. [_ Says "shielded" as if it were "shameful." _] I know you would feel something must be done to save us. After all [_ Growing a little wild _] are we not your sisters? Our honor has been saved so many times. We are tired. And so when I read in the paper this morning that woman's honor was being saved _again_--

SCORNFUL ONE

[_Excitedly going to her. _] Read in the paper? Then you're _not _--the one?

SHIELDED ONE

Not that one, but--

[_Slowly the door opens and a woman comes in--comes with a strange quiet. She droops, she has a queer passivity--she is unaccountably forceful. Gives a sense of one who has been cheated and is going to be cheated no more. She is scarcely aware of the other women. Her eyes, dead, or rather dogged with life, go to the unfortunate young man. He has turned to look at her; he is not able to look away._

SCORNFUL ONE

[_Nervously. _] Are you a stenographer?

CHEATED ONE

[_Not interested in this. _] No.

[_In her dogged way she advances upon the PRISONER. He is afraid. She sits down close to him, as if to cut off escape._

MOTHERLY ONE

[_Low. _] I wonder if _she_ is here.

SCORNFUL ONE

I wonder.

SHIELDED ONE

[_With an effort bringing herself and the others back to her. _] But don't turn against me because I'm not this particular woman. What a _detail_ that is. I am--those victims of men's dreadful--[_Turns away her face _] _need_ for nobility. I'd rather die than go back to it! Help me to lead another life!

SCORNFUL ONE

[_Fervently. _] We must lift her up.

MOTHERLY ONE

We will find a place for her in the great good world outside the shielded life.

SHIELDED ONE

Then you others go, and I will stay.

[_MOTHERLY ONE and SCORNFUL ONE rise and move to the door._

SILLY ONE

I will give my life for yours, my sister!

SCORNFUL ONE

No you won't. I'll have nothing to do with saving you. You deserve nothing better than woman's honor. Come with us.

[_But at the door these three stand looking back at the CHEATED ONE._

SCORNFUL ONE

[_Moving down to her._] Aren't you coming with us?

CHEATED ONE

[_Without raising her eyes._] No.

SCORNFUL ONE

Why not?

CHEATED ONE

I shall stay.

MOTHERLY ONE

Perhaps _she_ is here. And if "she" _is_ here--then we have not the right to leave her.

[_Indicating the SHIELDED ONE._

SCORNFUL ONE

[_To CHEATED ONE._] Tell us: are you the woman Gordon Wallace was with on the night of October 25?

CHEATED ONE

Yes.

MOTHERLY ONE

Of course we've all said that.

SCORNFUL ONE

But she says it in a different way.

MOTHERLY ONE

[_ To SHIELDED ONE. _] I am afraid that you will have to leave with us.
It seems she has the right.

[_ These four move to the door. _

SHIELDED ONE

[_ Thinking of it just in time. _] But do you think she has the right
just because she is the one?

[_ To consider this, they go back and sit down. _

SILLY ONE

Leave me!

SCORNFUL ONE

[_ Wickedly inspired. _] Suppose we do! You know, I _ like _ the idea.
Why--the more I think about it--the better I like it. [_ To the other
women. _] Yes, come! [_ To the young man. _] This is the lady you were
going to die for!

SHIELDED ONE

[_ Distressed. _] But, no! What can it do for her? And how, through her,
can we reach my poor sisters smothered under woman's honor? I insist
upon it! I am the one!

CHEATED ONE

[_ Suddenly turning upon her. _] You are not the one!

MOTHERLY ONE

Now I think, to avoid feeling between you two, I had better stay. I'm

a nurse, and a mother, and I keep coming back to the idea these things are needed.

SCORNFUL ONE

No, you have too many other things to do. I am the one to remain. I am--peculiarly fitted for it.

SHIELDED ONE

You are not fitted for it at all. There is no one less fitted for it than you.

SCORNFUL ONE

How do you make that out?

SHIELDED ONE

You don't need it. Woman's honor never hurt you.

SCORNFUL ONE

[_Reluctantly accepting this. To PRISONER. _] Are you acquainted with this woman?

[_Indicates CHEATED ONE. _

PRISONER

No.

SCORNFUL ONE

Then why are you so afraid of her?

PRISONER

I'm not--

[_But he is forced to meet the smoldering eye of the CHEATED ONE; he cannot look away. _

SHIELDED ONE

[_Almost in tears. _] But you were going to help me lead a better life. And now you stand here quibbling over a petty question of fact, when the whole great question of escape from woman's honor is at stake! Oh, is it true that women will not help one another? That they are hard and

self-seeking?

[_ She breaks down; MOTHERLY ONE goes to comfort her._

SILLY ONE

My heart is full--

SCORNFUL ONE

Your heart is full of a simpering parrot!

[_ The LAWYER returns._

LAWYER

Ladies--ladies--quarreling? I'm sorry to find you in this mood. I had hoped while you were here together you might--arrive at some understanding.

SCORNFUL ONE

[_ To SILLY ONE._] I wish you'd go home. We might arrive at something if we didn't have you on our backs.

LAWYER

Now why must women always dislike each other?

MOTHERLY ONE

[_ In her motherly way._] If I were you I'd try not to talk much.

LAWYER

Why not?

SCORNFUL ONE

She has a kind heart. Now I--I'd let you talk.

LAWYER

Sometimes it seems quite as well not to try to follow women.

SCORNFUL ONE

Sometimes even better.

LAWYER

Well now, Ladies, let us drop personal dissensions for the moment. This unfortunate young man, Mr. Wallace, is much moved by your generosity. He had made up his mind to die for woman's honor. Now it seems he is not to do so--a change of plan to which he has not yet adjusted himself. His perturbation makes him unequal to selecting the lady who was with him on the night of October 25. [_Door swings, PRISONER looks around nervously._] So--I would like to get your feeling. Since it seems unnecessary for all of you to have been with the young man on the night of October 25--

[_Again door swings._]

PRISONER

[_In a rasped voice._] Could that door be closed? It makes me--nervous.

[_MOTHERLY WOMAN closes the door._]

LAWYER

Now, doubtless you will agree with me that we should always eliminate waste. If a woman's honor is to be sacrificed, may I without indelicacy inquire who would sacrifice least?

SHIELDED ONE

[_Firmly._] I would.

LAWYER

[_Weakly._] _You_ would?

CHEATED ONE

[_In a voice dull as destiny._] The rest of you can talk as long as you like. _I_ shall stay.

[_She rises and takes firm hold of the unfortunate young man's chair._]

LAWYER

Well, there seems something final about that.

MOTHERLY ONE

Tell us, are you the one?

CHEATED ONE

I am the one to stay.

SCORNFUL ONE

Now, don't cheat. Tell us, are you--

CHEATED ONE

[_ Passion flaming through sullenness._] Cheat? Cheat? You say to me, don't cheat? I don't cheat. I've been cheated. Cheated out of my chance to have a man I wanted by a man who would have what he wanted. Then he saved my woman's honor. Married me and cheated me out of my life. I'm just something to be cheated. That's the way I think of myself. Until this morning. Until I read about Gordon Wallace. Then I saw a way to get away from myself. It's the first thing I ever wanted to do that I've done. You'll not cheat me out of this. Don't you try!

SHIELDED ONE

But she is thinking of it in just a personal way.

CHEATED ONE

That's why I stay.

SHIELDED ONE

But think of my poor sisters! All those unfortunate women--

CHEATED ONE

The only unfortunate woman I'll think about is myself.

SHIELDED ONE

[_ Wildly._] You hear her? The only unfortunate woman she'll think about--

MOTHERLY ONE

[_ Approaching CHEATED ONE._] Now we really must ask you--

SILLY ONE

Love is so beautiful!

SCORNFUL ONE

You can't cheat just because you've been cheated.

CHEATED ONE

[_ Inflamed--incoherent._] You say cheat to me again? You say _cheat_
to--

LAWYER

[_ Stepping in to pacify._] Ladies--ladies. Surely there must be a way
out of the difficulty. Perhaps we can work out some way to--

SCORNFUL ONE

To save _both_ of them through Gordon Wallace!

[_ All women except CHEATED ONE draw together excitedly. The PRISONER,
who has rapidly been approaching the breaking point makes a move
as if he must try to escape. The CHEATED ONE is watching the other
women._

SCORNFUL ONE

Here! Yes! On the night of October 25--

[_ Their heads together in low-voiced conference with LAWYER. Suddenly
the PRISONER slips around the CHEATED ONE--trying now not to be
cheated of what is being said--and makes for the door. It opens
in his face, and the doorway is blocked by a large and determined
woman. PRISONER staggers back to LAWYER'S arms._

PRISONER

Oh, _hell_. _I'll plead guilty._

(CURTAIN)